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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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"THE SPIRIT OF TODAY"

"THE DEADER," by Cyrus Townsend Brady—Page 9

JULY
1918

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Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor *Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor*

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Vol. IX., No. 1 **EDITORIAL** **July, 1918**

The New Spirit of Canada

THE war has had a mighty burden upon its shoulders. Nearly every evil of the past four years has been atrributed to it. Nearly every reform is said to have arisen out of it. Both statements are right. Both statements are wrong.

Whatever the effect has been abroad, in Canada it can only be said that the war has fostered a more truly national spirit than was existent in pre-bellum days. Despite the minor differences that may have arisen from time to time in the wake of political battles, the tendency has been to draw into closer unity the various elements that go to make up our Canadian Confederation.

And so it will go on. There is, and will continue to be, a more universal brotherhood.

To most Canadians at the present moment, there is one common cause. The success of our soldiers in arms and all the contingent demands upon the interests of the people are occupying their first consideration. And always, as time goes on, is there the problem of the returned soldier to be grappled with. They went out to fight for us. They are returning—but not as they went out. They are bringing back with them much more than the necessity of re-instating them in civil life. They are maimed, many of them mutilated—but such conditions are but physical ones, which the men themselves cheerfully accept and optimistically look forward to overcoming. But it is the spiritual and moral attitude these men are taking, and are bound to take, that is going to make its imprint upon the national character.

They have come from a life which recognizes no difference of caste, creed or nationality. When they left Canada they left behind them all social distinctions which they had hitherto been accustomed to accept, and they entered into a condition of existence that recognizes only this: that they were men endowed with courage and the physical ability to fight; that they were there to do their duty; that their duty was to contribute their part towards the ultimate victory; that their lives were worth to the Empire no more and no less than the lives of their fellow patriots.

Laborers have rubbed shoulders with professional men; artisans have smoked "fags" with artists; there has been no such thing as aristocracy, and to these men there can never more be anything save democracy. When they entered the trenches they turned their backs on all forms of intolerance—the intolerance that comes of wealth; the intolerance that comes of religious differences; the intolerance that comes of social standing. Now that these men are returned, can we expect them to undo the very principles that it took three or four years fighting to attain, can we expect them to revert to old customs and old ideas? That is one phase of the question, but another is—do we want them to revert to old conditions?

Is it not better for the progress of the nation as a whole that the standard to which it should aspire should be one imbued by the very spirit with which these soldiers have come home? Bordering upon the radical it might be, but directed by the saner judgment of older statesmen far-sighted enough to see the working out of these ideas and sound enough to temper them with more mature thought and action, such a standard would make for a national stability and a degree of progress difficult to be surpassed.

COMBINED with all this, there must of necessity be an application of a broader Christianity—Christianity these very men of ours have brought home with them. There must be a deeper conception of the brotherhood of men. These must be brought to bear upon commercialism. This all sounds very idealistic—too much so, some will say, for practicability. There are none of us who suppose that at any time any country has reached or will reach that state which marks it as a Utopia. But it is just possible that among the dreams of the idealists will be some, the realization of which can be effected when applied in the proper way, just as out of the materialism of the age past many good things have survived.

For such dreams of idealism are with us all. Despite the chaos, despite the cataclysm overshadowing all, there is more dreaming in this old world of ours than most of us imagine. It with us all in a greater or lesser degree. It is a dream of human Betterment—a dream of Brotherhood. All the many dreams by which we think to effect the common end are parts and fragments of the one great idea. Like the co-operating thoughts of one gigantic mind, they work together to realize the world's desire, even when they appear to contradict and neutralize one another. And so the new workings of the Divine plan of things evolve in Canada as elsewhere. The inscrutable forces of God are powerful to-day with the power of the rising tide. They are changing fear—that fear that the war has made so common to us all—the fear of death, into faith. They are changing doubt to hope, and anger and hatred into love, more mightily, perhaps, than at any other time since the Prince of Peace and the Lord of Love Himself expressed the world's desire in the words, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

This, in part, is the new spirit of Canada which is evolving itself day by day. Or is it the spirit of new Canada? When the word has come of the termination of the war and Canadians will have borne their burdens and paid their price, can it be said that the Canada of that day will be one and het same Canada that existed a decade ago, but professing a new spirit; or will it not be more likely that the Dominion which will emerge from the maelstrom will be a new country with new aspirations, new ideals, new standards of achievement? The national spirit that is being formed to-day is leading us slowly and surely towards that end. The first of July—the 51st anniversary of our Confederation, finds us in this state of metamorphosis. Before another year has passed we may or may not have reached our final stage of evolution. It is for us to contribute each his individual share for the national welfare; progress from day to day in a spirit of co-operation rather than one of criticism; accept drastic changes as do the French, merely shrugging our shoulders and saying, "C'est la guerre." We will find it a panacea for many ills.

Five o'clock o' the Morning

(At the entrance to the St. Lawrence)

BY MARGARET HILDA WISE

* * *

Rose of dawn amid a mackerel sky—
Lulling ripples lapping on the river,
Mirror for a rose-tipp'd cloud on high—
Playful breezes make the mist-shreds shiver.
There's a mirage near the low, green shore,
A clear-cut picture there that never wavers;
And veils of filmy mist that drift and soar,
And through the stillness ring a white gull's quavers.
A drifting schooner, mirror'd in the glass
With one brown sail stretched out to catch the breeze,
That gaily whispers to us as we pass,
And runs along the shore among the trees.

For oily skins—*how to correct them*

FIRST cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp.

Now work up with warm water a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly — always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Enlarged pores

How to make your skin fine in texture

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.

Your skin is what you make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with naturally lovely complexions—the charm of clear, fresh color?

The truth is that your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. Your skin is what *you* make it.

If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Find out just what is the matter with your skin—then give it the proper treatment

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

Three of the famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. Begin tonight to use the one which your skin needs. Use it every night. The very first time you try it, you will feel the difference in your skin—a promise of the greater clearness and freshness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings to the skin. Within ten days or two weeks you will notice the improvement in your skin.

You will find treatments for the various other troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today, and begin at once the treatment for your particular trouble. A 25 cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Send 5 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2607 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

MADE IN CANADA

"MY LADY CAPRICE"

By JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrated by T. V. McCARTHY

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New Readers Begin Here

SYNOPSIS

SIX months' respite is demanded by Aunt Agatha before Dick Brent shall declare his love for Lisbeth. Aunt Agatha, meanwhile, exiles the girl to Fane Court in the hope of wedding her to Horace Selwyn, a richer man. Dick follows, meets Lisbeth and wins the goodwill of her small nephew, the Imp. Through the machinations of the Imp he becomes entangled in an altercation with Mr. Selwyn, coming off with flying colors. Later, Mr. Selwyn fails to keep his engagement to take Lisbeth upon the water and is supplanted by Dick.

SO I presently turned and rowed back upstream, not a little perturbed in my mind as to the outcome of the adventure.

"Not a word, mind!" I cautioned as I caught sight of a certain dainty figure watching our approach from the shade of her parasol. The Imp nodded, sighed, and sheathed his cutlass.

"Well!" said Lisbeth, as we glided up to the water-stairs; "I wonder what mischief you have been after together?" "We have been floating upon a river of dreams," I answered, rising and lifting my hat; "we have likewise discoursed of many things. In the words of the immortal Carroll:—

"'Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax, and cabbages, and—'"

"Pirates!" burst out the Imp.

"This dream river of ours," I went on, quelling him with a glance, "has carried us to you, which is very right and proper. Dream rivers always should, more especially when you sit

"'Mid sunshine throned, and all alone.'"

"But I'm not all alone, Dick."

"No; I'm here," said a voice, and Dorothy appeared with her small and very fluffy kitten under her arm as usual. "We are waiting for Mr. Selwyn, you know. We've waited, oh! a long, long time, but he hasn't come, and Auntie says he's a beast, and—"

"Dorothy!" exclaimed Lisbeth, frowning.

"Yes, you did, Auntie," said Dorothy, nodding her head. "I heard you when Louise ran up a tree and I had to coax her back; and I have a clean frock on, too, and Louise will be oh so disappointed!" Here she kissed the fluffy kitten on the nose. "So he is a beast; don't you think so, Uncle Dick?"

"Such delay is highly reprehensible," I nodded.

"I'm glad you've come, Uncle Dick, and so is Auntie. She was hoping—"

"That will do, Dorothy!" Lisbeth interrupted.

"I wonder what she was hoping?" I sighed.

"If you say another word, Dorothy I won't tell you any more about the Fairy Prince," said Lisbeth.

"Why then," I continued, seeing the threat had the desired effect, "since Mr. Selwyn hasn't turned up, perhaps you would care to—"

—"Be a pirate?" put in the Imp.

"To come for a row with us?" I corrected.

—"Aboard the good ship Black Death," he went on, "with the skull an' crossbones at our peak."

"Thanks," said Lisbeth, "but really, I don't think I should. What a horrible name!"

"What's in a name? a boat by any other—" I misquoted. "If you like, we'll call it the Joyful Hope, bound for the Land of Heart's Delight." Lisbeth shook her head, but I fancied the dimple peeped at me for a moment.

"It would be a pity to disappoint Louise," I said, reaching up to stroke the fluffy kitten.

"Yes," cried Dorothy, "do let's go, Auntie."

"For the sake of Louise," I urged and held out my arms to her. Lisbeth was standing on the top stair, and I on the lower, in exactly the same attitude as I had beheld in my vision. I saw her foot come slowly toward me and stop again; her red lips quivered into a smile, and lo, there was the dimple! Dorothy saw it too—children are wonderfully quick in such matters—and next moment was ensconced in the boat, Louise in her lap, and there was nothing left for Lisbeth but to follow.

The Imp went forward to keep a "look out," and finding a length of fishing line, announced his intention of "heaving the lead."

I have upon several occasions ridden with Lisbeth—she is a good horse-woman—frequently danced with her, but never before had I been with her in a boat. The novelty of it was therefore decidedly pleasing, the more so as she sat so close that by furtively reaching out a foot I could just touch the hem of her dress.

"Uncle Dick," said Dorothy, looking up at me with her big grey eyes, "where is the Land of Heart's Delight?"

"It lies beyond the River of Dreams," I answered.

"Is it far away?"

"I'm afraid it is, Dorothy."

"Oh!—and hard to get to?"

"Yes; though it depends altogether upon who is at the helm."

Lisbeth very slowly began to tie a knot in the rudder-line.

"Well, Auntie's steering now. Could she get us there?"

"Yes, she could get us there, if she would."

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, "do—do steer for the Land of Heart's Delight, Auntie Lisbeth; it sounds so pretty, and I'm sure Louise would like it ever so much."

But Lisbeth only laughed, and tied another knot in the rudder-line.

"The Land of Heart's Delight!" repeated Dorothy.

I caught sight of a certain dainty figure watching our approach from the shade of her parasol

"It sounds rather like Auntie's tale of the Fairy Prince. His name was Trueheart."

"And what was Prince Trueheart like?" I inquired.

"Fine!" broke in the Imp. "He used to fight dragons, you know."

"And he lived in a palace of crystal," continued Dorothy, "and he was so good and kind that the birds used to make friends with him!"

"An' he wore gold armor, an' a big feather in his helmet!" supplemented the Imp.

"And of course he loved the beautiful princess," I ended.

"Yes," nodded Dorothy, "but how did you know there was a beautiful princess?"

"Uncle Dick knows everything, of course," returned the Imp sententiously. "Do you think the beautiful princess loved the Prince, Dorothy?" I asked, glancing at Lisbeth's averted face.

"Well," answered Dorothy, pursing her mouth thoughtfully, "I don't know, Uncle Dick; you see, Auntie hasn't got to that yet, but everybody loves somebody sometime, you know. Betty—she's our cook, you know—Betty says all nice tales end up in marrying and living happy ever after."

"Not a doubt of it," said I, resting on my oars. "What do you think, Lisbeth?" She leaned back and regarded me demurely beneath her long lashes for a moment.

"I think," she answered, "that it would be much nicer if you would go on rowing."

"One more question," I said. "Tell me, has this Prince Trueheart got a moustache?"

"Like Mr. Selwyn?" cried the Imp; "should think not. The prince was a fine chap, an' used to kill dragons, you know."

"Ah! I'm glad of that," I murmured, passing my fingers across my shaven upper lip; "very glad indeed." Lisbeth laughed, but I saw her color deepen and she looked away.

"Oh, it must be lovely to kill a dragon!" sighed the Imp.

Now, as he spoke, chancing to look round, I saw in the distance a man in a boat, who rowed most lustily—and the man wore a Panama.

Hereupon, taking a fresh grip upon my long sculls, I began to row—to row, indeed, as I had not done for many a year, with a long, steady stroke that made the skiff fairly leap.

WHO does not know that feeling of exhilaration as the blades grip the water and the gentle lapping at the bow swells into a gurgling song? The memorable time when I had "stroked" Cambridge to victory was nothing to this. Then it was but empty glory that hung in the balance while now—!

I settled my feet more firmly, and lengthening my stroke, pulled with a will. Lisbeth sat up, and I saw her fingers tighten upon the rudder-lines.

"You asked me to row you know," I said in response to her look.

"Yo-ho!" roared Scarlet Sam in the gruffest of nautical tones. "By the deep nine, an' the wind's a-lee, so heave, my mariners all—O!"

At first we began to gain considerably upon our pursuer, but presently I saw him turn his head, saw the Panama tosed aside as Mr. Selwyn settled down to real business—and the struggle began.

Very soon, probably owing to the fixedness of my gaze, or my unremitting exertion, or both, Lisbeth seemed to become aware of the situation, and turned to look over her shoulder. I set my teeth as I waited to meet her indignant look, for I had determined to continue the struggle, come what might. But when at last she did confront me her eyes were shining, her cheeks were flushed and there actually was—the dimple.

"Sit still, children," she said, and that was all; but for one moment her eyes looked into mine.

The old river had witnessed many a hard-fought race in its time, but never was there one more hotly contested than this. Never was the song of the water more pleasant to my ear, never was the spring and bend of the long sculls more grateful, as the banks swept by faster and faster. No pirate straining every inch of canvas to escape well-merited capture, no smuggler fleeing for some sheltered cove, with the revenue cutter close astern, ever experienced a keener excitement than did we.

The Imp was in a perfect ecstasy of delight; even Dorothy forgot her beloved Louise for the time, while Lisbeth leaned toward me, the tiller-lines over her shoulders, her lips parted and a light in her eyes I had never seen there before. And yet Selwyn hung fast in our rear. If he was deficient in a sense of humor, he could certainly row.

"He was an Oxford Blue," said Lisbeth, speaking almost in a whisper, "and he has an empty boat!"

I longed to kiss the point of her little tan shoe or the hem of her dress for those impulsive words, and tried to tell her so with my eyes—breath was too precious just then. Whether she understood or not I won't be sure, but I fancy she did from the way her lashes drooped.

"Oh, my eyes!" bellowed Scarlet Sam; "keep her to it, quartermaster, an' take a turn at the mizzen-shrouds!"

When I again glanced at our pursuer I saw that he was gaining. Yes, there could be no mistake; slowly but surely, try as I would, the distance between us lessened and lessened, until he was so near that I could discern the very parting of his back hair. So, perforce, bowing to the inevitable, I ceased my exertions, contending myself with a long, easy stroke. Thus by the time he was alongside, (*Continued on page 38*)

A favorite resort was thelittle shop where Madame and Mademoiselle tenderly handled each treasure.

Soixante-Quinze

A Tale of Paris in War-Time

By MONA CLEAVER

A FAVORITE resort in student days was the little shop in the Rue de l'Ecole, where, amidst their ancient furniture, their bits of old glass and silver and ivory, Madame and Mademoiselle padded about heavily in their soft shoes and tenderly handled each treasure. There was no name over the door of the little shop and we always spoke of it by its street number, which has since come to have so very different a significance—soixante-quinze. Stout old Madame was simply "Madame" and stout middle-aged Mademoiselle just "Mademoiselle," save when, in playful spirit, we designated them as Madame Soixante-Quinze and Mademoiselle Soixante-Quinze.

Within the memory of some members of our little colony there had been a Monsieur Soixante-Quinze, tall, distinguished-looking and of a wondrous grace of manner.

"Ah, a gentleman and a connoisseur was Monsieur," Madame used to say, "He came of a noble family."

Indeed, the relics of that noble family had formed the nucleus of the stock-in-trade with which Madame, a bride, had set up business when she found that her middle-aged husband had scant idea of making a living for both or either of them.

Proud of her handsome, high-born husband, and determined never to drag his distinguished name through the market-place, the business had been carried on, as far as could be, namelessly, and, in a modest way it had prospered.

"How gloriously Monsieur did fare," declared an old-timer in the colony. "He never lacked for the choicest of foods and the rarest of wines and Madame's cooking was a marvel."

There was little outer show of prosperity during my student days. Madame moved laboriously about the shop, her great bulk enveloped in an old gray peignoir half covered by a black sateen apron, and Mademoiselle patterned her own dress and appearance on her mother's. But both were kind and good and when we of the colony had money we bought odd pieces of furniture to deck our studios or quaint old bits of coral and silver for our own wear. When times were hard Madame soon knew for these purchases ceased. Sometimes the treasures returned to Soixante-Quinze and more than once Madame had been known to proffer a generous loan.

It was with some misgiving that I approached Soixante-Quinze in war time. There had been so many changes. Perhaps the little shop had closed; perhaps—but, straining my eyes from the street-corner I deciphered the familiar 65, and soon the cluttered little shop window came in view and with a real heart-throb I recognized a curious old seal that had been in the window years before; a darkened and dismal portrait, treasured by Madame but unappreciated by the public, occupied the central position and close to the glass was spread a beautiful ivory fan on which exquisite Chinese ladies paraded unendingly over carven bridges, and gazed upon lacy waterfalls. Floods of recollection surged through my mind at the sight of these well-remembered objects. I recalled the sage advice of Madame, the kindly services of Mademoiselle and the ready sympathy of both, which had brightened many a dark day, and the spirit of it all seemed soaked into the inanimate intricacies of seal and picture and fan. Then I touched the latch and the old door creaked on its hinges, while, from a corner where she sat mending a frayed length of yellowed lace, Madame came forward. For a moment she gazed, incredulously, then advanced, holding out both hands and bursting into incoherent exclamations of astonishment and welcome. Tears started from her old eyes and she drew me to a seat while she wiped them away with the corner of her apron. She looked at me earnestly and shook her head from side to side, wanting to know how I dared cross the ocean at such a terrible time.

"Oh," she wailed, throwing out her hands, and then striking them together tragically, "If I had known you were on the ocean I should have been filled with terror."

SHE called Mademoiselle and while we greeted one another and laughed and almost cried over our reminiscences, the mother rocked herself back and forward, raising her arms and shaking her head. Finally she interrupted our conversation, and this silent demonstration of her own to take from a pocket in her apron, while tears started again from her honest brown eyes, a folded paper with a wide border of black. It was the announcement of a soldier's funeral.

"He was my nephew," she said, and, again wiping away the tears, turned simply to other things and began to smile with me over her latest acquisitions in silver and lace and ivory. Lovingly she fingered an embroidered fire screen in a frame of carved ivory; some wonderful miniatures and ancient mirrors were proudly exhibited and when I had exclaimed over each she thought I must be tired and begged me to have tea.

Mademoiselle came out from behind an enormous dresser filled with old crystal and silver and we followed her back into the alcove it formed. A round table covered with a cloth of printed linen bore white and gold cups, a long crusty loaf, tender brioches, babas and pastries from Boissiere's as well as a jar of jam sent by a relative from Alsace and made from a sort of prune grown in that province. Over the tea-cups we talked of our old friends of the surrounding studios, most of them gone now, but still some struggling on through all the hardships of a war-time Paris. We recalled the happenings of student days and laughed now over their small tragedies. We talked, too, of the war, and of the soldier nephew whose funeral was to take place next day and Madame's eyes grew round with horror, as she told of the sufferings of her country people in the north.

The next day Mademoiselle went to the funeral. The train journey of nearly an hour lay through a country glorious with springtime. Villages lay in the midst of blooming chestnut and Judas trees; plane trees neatly encircled the public places and cottage doorways were festooned with clustering wistaria and perfumed with the heavy plumes of white and purple lilacs.

The ancient churchyard, where the friends and relatives gathered lay beneath the shade of two wide-spreading cedars of Lebanon, and their far-reaching branches drew the black-clad mourners into a huddled cluster of gloom contrasting strangely with the golden-green of springtime and the swaying masses of bloom beyond. Even the flower-decked graves outside the border of shadow looked bright and gay and Mademoiselle sighed and wiped her eyes as, bowed over her rosary, she listened to the solemn words of the priest.

Presently it was all over, and relatives who had not seen one another for long, kissed on each cheek and mingled their tears. They talked in hushed tones of the war, of others who had fallen and of those who would yet fall.

Mademoiselle went to the new-made mound and gazed down upon the flowers which covered it and upon the *guardien du cemitaire*, who, as he rearranged the wreaths looked up and said:

"Ah, Mademoiselle, to-morrow a soldier will be buried here who will have no flowers on his grave for we have not been able to find a single one of his relatives. He came from the country which is invaded."

THE next day I was at Soixante-Quinze again, fingering Madame's treasures, buying a few and admiring many. She was offering me a teapot for inspection, saying softly, as she stroked its smooth surface, "It feels like silver and it looks like silver, does it not, Mademoiselle? But it is not silver; I was deceived in it," when Mademoiselle came in, dressed for the street, and the old mother almost dropped the teapot in her surprise. It was seldom, indeed, that either of the two went out, and to go two days in succession was an unheard of digression from their simple routine.

"I told you about the other soldier—who will have no flowers," Mademoiselle explained, "I am going to take flowers for his grave."

Madame swayed her head heavily from side to side, and her old eyes filled again with the all-too-frequent tears. Then she nodded and patted her daughter's hand.

"May I not go with you Mademoiselle?" I asked, and receiving permission, we started out together and stopped first at the nearest market. Under its cover sturdy, bare-armed women were offering wares of every sort, fish, vegetables and flowers. One even more than usually vociferous vendeuse thrust a large and velvety bunch of pansies under Mademoiselle's nose and she stopped, saying to me,

"*Ah, Mademoseile, les pensees!*"

"Your word for them is so beautiful, Mademoiselle," I said, "*Pensées* for thoughts. Let us take some of them."

These, with blue masses of forget-me-nots, white valley-lilies and other blooms filled our basket, and last of all, Mademoiselle bought a little rose tree, with the explanation:

"So that something will bloom there always."

UNDER the big cedar tree we found the priest and the *guardien du cemitaire*, and the burial service was read. Mademoiselle had just laid the flowers on the mound, and was planting the little rose tree with a trowel when a limping, uniformed figure came stumbling along the path in futile haste. The newcomer spoke to the *guardien du cemitaire* in a low voice and then came to stand reverently by the grave and to lay upon it a tightly-bound cluster of lilies of the valley. I smiled at the pathetic posy—so like one a child would pick in the woods. Mademoiselle looked up in surprise.

"Monsieur," she said, "I beg your pardon. I understood that there were no friends or relatives. I hope I do not intrude."

"Ah, no, Mademoiselle," the wounded soldier responded, "I have no claim but that of my indebtedness. I came only to pay a tribute to a brave comrade. I was his sergeant, Mademoiselle; I was wounded and, in bringing me to a place of safety, he was wounded worse than I. For weeks he lay in a hospital—where, I could not find—and I lay in another hospital and only learned to-day that he had gone."

HE looked down at Mademoiselle where she knelt, trowel in hand, listening, admiration in her every expression and sympathy beaming from her kindly eyes as they fell upon his stout stick and the poor, twisted leg whose work it supplemented.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he went on, "But you are kind and good to bring these flowers to the grave of an unknown soldier. I know not where his relatives are or they would thank you, and I, his comrade, do thank you from the bottom of my heart."

Then we all sat in the shade of the fragrant lilac tree, and the soldier told us, in glowing words, the story of the great charge in which he had been wounded and his life saved by his comrade. Never had Mademoiselle come so close to life and action before. From the quiet little shop where only rumors of the great world drifted in and were discussed at the round tea-table behind the big dresser, she had sprung, all in one moment into direct contact with throbbing, striving, eager life—life that hung perilously over the edge of death and lived the more keenly for that proximity. And as she listened her eyes gleamed and her face flushed with excitement. When the hero had finished his story she gathered courage to tell him of her cousin, wounded months before and only now lying at rest under the flowers and earth of the near-by mound.

"He was never able to talk to us," she said, "Or doubtless he would have told us much." Then she told him of his regiment.

(*Continued on page 37*)

THERE is hardly a tiny shop in the smallest out-of-the-way street in Paris that has not been influenced by the war. The favorite resorts in student days are cloaked to-day in a different atmosphere. "C'est le guerre!"—It is the war!—is the raison d'etre for all things.

"Soixante-Quinze" is a touching, human little narrative of the war-time fortune of one Madame and the attendant romance of Mademoiselle. Miss Cleaver tells it tersely and with compelling interest.

—THE EDITORS.

"Shadows of the Salient"

No. III.---THE REST CAMP

By Ex-Sgt.-Major Hector Macknight

A LONG, long march by a large, large body of men.

Men who are happy, though they have passed through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

They have been in the Salient for over four months.

Four months of heroism, four months of sacrifice.

They are arriving at a beautifully situated French town of some four thousand inhabitants.

And good fellowship radiates, so that the French people, used as they are to soldiers of all allied nationalities, crowd to their doors and windows and say to each other with knowing looks:—

"Canadiens—tres bon!"

For the Canadians are beloved by all.

Belgium behind them for a few weeks, around them hop vines in full growth, fields of waving corn, gardens resplendent with vari-colored growth—an appreciative populace, big barns in large farms for billets—" and Paradise were Paradise enow!"

The companies are divided and allotted to their respective billets.

The farm in which I find myself a guest with my comrades in arms is a spick-and-span, well-to-do-looking place.

The "Madam" is a typical Northern Frenchwoman and the two "Mademoiselles" are vivacious.

These women work hard, they do men's work and women's work too.

Are not all the able bodied males fighting for La Patrie?

"Ah, oui, Monsieur, c'est la Guerre!"

"It is the war!" Most marvellous of people, the French. They make the best of everything. The death of a cow, the high price of some necessary commodity, the impossibility of obtaining some luxury (a simple luxury at that) the loss of a husband, or son, a "fiancée" or brother—these are the natural outcome of the war.

So they shrug their shoulders, these loyal people; their Country and their Country's honor come first—personal feelings are subservient. It is the discipline of Love. "Pour Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."

For Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—kin in their sacrificial devotion they have but one excuse, one explanation, one resignation.

"It is the war!"

And should you propose something that is impossible, should you suggest something that is not in accordance with the dictates of their wartime faith and resolution, they will answer invariably:

"Après la Guerre!"

The pretty demoiselle is importuned by the love-sick youth to become engaged to marry.

"But no! After the War? Ah! Yes!"

This doesn't sound much like a description of a Rest Camp, but it represents the atmosphere of this and other rest camps.

Would it were God's will that such an atmosphere existed in the land where these words will be read.

Would it were a part of the daily routine on board the ship upon which these lines are penned—for I am going back after my brief sojourn in Canada.

I too have had more than rest camps and front lines to occupy my misery-infested mind.

But slower than my French brothers to accustom myself to the inevitable, it is only after an interval of fruitless "kicking against the pricks" that I am able to mount to my little upper berth and compose myself to sleep with a murmured "C'est la Guerre."

But "to our Muttons" as our Allies say—Rest Camp!

I throw myself down in luxuriant straw and pull my blanket over me.

Instantly I am sleeping the sleep of the dead-weary.

You shall wake up in the morning and spend the day with me—for to-morrow holds untold joys and I would have you share them.

* * * * *

"REVEILLE" on a sunshiny morning. Down to the brook for a glorious splash and back to breakfast.

Everybody talking, everybody in good spirits,
Who wouldn't be a soldier?
Glorious rest after arduous duties well done!

* * * * *

The O.C. Company is speaking.

We are formed up in Quarter Column for inspection.

All traces of dirt and dishevelment have vanished.

We are like so many new pins, every particle of brass is shining, clothes are brushed and carefully mended, rifles glisten with oil and "elbow grease" and shell helmets are washed till they look like new.

"Stand at ease! Stand easy and pay attention, men."

Shuffling a little and displaying no little excitement, we await the news, for rumor has been busy overnight.

"We are going back." "We are going to have some sports." "We are going to get a double pay." "We are going to drill eight hours a day." "We are going to drill four hours a day." "The chaps who relieved us are falling back!"

"Rest Camp may be very fine, far from harm,
But there is calling, where shells are falling,
A Cuckoo near a farm—"

French Parody, "Dear Old Zillebeke."

Busy, busy rumor—an Old Maid's party has nothing on the Army.

But the O.C. has a sheet of paper in his hand:

"There will be Battalion Sports to-morrow afternoon in the fields in rear of Headquarters Billets. Companies will parade in clean fatigue and march to Headquarters, arriving there at 2 p.m. promptly. Entries will be submitted by Officers Commanding Companies. A list of contests, etc., will be posted in each billet, etc., etc., etc.

"Decorations for services deserving of special recognition will be awarded at 4 p.m. by General X.

A list of N.C.O.'s and men to be decorated will be posted in each billet, etc., etc., etc."

And when the Sergeant-Major has dismissed the parade, rifles and equipment are hurriedly put away and we gather in knots to discuss this wonderful new phase of life.

"Sergeant Boffer gets the Military Cross!"

"What the —— for?"

"How should I know?"

"I look up at a face in a window. It is the face of an old woman, seamed and lined with age and care."

"Old Sam Binks gets it too!"

"Good old Sam! Good old Sam!"

"Old Sam Binks!"

"He deserves the V.C.!"

"You betcher."

"I remember——"

When a soldier starts with "I remember——" there's something coming that will occupy your time to advantage, but here are an hundred soldiers, all remembering something.

Something Old Sam Binks has done.

"Good Old Sam!"

* * * * *

Sam Binks is a chum of mine, and I know where to find him.

He is in the kitchen of the farm playing with a refugee orphan of about seven years of alloyed joy.

Sam has little boys of his own at home.

"Hello, Sam!" I say, and he just nods.

"Glad to hear the news," I continue.

Sam takes no notice.

"Good Old Sam!" I say enthusiastically.

I hold out my hand.

He shakes it limply, still sitting down.

"Gee, but I'm tickled to death old man," I persist.

"Hell of a nice kid, that," says Sam as the former Infant of Ypres makes a swipe at the cat with Sam's belt.

I pour myself out a glass of beer in silence.

A phrase keeps dinning itself into my ears.

"——and all the Pomps and Vanities of this Wicked World!"

Sam has the kiddie on his knee now. I am an interloper, pure and simple.

"Where are they?" I muse.

The Pomps and Vanities, I mean!

* * * * *

THE band is playing popular airs, the men are gathered in groups awaiting the signal for the final of the 100 yards dash.

Four splendid specimens of manhood take their places amid great excitement.

Bang! They are off.

Vaguely I remember that once I did the "hundred" in 10 1/5 seconds. I wonder what time they are making.

"Rogers wins! Rogers wins!"

"Good old Rogers—!"

Good old Everybody, it seems to me, and I am content with it. Is this not the soldiers' Utopia?

Then there is a wild scramble for places to view the decorations.

General X is to the point. Just a few simple soldierly words as he pins the decorations on the breasts of our heroes.

Cheers upon cheers and self-conscious nonchalance on the part of the decorated ones.

Then our Colonel mounts the platform.

Something in his face, something in his manner, seems to foretell unpleasant news.

I am filled with evil forebodings.

What can it be?

He clears his throat, looks around as though hesitating to acquaint us of some calamity.

"Men," he says, but he does not smile.

"Men, when we left up there, we left everything in good order and condition. We maintained the line. When the enemy drove our comrades back, we went to it again and re-established our positions.

Serious inroads have been made on those positions in the last two days.

The Canadians are responsible for the Salient.

The enemy must be taught that he cannot drive at us with impunity.

The Brigade is going back.

The Battalion must once more show the world what stuff it is made of.

We leave to-morrow, our stay here has been cut short.

"C'est la Guerre!"

Almost stunned by this unexpected news, we look at each other and then hastily away.

Somebody yells out:

"Good old Colonel!"

An officer turns toward us. He is only a Lieutenant, but he wears a medal. He is one of the lucky ones.

"What do you say, boys?" he cries.

"Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

Three times it belches forth like the noise of a cataract roaring down the steeps.

It is not a cheer. It is the Lion's roar of defiance.

Faces are set, teeth are clenched, fists are doubled and chins stuck out.

"A tiger!"

"Hip, Hip, Hooray!"

And then the tension breaks We laugh and seize each other to dance deliriously.

Some of us wrestle.

The Lion is sharpening its claws.

* * * * *

WE are marching through the town behind the band. Our French friends line the streets and block the windows and doors.

"Au revoir, Canadiens!" they cry.

"Bon chance, Messieurs!"

I look up at a face in a window.

It is the face of an old woman, seamed and lined with age and care.

Tears roll unheeded down her cheeks. She does not hide them.

Grief she has seen and is not ashamed of. This is but an additional straw to the load of her care and misery.

I wonder how many sons she has lost, this Mother of France.

Her lips move in prayer.

"Oh! Dieu, Dieu, mes enfants!"

"Oh God, God, my children!"

I shout up to her, "Au revoir, Ma Mére!"

She calls back, "Bon chance, Monsieur!"

"C'est la Guerre!"

Brightening Rural Life With Government Movies

By J. CAMERON SECORD

THE lives of the common people have been immeasurably enriched by the coming of motion pictures. The dull, drab monotony of their humble existence has been brightened with the thrills of raptured hours before the silver screen. They have taken wonderful trips to foreign lands, have lived through fairy tales, have hunted "bad men," have suffered for wayward daughters, and have even witnessed great battles like "The Somme"; to say nothing of the fun they've had watching Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, Max Linder and other laugh-makers.

The Movies have democratized art and entertainments. No longer are the masses compelled to gape at dusty paintings, or statues in musty museums to satisfy their longings. To-day they go globe-trotting via the *silver* screen on a "pay-as-you-go" system, a dime a time.

Truly the Movie is the educator of the people and is something belonging peculiarly to them—it is their own, for they made its development possible.

That brings us to a new premise. The Movie as an entertainer is now commonplace. The passing of the bar-room has left no deadening void, for in its place have come the Movies, bringing joy, thrills and education to *all* the family at a fraction of the cost of liquor.

Yet there is another phase, a great growing movement which seems to promise unlimited possibilities. It is the birth of a new method of educating—visual education by means of motion pictures. Educational films have been used in many places and by many organizations and governments, but it is something to be proud of to know that visual educational work is being adopted in a more thoroughly progressive manner in Ontario and in Canada than in any other country in the world.

On May 7th, 1917, the Hon. T. W. McGarry, Provincial Treasurer, established the Ontario Provincial Motion Picture Bureau, under the direction of Mr. S. C. Johnson, who had been engaged in making films of many places, things and processes for over a year previous. In this time more than fifty films have been produced; more are being finished almost daily. It is the present intention to complete as many as three hundred films of Ontario subjects for release to all and sundry who express the wish to learn from these films.

It is the primary intention of the Bureau to circuit these mainly in those centres not now served by established movie theatres. It is in line with this basic idea that the programmes of these rural meetings have been made more attractive by supplementing the regular showing of educational films with comedy and drama reels featuring Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Max Linder and other famous people. One of these comedy or drama reels will be used as an initial number on the evening programme, and, when time permits, a second one as a concluding number. There is a sound business reason in this move, for beyond the unquestioned benefits the remote rural residents will derive from these comedy films, there is the result of greatly augmented audiences at these educational meetings, and the increased receptivity to educational influences.

"Sheep Farming in Ontario" Film

Prize Calves, Norwich School Fair

THUS all concerned are benefitted by the Government's broad vision.

The Department of Agriculture in Ontario has been the most aggressive user of educational films; this Department alone having nearly fifty reels ranging from "How to plant a backyard garden," to "How to Grade Wool." These films are used by the Department's agricultural representatives (one in each county in the Province) who journey from section to section giving lectures and exhibitions wherever they can get farmers together.

The use of moving pictures in agricultural educational work is proving a greater success than had been anticipated by those responsible for its adoption. The average attendance at the meetings where the district representatives conducted their educational work by means of lectures and demonstrations, was about 15, whereas today the average attendance is around 85. This is due almost entirely to the use of moving pictures to demonstrate the right and the wrong way to get things done on a farm. There is no doubt that these audiences will be further increased when the Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford films supplement the educational films as now shown, but the Department has no intention of permitting these comedy films to take up more than a very limited part of the evening's program.

Parade of Prize Winners, Norwich School Fair

An Excellent Drawing Card

THAT farmers appreciate what the Government is doing is proven by the attendance at these meetings. In four weeks' meetings (usually three a week) in forty-five counties the total attendance was 67,801. A three-week circuit among the Women's Institutes of Simcoe County brought out a total attendance of 1,500. More than 5,000 farmers have seen the "Wool Grading" film since November 1st, 1917, while the average attendance per film from November 1st last varies from 20 to 5,000, according to the subject. The cost of this educational work is exceptionally low as compared with the former methods, for the cost per capita of attendance is less than 3 cents now, as against the former 15 cents. This result

Community Canning Centre Film

was so outstanding that, when the Provincial Legislature, during the past session, granted $52,000 for the extension of this work, members of both the Government and the Opposition rose to compliment the Government on this progressive movement, and on the fact that these films were being made in Canada by a strictly Canadian company. In passing it is not irrelevant to mention that Canadians have risen very high in nearly every phase of motion picture work. The world's leading movie star is Toronto's own Mary Pickford—Gladys Smith—Jack Pickford is also very popular and there are many others. "The Iron Claw" written by Arthur Stringer, of Chatham, is still fresh in the public mind, and that is but one of the hundreds of successful scenarios written by Canadians. When it comes to camera men and directors, it is too much to remember names; but Canadians are there and right up at the top, too. Now Canada has its own companies operating in Canada—one at Trenton, Ont., making "amusement" reels; one in Toronto, making "educational" films; and several others making "news reels" features. But this is digressing.

In the making of these educational films, the Ontario Government has recognized the very important part played by "the women on the farm" and "the woman in the home" in the cause of increased food production and conservation, by giving considerable attention to the widening sphere of women both on the farm and in urban centres. Films No. 110, "Rearing Chickens"; No. 111, "Incubation," and No. 112 "Killing and Dressing of Poultry," are three very popular reels, since the care of poultry has been the "pin-money" earner for the woman on the farm from time immemorial. Film No. 119 "Handling Bees" and two others in beekeeping, Nos. 105 and 118, run those on poultry a close second in interest among rural audiences, though generally speaking the two most popular films among women in both rural and urban centres are Nos. 120 and 146, "Home Canning of Vegetables," and "The Community Canning Centre" respectively.

Film No. 169 "National Service on The Land," which is a cinema record of the wonderful work done by Canadian girls on the farms in 1917, shows beyond the shadow of a doubt the ability of our girls to "do their bit" in the hour of the nation's need. This film is being used as a recruiting feature both in Canada and in the United States, to whom it has been loaned. It will ever be a true record of the part played by our college girls in winning the war; it will be more appreciated in the years to come.

On March 1st, last, the Provincial Motion Picture Bureau had completed nine films on Vegetable Growing; 3 on chickens, 3 on bees, 3 on fruit growing, 7 on live stock, 5 on dairying, 6 on road-making, 3 on grain-growing and 12 on general topics. Since then this list has been increased very materially and a great number of new subjects have been put in course of production. The educational list above is being kept in constant circulation. It is interesting to note that the films on backyard gardening which have been in use in the schools as a feature of the campaign to enlist the pupils in "greater food production" have been a great success. One Government lecturer tells of holding one hour lectures twice per day every school day for two weeks. These lectures were attended by from 200 to 400 children of varying ages and only once in the twenty lectures was it necessary to call "Order." This test gives food for much thought upon the advisability of adopting visual instruction, as a regular part of our educational system. There is much to commend the suggestion for it is a well known thing that what the eye sees the mind remembers and that so long as action is visible and continuous it is difficult to keep from watching that action. One of the chief benefits of such an introduction into our schools would be the condensation and the cutting down of the curriculum due to the greater efficiency of pictures as against printed words to get across to the student the right conception of the subject upon which education is desired. A few years hence, this suggestion will have become history, for already educational authorities have recognized that visual educational films cannot long be denied. Here and there throughout Canada they are being taken up with almost phenomenal results both in imparting information and in holding the students' interest.

Up to this time, little thought has been given to this phase of the educational film by the Provincial Motion Picture Bureau. Its chief work has been in the cause of better farming, for the reason that in the present crisis this is the more important phase, and until after the war is won, the Bureau's major efforts will be concentrated upon the problem of producing and conserving foodstuffs. The subjects of visual education and vocational guidance by means of films, can well wait till the big job is finished. There will be time and pleasure then in taking up these kindred phases of visual educational work when the war is over; however it would not be wise to overlook the merits of visual educational films in the meantime.

The fact that Canada stands out in the forefront in the matter of the utilization of motion pictures for educational work is the great big thing to remember. Even in the matter of "War Records" Canada was the first to adopt moving pictures as part of its permanent War Records system and is to-day far in advance of any other combatant in its organization for this purpose. The great picture of "The Battle of the Somme" is but one of many that will vividly depict the valorous deeds now being performed.

In Every Province

WHILE Ontario has taken the lead in the development of the motion picture as an educational force, it does not follow that it is the only province using films for this purpose. Other provinces, especially the Western Provinces, have followed Ontario's lead and are now busy endeavoring to reduce it. The Dominion Government is becoming interested in the motion picture and at the present time is having films made of its seaboard fisheries and hatcheries. This (*Continued on page 25*)

Prize Colts, Norwich School Fair

The Deader

A Maritime Echo of The Great War

A Steel Waif of the Sea, the "Deader" Brought from Eternity a Key to Unlock a Heart which Fate had Bolted Forever Against Love

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

CYRUS Townsend Brady's stories in the Saturday Evening Post and in other leading American journals have become too familiar to the reading public to demand comment. "The Deader" is one of his best. It is an unusual tale, in which the wreck, supposedly of the Lusitania, leads the way to interesting developments in the lives of the characters presented.
—THE EDITORS.

THIS is the story of three men, two women and a "deader." It is always the odd man—when it isn't the odd woman—who makes the story. Without him and the "deader"—and of course, the great newspaper—there would be nothing to write except another account of a great disaster.

"Deader" has a grim and mortuary sound which utterly belies the thing it is. John Carbrey, the head of the great Pictorial News Association, had this particular "deader" in his hands. Nor did he have a handful at that, for the "deader" was approximately the size of a small thermos bottle, and save for the rounding of the cap of that useful article, a decided resemblance could be detected between the two.

He looked long and earnestly at the little cylinder of metal, tarnished, stained, battered, just as it had come to him from the vast deep. It had been brought to the office of the United States Consul at Bilbao, Spain, a month before by the fisherman who had picked it up. Etched deeply into its side was this legend:

Finder please return unopened to
The New York News,
New York, U.S.A.
And receive liberal reward.

The American representative at that Bay of Biscay port had been in the newspaper business before he essayed diplomacy—excellent preparation, by the way—and he recognized the "deader" as soon as he saw it. By the first steamer he forwarded it to his friend Carbrey, who had charge of the illustrations of the News in connection with the superintendence of the pictorial news organization. It had come to Carbrey like a voice from the dead. Many such "deaders" had been jettisoned from sinking ships in all the seven seas, but this was the first one which had ever come back home.

It contained a message, undoubtedly, from some hero on his staff. As he opened the containing box and took it out, having previously read the Consul's letter which apprised him of its existence, he had a queer feeling as if the "deader" were alive. It was cold to his touch; yet in spite of the chill it seemed to radiate life. So unusual and so important was the incident that he had gone into the dark room himself to open it, and to develop the film that it contained. Before it was dry he passed the roll before his eyes. No prints had yet been made of it, but as he sat there with the empty cylinder in his hand, he could see again all the pictures, and one in particular.

What was burned upon the retina of his soul was the picture of a man and a woman. They happened to be in the foreground of the most important of all the pictures of the disaster. In his excitement young Aylward, poising on the rail, working his camera frantically, had perhaps overlooked the near figures in his vision of the further view, but there they were.

Aylward was the third man, Carbrey was the second, or was he the first? At any rate, whatever the ultimate order, the man in the foreground of the picture completed the trio. Carbrey should have hated him, but somehow he could not, although Brotherton—that was the name of the other man—had taken from Carbrey what he valued most in life.

HOW vividly the whole situation came back to him! He well remembered that eventful day on which the huge leviathan backed away from her pier, and, prodded and pulled and pushed by offensive tugs, finally pointed her nose down the river. He could see her again as, amid the cheers of thousands, she took her departure on that voyage which was to be her last, and the last for the great majority of those who stood on her decks smiling or weeping, staring with eyes shining or tear-dimmed at the swiftly receding shore.

And the woman he loved stood by his side on the pier that day. Her eyes were misted, her face pale, when she finally turned to him.

"Mr. Carbrey," she said, "My car is at the end of the pier, if you are going up town."

"I shall be very glad to avail myself of your offer," said Carbrey. "Are you going home?"

"Directly."

"Then with your permission I'll go with you. I have something very important to say to you."

"I shall be delighted," returned Elaine Maywood. She got into the car and motioned Carbrey to follow, and as the car crept slowly away amid the crowd of other automobiles, it occurred to him that he might just as well lose no time.

"We're just as private here, Miss Maywood," he began after a moment of thought, "so I might as well say what I have to say now as later."

He was a very direct young American who believed in going straight to the point. He had come to New York a few years before with no capital but his heart and his head, his brains and his courage. He had gone so straight to the point that now he filled this unusual position, despite his youth, and he was in line for further preferment.

"Mr. Carbrey," burst out the girl, impulsively, "just a moment. What do you think of those warnings?"

"Perhaps I can best answer that in this way, Miss Maywood. I had five of my men booked for passage on the steamer. When the warnings came from the Embassy, I withdrew them all. The gain from having them aboard didn't seem worth the risk. I don't really think anything will happen to the ship, but something might, and I decided not to take any chances."

"And did any one object?"

"Young Aylward begged me to let him go. Said he didn't believe there was the least danger, but if there were, it might be well to have a camera man on the spot, that his passage had been booked, he hated to back out, that no one had ever frightened him out of any job by vague threats and he wanted to go."

"But I am engaged to Capt. Brotherton," concluded the girl softly.

"What did you say?"

"I told him that I wouldn't order him on the duty, but that if he volunteered I shouldn't enter any objections."

"And so he is aboard her?" she asked.

"Yes, with his camera, a supply of films, some 'deaders' and whatever other personal things he wants."

"What are 'deaders'?"

"Small metal cylinders with a hermetically sealed air chamber and with a removable and water-tight cap."

"And what are they for?"

"When a man has snapped a roll of film, he takes it out of his camera, wraps and seals it, sticks it in the 'deader' closes it, and in case he is about to drown, he trusts it to the waves in the hope that somebody will pick it up and send it back to me."

"I hope Mr. Aylward won't have to use one."

"I hope not, too," said Carbrey. "I don't think he will. I think it's all a bluff. I don't believe they'd dare do anything to a passenger ship."

"That's what Captain Brotherton said."

"Oh, Captain Brotherton."

"Yes. As he has fully recovered from his wound, he cabled to the British War Office and they told him, to come back on the first steamer and they would send him back to the trenches again. Isn't it horrible?"

"Awful. But I don't want to talk about Captain Brotherton, or Aylward, or the ship, but about you."

"About me?"

"Yes, I think every woman knows when a man's in love with her. We don't seem to be able to keep it from her and——"

"Oh, please don't."

"I must. You know it, of course. I certainly cannot approach your father financially, but I have already amassed a resaonable competence and I have acquired a certain confidence in my ability to get myself anything I want——"

The girl flashed a look at him which he caught, of course.

"Except you, Miss Maywood. I'm as diffident there, I might almost say as hopeless, as I would be if I were a boy who followed you from afar, but I really have a fine position. It affords me magnificent opportunities, but I do not care to dilate on those things. I love you as I never thought to love any human being. If you could care for me just a little, perhaps I could win you."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Carbrey. Ever since you helped me so much in the railroad accident, when you were reporting for the News several years ago, I have liked you. I have followed your progress with a certain sort of pride—"

"You have every right to take pride in it, because since that day I have had you to stimulate my ambition."

"But I am engaged to Captain Brotherton," concluded the girl softly.

THERE was a long silence between them. She put out her hand at last and rested it on his arm with a little impulsive tenderness of gesture as if to soften the rejection. One of the first things a newspaper man has to learn is self-control. Carbrey had been educated in the hard school of experience, and he had learned it. Savagely checking a passionate desire to clutch the little hand that lay so lightly on his sleeve and a greater desire to sweep the woman to his breast, Carbrey spoke at last. He spoke clearly, but there was a break in his voice which the woman recognized and at which, for all her engagement, she thrilled.

"Of course, I might have known it," said the young American. "A soldier, a V.C., with all the glamor of heroic exploit and all the appeal of wounds—what chance had a newspaper man?"

"Newspaper men are soldiers of peace," said the woman. "You must not talk of yourself that way. Look at Mr. Aylward."

"Yes," said Carbrey, "I suppose so. One question."

He turned and fixed a clear penetrating gaze upon the girl, and she bravely sustained his look, albeit her color flamed and her heart throbbed.

"I'm very unconventional. I want you to tell me just one thing, and then I shall trouble you no more."

"What is that?"

"Do you love Captain Brotherton?"

The red deepened in her cheeks and then the color slowly ebbed and left her pale. It was a question Carbrey had no right to ask, which no affection he might have entertained for her warranted him in putting to her. Following her first impulse, she might indignantly have refused to answer, but there was something compelling in the look of the man. She was stirred to the very depths of her being by the suppressed passion that was in his voice, that, somehow, had got into her heart, the evidence of a great love. Somehow or other, the truth was wrested from her unwilling lips.

"I like him very much," she faltered, "He is a soldier and a gentleman, a hero, and he is very devoted to me. It pleases my father and mother and everybody—I—you have no right to question me in this way."

"And if I had spoken sooner," went on the man, relentlessly, "I might have—"

"Stop," cried the girl, "I can't hear any more. It's—it's disloyal. He has gone away to fight for his country, with my promise to him, with trust in me, that—"

"I understand," said Carbrey grimly. "I shall not interfere. Forgive my blundering. I haven't known many women—none like you. If anything ever happens, you'll remember I'm still yours. You understand?"

"Yes, of course, but nothing—"

"Allow me," he said.

He called to the chauffeur to stop the car at the nearest crossing. He shook Miss Maywood's hand, bowed to her and turned away. As the car moved on, the girl burst into a passion of weeping. Into Carbrey's riotous mind flashed a diabolic wish that the ship might be blown up, but because he was a clean-souled gentleman, he put that out of his brain the minute it came in. He was ashamed to the core even for the transitory and natural impulse. In the revulsion from his own feeling, he prayed voicelessly that the God of the great deep might watch over the great ship.

THAT momentary impulse came back to him poignantly when the first news of her torpedoing filtered through the air. The newspapers, his own leading, were soon filled with the accounts of the survivors. They had a brave tale to tell of young Pete Aylward's devotion to duty, how he had stripped himself of his own life belt, how he had worked his camera to the very last minute, and how he had gone down with the rest. His body was washed ashore some days later. Attached to it was his empty camera and there was one roll of film and one "deader" missing from the complement in the case strapped to his belt.

A year had passed, and it was that "deader" which Carbrey now held in his hand. The man in the foreground of the most striking

(*Continued on page 18*)

The Work of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Abroad

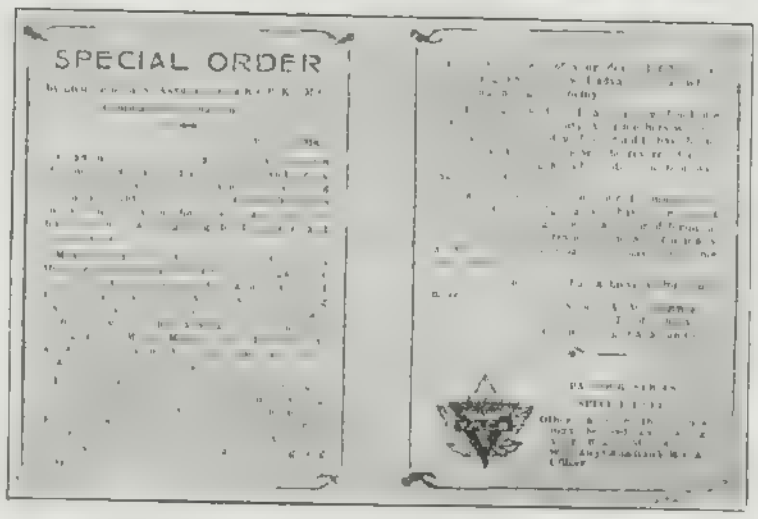
Anecdotes and Bits of Triangle and Its Rela-

News Concerning the Red tion to Canadian Soldiers

CANADIAN Y.M.C.A. work for soldiers has challenged the attention and admiration of the world. Begun in 1871 at Niagara-on-the-Lake, that work was continued during the South African War when the late Lord Roberts officially recognized the first definite relationship of the Military Y.M.C.A. with the army.

Through experience gained in training camp and in actual war service, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. was able on the outbreak of war, in 1914, to minister at once, to the welfare of the boys in khaki. Ever since, the organization has kept pace with the military situation, and to-day it maintains nearly 200 centres for Canadian soldiers in England and France.

The response to the Red Triangle Fund Campaign in May, when over $3,000,000 was donated in three days, was Canada's striking tribute to the need and efficiency of the Association's work.



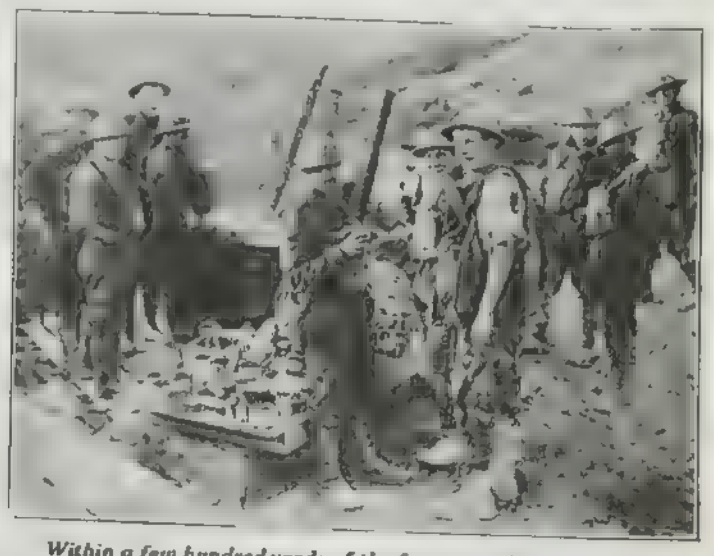
Reproduction of the special order from Gen. Currie to his men, distributed to 16,000 of the troops through the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

Beaver Hut

THE Beaver Hut in the Strand, London, is rapidly nearing completion, and will be the new Headquarters of Canadian Y.M.C.A. work for soldiers, over there. In addition to billiard rooms, booths and information bureau, the new "hut" will contain 200 beds and serve 2,000 meals daily. The Lady Superintendent will be Miss Helen FitzRandolph, of New Brunswick, a daughter of the late Hon. Archibald FitzRandolph. Associated with Miss FitzRandolph in the social work at the Beaver Hut will be Lady Perley, the Marchioness of Donegal, Mrs. Alfred Cole, and Mrs. John Hope, as a committee.

Canadians, who have stopped the Huns reaching their wire, taking free coffee at the Y.M.C.A. hut on their way back from the line to rest.

Miss Helen FitzRandolph of New Brunswick, daughter of the late Hon. Archibald FitzRandolph. She is lady superintendent of the new Canadian Y.M.C.A. Beaver Hut, London.



Within a few hundred yards of the front trenches at hill 70. Canadians receiving Y.M.C.A. refreshment.

On Leave in London

AT last!

The day for which he has longed has arrived. He is in "Blighty." When he stepped on board the boat at Boulogne he was No. 901651. Now he is John Brown again for ten whole, blessed days!

From Folkestone to London his mind is filled with projects to fil in his leave, and he hardly notices the country through which the train is rushing him, and several hundreds like him.

Some of the boys have their plans fully made, but the majority are just like John Brown, ready for anything that may turn up.

There is only one definite idea in John's mind,—to get a bath and a change of clothes, and so rid himself of the vermin that are always with him in France.

At Victoria Station he is slightly confused by the hustle and bustle. It is such a different kind of hustle and bustle over in France! He hesitates on the sidewalk, as yet unconscious of the sharks, male and female, who have already marked him for their own. They are alert, on the job, moving into line. But so is somebody else.

Tea being served on a typical English Lawn. The residence of Percy Bois, Esq.

The Y.M.C.A. hut in Switzerland where a number of Canadians are being interned.

Inquiries being answered at the Y.M.C.A. Information Bureau in front of Charing Cross Station Hotel.

arrangements. All the men in khaki have to do is make up their minds how they want to spend their leave The only objection to the Y.M.C.A. programme is that, like the menu of pre-war days, it offers a bewildering array of good things!

But every man is placed at last. At the end of his leave he knows that he has done more, seen more, learned more, gained more rest and real recreation than could have been possible had he tried to fill in the time without the experienced aid of the Red Triangle man.

John shoulders his kit bag once more, and somehow it feels less heavy than he had feared. He has had a good time; a clean, wholesome, helpful time. He goes back to France with strengthened morale, blessing the smiling face whose owner wears a Red Triangle on his arm.

At Hill 70

THE wounded man with the left sleeve of his tunic torn is Sergt. Wilfrid Maclean Campbell, of Toronto. At the time the picture was taken Sergt. Campbell had been wounded by shrapnel in the shoulder and knee. He was one of a party of twenty sent out to lay new communication lines on Hill 70. The battery had been forced to find a new place from which to direct the fire on the enemy. The entire party was caught in the shell-fire of the Germans, and nineteen of them were either killed or wounded. Sergt. Campbell was patched up in the front trenches, and after enjoying a cup of hot coffee at an improvised Y.M.C.A. stall, he was able to walk three miles to the rear. He is now back in France after a spell in Basford House Military Hospital at Manchester, England.

Y.M.C.A. in Egypt

IN Alexandria, Egypt, a Y.M.C.A. was built two years ago as a counter attraction to the numberless low native cafes to which the men flocked, largely because there were no decent, attractive places within their means. Nobly has it fulfilled its mission. It presents the usual attractions including a canteen which is most popular. Last month from 100 to 4,000 eggs a day—63,000 in all—were sold, and everything up to 500 cups of drink—tea, cocoa, or lemonade an hour, at times.

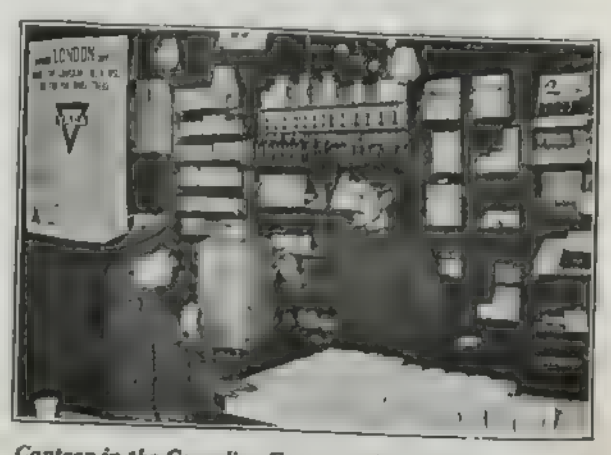
The Garden Court, where good cinema shows are given every night, keeps big crowds entertained. Then there are the weekly Bible classes, Christian Endeavour and Sunday evening services, also volunteers are doing good work in the hospitals.

Rescue work is also carried on in the "red light" districts which are the ruin of so many of our men. One evening one of our workers went out from the Y.M.C.A. equipped with tracts to a much talked of street But I will let him tell his own story. "I was feeling nervous. My courage had almost left me when I pulled up to an Egyptian who presented me with a leaflet, and asked me to read it. I had no sooner glanced at it than I saw it was from the enemy that I had got out to fight. He pointed me to a large house, and on looking in I saw that it was packed with soldiers, and sailors. I felt that it was up to me to follow out my duty for my Master, as well as the foreigner to whom I had spoken had carried out his. On discovering that he could not read English a bright thought struck me, which I immediately put into action. I bargained with him to exchange leaflets, and for him to enter that house and give one to every person. When he heard that they were free, he very soon accepted my terms. He must have been an unusual sort of native, for he was a very conscientious worker. He carried out his instructions perfectly and actually finished with offering one to his employer. I saw him as I stood at the glass door. What the result was I may know some day."

A Soldier's Prayer

REMARKABLE scenes are frequently witnessed in the Y.M.C.A. huts, particularly in connection with the religious services held there. At a meeting in one of the huts behind the lines in France, a drunken Canadian trooper tottered on to the platform and began to pray. His prayer was, "Everlasting God, I had a good mother once, but I have been a damned fool. Forgive me."

Shortly afterwards he made the supreme sacrifice.



Canteen in the Canadian Forestry Club at Catford Camp, London. The youngest Canadian soldier being served.

A baby before treatment at University Settlement, Montreal

Combatting Casualties at the Mother's Knee

Save The Babies! They're The Country's Greatest Asset

By DORA LEMSFORD

IN the following article, the writer, an Englishwoman who has gone into the subject with considerable thoroughness, gives an insight into the way in which the war is revitalizing the women of England and awakening them to a newer, fuller sense of their national responsibilities and opportunities. We believe Everywoman's World is the first magazine on this side to present an account of what is being actually accomplished in the Old Country to-day. We do so as an inspiration to the women of Canada to do likewise and as a practical demonstration of plans which Canadian municipalities might well adopt.

THE EDITORS.

The same child after treatment. Note the healthy appearance

IT'S a trite remark to say that the war is revolutionizing England; at the same time it is a fact. So great are the changes being wrought by the leveler that it is well nigh impossible for the greater Briton to grasp what is taking place; indeed, the average Englishman and Englishwoman themselves do not realize their magnitude. And, of it all, the history of the present, when it comes to be written will, I think show that the bulk of the transformation is the work of the women of the land rather than that of the men.

Life and duty are arraying themselves in entirely new colors to the Englishwoman of to-day, through the shadows cast by the death toll of the war, and this new light is penetrating every home no matter how lowly or how comfortable and secluded. Class barriers are not being roughly torn down, but they are being largely effaced by the common cause and the penalties exacted—rendering the world habitable for the citizens of the future. Perhaps one of the greatest strides made is the realization of one's neighbors. Hitherto the Englishman's home has been his castle, were he rich or poor, and the bulk of the assistance given the more needy has savored much of charity. To-day that same help, though magnified many-fold, is forthcoming, but as a rightful gift without the faintest stigma attaching to it. The more favored are simply extending the helping hand of friendship, and the needy are accepting it in a like spirit.

First and foremost the war has drawn attention to the absolute necessity of counteracting the casualties in every possible way, and inevitably His Majesty, the baby, has come to his own, and, whatever the social status of his parents, is being given every chance. "Save the babies" is the nation-wide cry, and such potent questions as "Do you know how many babies die every year in your district?" are being asked throughout the land. How many indeed! Investigation has proven the number to be almost incredible, even in comparison with the army casualties, and the women of Britain have awakened to the fact that peace has its terrors no less than war.

It has been shown that out of about 800,000 babies born every year in England and Wales, nearly ninety thousand die before they are one year old—one in every nine as against one in every twenty in New Zealand, a country of practically identical race and climate, where however, babies have had the benefit of a state educational campaign for years. To make matters worse, doctors assure us English women that nine out of every ten babies born alive in our isles are actually sound and healthy at birth, or at least capable of growing up into healthy men and women if properly cared for.

We have also learned that unnecessary disease, the traces of which linger for many years, often begins through want of knowledge during the first few weeks, or even days following birth, and that a far greater proportion of absolutely avoidable deaths take place then than subsequently. Statistics show that of the 109 children per thousand living births who die in that first year, eleven die in the first four and twenty hours, and thirty in the first fortnight of life. Added to all this, a very large proportion of children on entering elementary schools are found on medical examination, to be defective in various ways, the bulk of which might have been avoided by proper infant care.

Appalling is almost too mild a word to apply to the cold fact that of our 800,000 annual births some 90,000 deaths occur in the first twelve months, to which must be added yet another hundred thousand babes who die each year during the prenatal period. A loss of infant and potential life of 190,000 a year has forced the women of England into arms to combat this "terror of the homeland"; and they intend to succeed, assured that success awaits their efforts.

Welfare Centres

AS a result, organized infant welfare work has taken hold of the whole country. Encouraged and even aided where necessary to the extent of half the financial outlay, by the Government, hundreds of welfare centres have sprung into existence. Up to September, 1917, there were no fewer than eleven hundred of them at work, of which approximately half have sprung into being since the war. Of Britain's hundred great towns of over 50,000 population, practically all have entered on the work whole-heartedly with, on an average, from six to ten centres in each. The records of medium sized cities of between 20,000 and 50,000 are equally good. There are 148 of them, and of these over 120 have taken up the work. Centres in towns of from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants number 150, while about one hundred more have been established in villages and rural districts. The control of these new institutions varies; some are worked entirely by municipal authorities, some by voluntary effort and the remainder by a judicious admixture of both.

Although we are now making such speedy strides in what one might almost term "baby-culture" England cannot claim credit for the origination of the science, for the first steps in infant welfare work were taken by our allies the Belgians, hard on whose heels followed the French. Nevertheless the work itself is hardly out of its infancy for it was originated in 1897—just one and twenty years since, by Dr. Eugene Lust, of Brussels, who established a depot for the provision of milk for, and the medical inspection of infants. This depot rapidly outstripped even its founder's hopes and was taken over by the Prince Charles Dispensary in 1904, at the time of the organization of the Belgian National League for the Welfare of Infants. Similar work was vigorously adopted by France, and as the success of these bodies became manifest to individual English economists, an initial attempt was made to staunch the leakage of human life at its source at a conference for the Prevention of Infant Mortality, held in London in 1906. Following this, the cities of Glasgow and Huddersfield entered the field, other cities following slowly until the spur of the war awakened the country. Once awakened and supported by both the work and well wishes of the women of the country, England is tackling the task whole-heartedly, as determined upon defeat of unnecessary death at home as on the defeat of the militarism abroad, which threatened to engulf the world.

Bureau of Child Hygiene, Dept. of Health, Winnipeg

A Baby Clinic, University Settlement, Montreal

The work done and the magnitude of the work still ahead can be judged from the fact that over seventy thousand babies are at present under the care of infant welfare centres, leaving the giant total of 730,000—almost three-quarters of a million, still unaided.

Of Interest to Canada

PERHAPS the women of Canada can best obtain an idea of the work being done, by a description of visits paid to three widely different centres—one in pulsating London, another in a sleepy old Cathedral city, where the ceaseless roar of the munition factory is unheard, and the third in one of the country's busiest smaller manufacturing towns.

The London Centre visited was the St. Pancras School for Mothers, one of the oldest in the Metropolis, it having been established for a decade. In the past year lady doctors were present twice weekly and 2,909 babies were in attendance. In addition 36 dental clinics were held. The results being achieved by this school since the war can be gathered from the figures for the past ten years. While the total births in the borough fell from 4,754 in 1915 to 4,530 in 1916, a decrease of 224, the proportion of deaths was far less, the infant mortality rate being reduced from 105 in 1915 to 85 in the following year.

The school is located in a big building in Ampthill Square, and our first call on entrance was the dining hall, a bare room with one long table and forms on either side where an average of 24 expectant or nursing mothers are given a substantial dinner of two courses on five days a week, for the sum of 4d. (8 cents) a day (each dinner costs the school at least 8½d., 17 cents) and, should they have toddlers whom they cannot leave at home, they are allowed to bring them, and the babies are fed in an adjoining room for two cents each. To meet this expense the school is helped by private subscription and also by a grant from the "National Food Fund," one of London's many war time charities.

We then inspected the weighing room, which also serves as a waiting room. The babies are weighed in basket scales on a table near a large enclosed fire by two voluntary workers, one weighing, the other recording. Unlike my experience with smaller centres, I found the wee lads and lassies did not entertain with a concert, owing to the greater comfort of the scientific scales with their almost imperceptible motion.

The third room was the day nursery, where about 15 kiddies varying from three weeks old to three years were being cared for. These were the unfortunate offspring from homes where proper care was almost impossible. They are brought at 9 a.m. and fetched at 5 p.m., and are tended by a qualified nurse, afire with enthusiasm, and coaxed back to health.

One wee man ran up to me and placed his hands in mine; his pale face was beautiful in its quality, and his eyes of violet pathetic in their longing. The secretary told me they had had him on and off since birth, that he was a very bright little man, and already showed inventive faculty. If they could manage to imbue him with sufficient strength she expected in later years, that he would be a real asset to the nation. The "inventive faculty" was evident before we left the room, for he had found a small half-moon shaped table set round with wells to hold the infants' plates which he informed us, he was about to turn into a fire engine. Economy was evident here as everywhere, for all the cots used were made out of old banana crates. The feeding bottles reposed in a deep sink filled with ever-flowing water.

From there we were ushered into the consulting room, Here Dr. Flora Shepherd sat at a table fitted with writing materials. Around her were a nurse and two voluntary helpers. The nurse attended to each case as it was called, and helped the mother prepare her child for the doctor. The assistants made the necessary notes and looked up information and past records from data kept in a case near by.

Some Typical Cases

THE one thing that impressed me was Dr. Shepherd's sympathetic kindness towards both child and mother, and the expression and manner of the mothers themselves, showing that they looked upon the doctor in the light of a friend. These places, I must again emphasize, are no charity, but the right of the poor, and this fact above all was impressed on all by the physician. One mother brought in a mite nearly two years old. She told the doctor she had taken it to a nearby hospital and had been told there was nothing wrong. After examinaion, the doctor located a diseased hip, and immediately dictated a letter to a specialist, and gave the woman distinct instructions, even as to what to say when she saw the specialist. After the woman had passed out, the doctor turned to me and said, "That woman has a history. That is her tenth child, the first nine all having died at the age of three.

"What is the cause?" I asked.

"There are two," was the reply, "firstly a tubercular inclination, secondly, occasional periods of intemperance in the mother. These have been only occasional and bitterly regretted, but the nine have not been strong enough to endure against the resultant neglect. This child she is particularly anxious to rear, and we intend to help her to do so.

Another mother enters with twin boys.

"Ah, Jimmie," said the doctor, "now what's gone wrong?"

"That's not Jimmy, ma'am, that's Freddy."

A merry smile passes the doctor's countenance.

"Ah, how silly I am, of course it's Freddy. Got colds, both of them?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did you do last Friday night when the raid was on?"

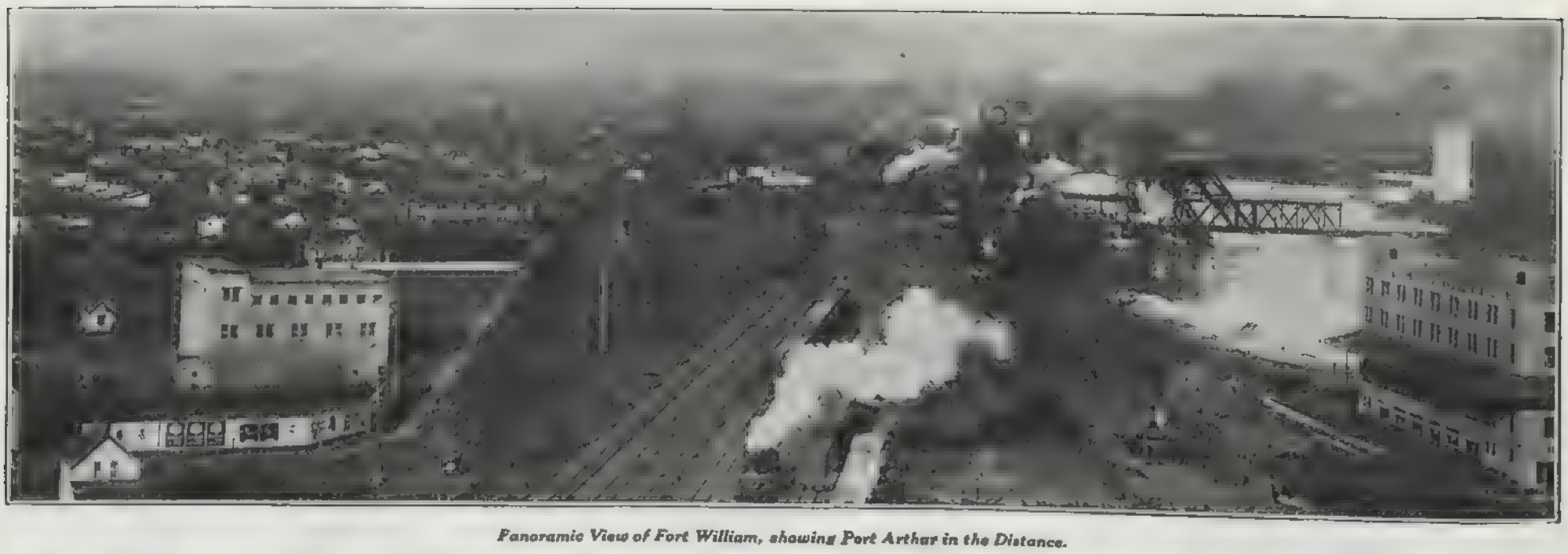
"Got up and went to the 'tube'."

"Now, what have I told you! Did your husband go too?"

"No, ma'am, he called me a fool, refused to help me dress the boys even, and I got that nervous, I'm afraid I didn't wrap them up enough."

"So your husband stayed at home? Well Mrs. L——, I'm a friend of your husband, and he's a friend of mine. You can only die once, why not die at home?"

(*Continued on page 24*)



Panoramic View of Fort William, showing Port Arthur in the Distance.

Canada's Twin Cities

Port Arthur and Fort William—The Dominion's Industrial and Commercial Centre of To-morrow

AT the head of the lakes, where East meets West, are the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur. Indeed Nature herself has been exceptionally good to them. As a place in which to live, or to spend a vacation, or to locate an industry—few places have as much to offer.

The magnificent Thunder Bay forms a natural harbor for the Twin Cities, giving them harbor possibilities equal to the requirements of an Empire. In all, the harbor has over 36 miles of deep water front within a radius of four miles, with a possible lineal dock frontage of over 100 miles. Comparing this to other harbors we find that it cannot be surpassed, Liverpool and Birkenhead having together only 36 miles of lineal dock frontage with the completion of the Greater Port Arthur and Fort William harbor will be the terminal of a 4,000 mile direct-by-water route to Liverpool, and will be able to accommodate all the ships that Europe may ever care to send to Inland America. The shipping facilities of the Twin Cities are the shipping facilities of the Great Lakes, a shipping that is to-day leading the world in cheapness of transportation.

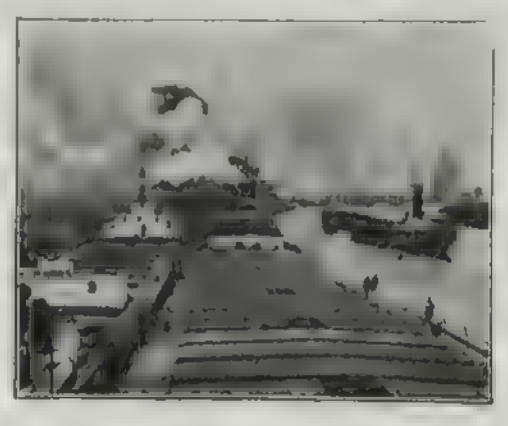
Equally fortunate are they in their railroad accommodation. Out in West Fort William is a signal house in front of which three transcontinental railroads cross—the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern all passing this point as they enter the Twin Cities from the West. Less than a hundred yards from the signal house is one of the many elevators on the deep water harbor. With their remarkable facilities for efficient and cheap transportation, the Twin Cities are indeed worthy of the most serious consideration by manufacturers looking to Canada or to the West for expansion.

The surrounding townships are of great value from an agricultural viewpoint as the soil is exceptionally rich. All grains, hay, clover and garden vegetables grow in great abundance, the growth being very rapid. In Oliver township 1,260 bushels of turnips of the Prize-taker's Swede variety were grown on a single acre, while another farmer produced 427½ bushels of potatoes from an acre, taking first prize in the Province of Ontario for the largest yield of potatoes to an acre. Strawberries, currants, raspberries and gooseberries are unsurpassed in the province for size or quantity of yield. The busy bee makes excellent honey here, yielding big returns, while dairying, poultry and the raising of hogs and cattle for the market are profitable businesses.

Educational facilities have kept pace with the growth of the Twin Cities, each having its collegiate, separate and public schools that compare favorably with the best in the Dominion. Concrete sidewalks and wide paved streets are an outstanding feature as compared to places of equal size in the older part of Canada. As a direct advantage of the splendid waterfalls in the locality, both cities have an abundance of electric power, and so are well lighted. To-day they have all the advantages of larger cities, with the additional attraction of great possibilities for profitable investment and owing to the industrial growth there is lucrative employment for all classes of men and women.

The surrounding country, with its lakes, rivers and mountains, affords the greatest of sport on land and water. The recently completed Scott Highway puts Port Arthur and Fort William in direct touch with Duluth, and has opened the way for a rapidly increasing tourist traffic, the scenery along this new highway being exceptionally fine. Four mountain streams flow through the cities, adding materially to their beauty while from almost any point may be seen a magnificent panoramic view of picturesque Thunder Bay with the renowned cliffs of the Sleeping Giant in the distance, while, on north, south and west, mountain ranges rich in mineral wealth tower up at the distance of a few miles from the cities. It needs an artist's brush faithfully to depict the beauty of the sunset as it reflects the constantly varying tints on the cliffs of the Sleeping Giant and gradually floods the valley of the Kaministiquia with its wonderful colors, sinking with the close of day behind the mountains.

Composite photo of the grain elevators in Port Arthur and Fort William.



At the left—Harbor Scene, showing "Whalebacks" for the Carrying of Grain.

At the right—The Picturesque Kakabeka Falls—Higher than Niagara.

Quite apart from the circumstance that here are the distributing centre and storage elevators of Western Canada's wheat, we must not lose sight of the fact that here also is established already a hive of industry, from the ordinary planing mill with which we are all familiar, to the great shipbuilding yards that are constructing passenger boats for the Great Lakes traffic or ocean going freighters to carry wheat to the Allies. In this connection, it might be mentioned that the carrying of wheat is the secret of cheap coal in the Twin Cities, as the modern method of handling both makes it possible for a cargo of coal to be unloaded and the boat reloaded with grain within a period of 12 hours. For instance, the Grant Morden, the largest freighter on the lakes and, incidentally, built in Port Arthur, has unloaded a 14,000 ton cargo of coal and reloaded with 14,000 tons (497,000 bushels) of wheat within 72 hours. The Neebing unloaded 3,000 tons of coal and reloaded with 100,000 bushels of wheat and left the dock inside of 75 minutes.

In pre-war times soft coal could be laid down here at $3.50 a ton, freight from Buffalo being from 30c. to 35c. Wheat is carried at 2½c. a bushel and iron ore at from 50c. to 75c. a ton. The Twin Cities are 860 miles from Buffalo, which makes an ideal vacation boat trip.

But it is as a tourist resort that Fort William and Port Arthur are making big progress to-day. And it is only right that they should do so, favored as they are with so many natural features. The district round-about is indeed a Sportsman's Paradise, for fishing and shooting tourists pour into the cities and the territory nearby for health and pleasure. And when the big game season opens, hunters come from all points of the compass.

Did someone say "Fishing"? This can truthfully be called the Fisherman's Delight, as white fish, herring, lake trout and sturgeon abound in the lake and the many streams are full of the very best speckled trout, perch and pickerel. The largest speckled trout ever caught was landed by a Fort William angler. There are plenty of speckled trout in the streams within the city limits.

There are many points of interest to be found in and around the Twin Cities, some of which are as follows:

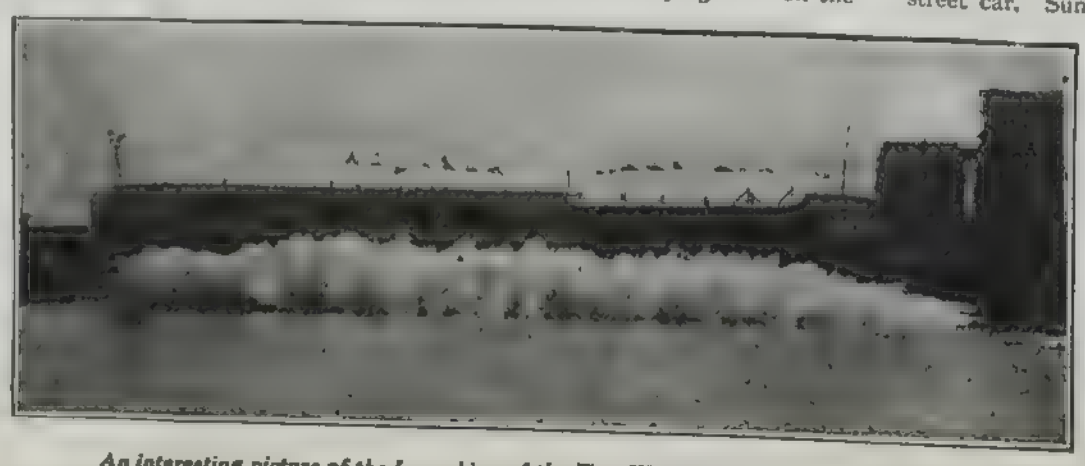
Indian Village.—Street car service carries you for a five-cent fare from any part of the city to the Indian Mission beyond west Fort William, a point of rare interest for visitors. The Mission is inhabited by Ojibwas, retaining many of their tribal customs.

McKay's Mountain.—(Anmikee Wauchoo) Picturesque mountain, at the foot of which Fort William city is built. 1,600 feet above sea level. Base can be reached by street car. Summit can be reached by a well defined Indian trail. View from the summit on a clear day is magnificent.

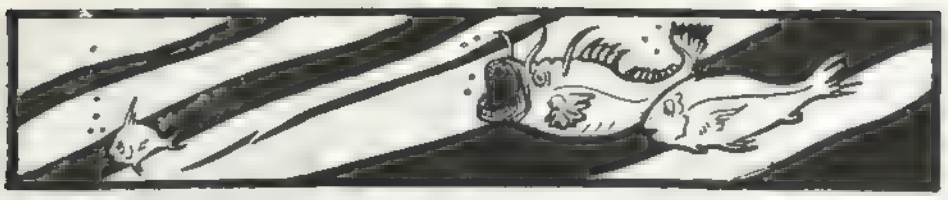
Kakabeka Falls.—Perhaps Kakabeka Falls has more visitors per year than any other beauty spot in the north. Though narrower, it is said to be more picturesque and awe-inspiring than Niagara. Can be reached by motor car or train from Fort William.

Murphy Park.—Natural park on a plateau overlooking a little picture lake. Can be reached by Parkline and Mountainview cars from any point in the city.

Besides the above there are many pleasure trips possible, including winding, picturesque rivers, navigable by motor boat, several city parks, the harbor and lake trips to innumerable islands and delightful bays.



An interesting picture of the Launching of the First Wooden Ship Built in Fort William.



Laugh Time Tales

"Life without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

His Apparel

A LADY crossing from Detroit to Windsor was asked by the customs officer if she had anything dutiable. She assured him that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunks, but at the bottom of the largest one, which to him seemed the most suspicious, were found twelve bottles of whisky.

"Madam," said the officer, sarcastically, "do you call these wearing apparel?"

"Certainly," she replied sweetly. "Those are my husband's nightcaps."—

Cruel

"I HADN'T been talking to him over five minutes before he called me an idiot."

"I wonder what caused the delay?"

Amusing Her!

A MINISTER from the trenches was recounting some of his experiences to a party of friends a short time ago and told of a wounded Irishman whom he found in a deep state of dejection. Upon being asked if he would like to dictate a letter home, his face brightened somewhat and he assented. Immediately the minister brought writing materials to his bedside and signified his intention to take

down the letter. He waited a few moments, but Tim appeared incapable of speech, so the minister said: "Come, come, my good man; I haven't very much time. We must make a start. What shall I say?"

But Tim remained tongue-tied.

"Shall I begin—'My dear wife'?"

"Yis," assented Tim, grimly, "put that down. That'll amuse her."

Certainly!

THE shabby stranger made application for an important post in the Government. On inquiry, it was found that the applicant was a small country tradesman.

"But," said the official who interviewed the man, with a smile, "don't you know that we give jobs like that only to big men?"

"Well," said the stranger, "I'll be a big man if I get the job, won't I?"

Enough to Carry

A MINISTER came to the Episcopal church at Williamsport, Pa., to speak.

"Do you wish to wear a surplice?" asked the rector.

"Surplice!" cried the visitor. "Surplice! I am a Methodist. What do I know about surplices? All I know about is a deficit!"

Cleanliness

HE—"How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

She—"Oh, about twenty minutes."

He—(proudly) "It takes me ten."

She (ditto)—"I wash."

Ambitions

JAGWELL—"What makes that hen in your back yard cackle so loud?"

WIGWAY—"Oh, they've just laid a corner-stone across the road, and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it."

No Explanation

SHE—"Here's the paper says a lawyer told a man in court that he was particeps criminis in the affair. What does that mean, William?"

He—"My dear, you ought not to ask me to explain such things to you before the children."

Quite Respectable

JUDGE (severely): "Aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?"

Boozey Bill: "Why, bless yer honor, this place is quite respectable ter some places where I'm seen."

Wanted a Reduction

MISS MARGARET MACMILLAN, who has been made a Commander of the British Empire Order, speaking recently on the subject of coeducation, told an amusing anecdote of a certain college conducted on these lines where, however, the rule is that the male students are not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so and was brought up before the principal, who said:

"Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offence is 50 cents, for the second $1, for the third $1.50, and so on, rising 50 cents each time up to $15."

"How much would a season ticket cost?" asked the imperturbable student.

Still Polite

WHEN Elsie came home from a neighbor's house munching a chocolate, her mother said reprovingly:

"Now, Elsie, how many times have I told you not to ask Mrs. Grey for chocolates?"

"I didn't ask her for any," replied Elsie calmly. "I know where she keeps them."

Lost His Enthusiasm

THE worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

Habit

"THAT new recruit must have been a bookkeeper."

"Why so?"

"I just noticed him trying to put his bayonet behind his ear."

Preparedness

"BOBBY," inquired the mother, "did you wash your face before the music teacher came?"

"Yes'm."

"And your hands?"

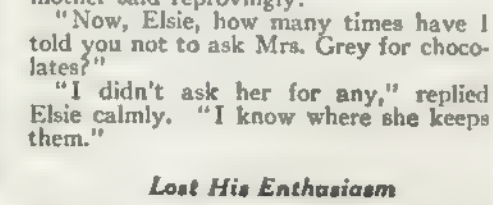
"Yes'm."

"And your ears?"

"Well, ma," said Bobby, judicially, "I washed the one that would be next to her."

No Fuel Shortage!

WHEN Mike Flaherty abandoned South Boston for Lynn, and hired a cottage with a bit of a back yard, the first thing he did was to hurry back to the Hub of the Universe and purchase a monkey. "Devil a wurrd" of his scheme would he disclose to his old cronies in Boston. But afterward he let out:



"'Twas like this: I chained the monk to a sthick in me yair-rrd, and the coal thrains do be passin' all day foreninst, and on iv'ry cairr do be a brakeman. In one waik, begorra, I had two tons of coal in me cellar, and the monk never wanst hit."

Friendship

FISKE O'HARA, the singing Irish comedian, tells this story:

"Some fellows are great friends of the government, but when it comes to being taxed, why, then—then they're like Murphy. 'Cheer up, man,' said Murphy to Dooley. 'Yez look as if yez didn't have a frind in the whole worrld.' 'Oi haven't neither,' Dooley groaned. 'G'wan, cried Murphy heartily. 'If it ain't money yez want to borrow Oi'm as good a frind as ever yez had.'"

Caution

"DARLING, I have made up my mind to ask your father for your hand. What do you think is the best way to approach him?"

"Archibald, I wouldn't approach him at all. Use the telephone."

The Baby

It is very easy for a baby's skin to become chafed and sore either from the bathing or from garments that have lost their softness in the wash, and it always is a troublesome matter to keep nursing bottles and other utensils sweet and clean.

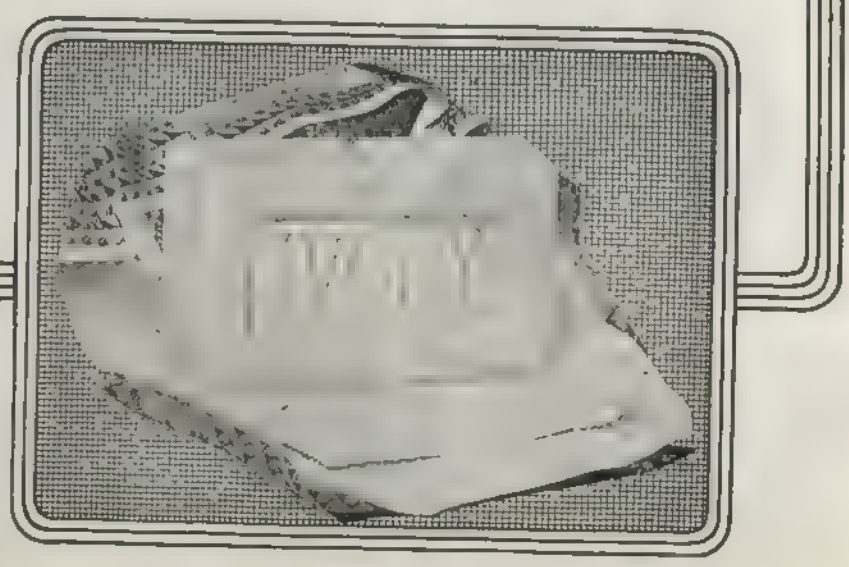
The only safe way is to use the mildest, purest, whitest soap to be had. That is Ivory Soap. It is impossible to make soap of higher quality, no matter what the price may be. When you use it, you know that, so far as bathing and cleansing are concerned, you are doing your best to keep baby healthy and good-natured.

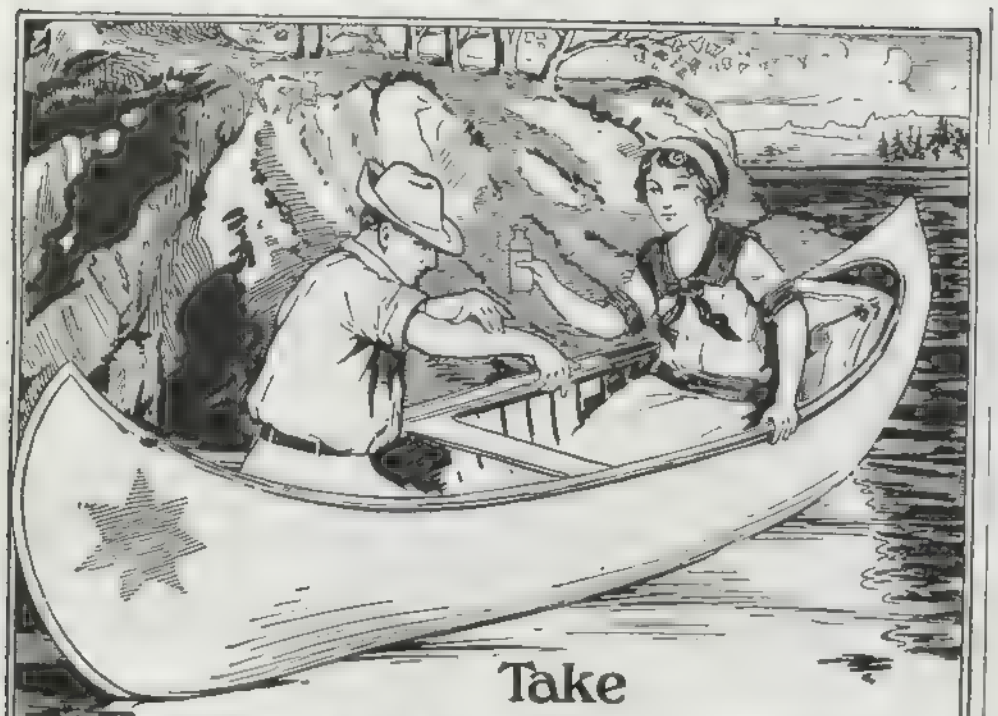
IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada





Take

Minard's Liniment

with you On Your Vacation!

INSECT bites are speedily soothed, and relief is obtained in case of any of the hundred and one little accidents possible on a vacation, if you have your bottle of Minard's Liniment with you.

And please don't take Mother's bottle from the medicine chest at home. She may need it at any moment while you are away.

Get a bottle of your own from your druggist—you cannot afford to be without it.

Minard's is the only liniment which ever won a medal. It was awarded for strength, purity and healing qualities superior to those of any other liniment in the world.

Sprains and strains, colds, chills, rheumatism and bronchitis yield to the wonderful healing qualities of Minard's Liniment.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited
Yarmouth, N.S.

Turnbull's "M" Bands For Babies

Are a necessity for every Infant from the date of its birth

They are made only of the softest and purest Australian Merino Wool, finely knitted, thus keeping the baby warm and comfortable.

The tapes, which are attached to the tabs front and back of the "M" bands, and go over the shoulder, carry all the strain of the diaper, absolutely preventing any stretching of the garment.

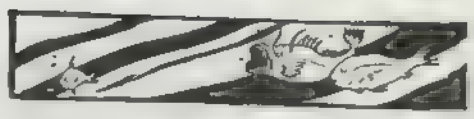
The diaper is pinned to the tabs, which not only provide a firm hold for the pin, but due, to the support given by the tapes keep the diaper snugly in proper place, no matter how active the infant may be.

Put up in sanitary boxes in sets of three. Price $1.50 per box.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct by mail.

Send for a box to-day—giving age of Baby

The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited
GALT - ONTARIO



CONGRATULATIONS!

Announcement of Prize Winners in "The Great Movie Mystery" Contest

PROMPTLY at 5 p.m. on May 31st, the most interesting contest we have ever held came to a close. Ten days later, the qualified entries were placed in the hands of the judges, who concluded their work on Monday, June 17th.

Surely no contest was ever conducted that aroused such world wide-interest.

It was like a contest of nations. Side by side with carefully written entries from the British West Indies and South America were to be seen just as interesting specimens from the Yukon, while British Columbia joined hands with Newfoundland in friendly competition for the splendid prizes. From all over America, from England, from Ireland, from Scotland, from Wales, from China, from Holland, from Britain's Battleships, from Belgians, and from "Somewhere in France" they came. We could not repress a sigh over some of the latter, as we thought of the brave lads who were striving to keep in touch with the "Home Fires" by spending a few hours in solving a puzzle that had come into their hands from who knows what source, reminding them of dear old Canada.

Here were assembled many beautiful and artistic interpretations of the Movie Mystery; evidences of much originality of expression and skill in design and execution. We mention among these a particularly beautiful illuminated entry from Mr. Arthur Baribault, of Quebec, which was supplemented by a written entry equally attractive, but too highly ornamental to win a prize. Special commendation was given by the judges to a drawing by Miss Wilson, of Drayton, and also to pen portrait sketches of the movie players cleverly arranged by Mrs. Anna Wichman, of Trossachs, Sask. Another pretty entry done in gold with maple leaf decorations came from Mrs. Treanor of Ottawa. Other interesting works of art came from many far away points, even as far as Jamaica.

The judges, while commending these, adhered strictly to the rules governing the contest, and proceeded to select those entries which met the requirements in style, design and workmanship. No easy task confronted them, and we here desire to express our gratitude for their faithful service to our contestants and to this Company. The entries were sorted, and the points checked until finally the very best were gathered. From these, the selections were made.

The Continental Publishing Co., Limited extends thanks to all who participated in the contest, even though their names do not appear on the list of prize winners which follows, and to whom we offer our sincere congratulations.

PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST Prize, J. H. More, R.R. No. 4, Winnipeg, Man. magnificent new 1918 Chevrolet touring car. 2nd prize, Mr. S. E. Waddell, 109 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont., new 1918 model Ford touring car. 3rd prize, Mr. W. H. Field, R.R. 3, Vanessa, Ont., $100.00 in cash. 4th prize, C. P. McDonough, Three Hills, Alta., $75.00 in cash. 5th prize, Harold Malott, Leamington, Ont., $50.00 in cash. 6th prize, Mr. Raoul Frechette, 127 Chapel St., Ottawa, Ont., $25.00 in cash. 7th prize, J. H. Gillman, Eyebrow, Sask., $20.00 in cash. 8th prize, F. J. McGauvran, 2234 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., $15.00 in cash. 9th prize, Mr. Ernest Weston, 121 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont., $10.00 in cash. 10th prize, Mrs. Anna Wichman, Trossachs, Sask., $10.00 in cash. 11th prize, Mrs. G. A. McWilliams, R.R. No. 1, High River, Alta., $10.00 in cash. 12th prize, J. A. Boudreau, Inkerman, Glouc. Co., N.B., $10.00 in cash. 13th prize, A. A. Rivard, 328 Besserer, Ottawa, Ont., $5.00 in cash. 14th prize, C. I. H. Carling, c/o Great War Veterans' Club, Kingston, Ont., $5.00 in cash. 15th prize, Mr. Andrew Fintland, Neidpath, Sask., $5.00 in cash. 16th prize, Miss Mae Sweanor, Sherbrooke, Que., $5.00 in cash. 17th prize, Miss Kathleen Laffan, Madoc, Ont., $5.00 in cash. 18th prize, Mrs. Lewis Lurinton, Richmond Corner, N.B., $5.00 in cash. 19th prize, Mr. J. Cloutier, St. Stanislas Co., Champlain, Que., $3.00 in cash. 20th prize, Mrs. A. F. Richardson, Box 37, Duval, Sask., $3.00 in cash. 21st prize, Miss E. B. Smith, 348 Waverley St., Ottawa, Ont., $3.00 in cash. 22nd prize, Moses M. Bruvacher, R.R. No. 1, Waterloo, Ont., $3.00 in cash. 23rd prize, Alan S Kompas, Hamilton, Ont., $3.00 in cash. 24th prize, Mrs. W. D. Tree, Flaxcombe, Sask., $3.00

(*Continued on page 26*)

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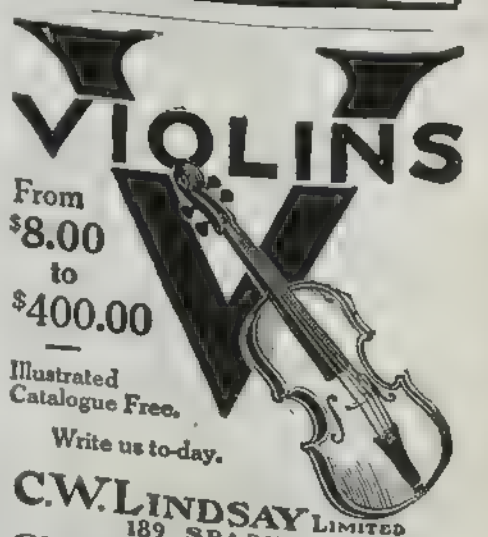

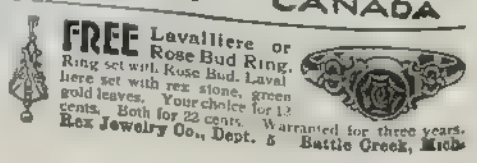

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Europe Toils to Avert Famine

While Men and Horses Fight at the Front, Women Draw the Ploughs and Harrows and Feed the Pigs. Tag Days and Tango Bazaars are out of date "Over There"

Written especially for Everywoman's World

By ISABEL M. ROSS
Educational Division, Canada Food Board

THE history of war is not told by words alone. One glance at a picture sometimes gives more poignant realization than all the scenes that pen can paint.

It may be just a cross standing out in clear relief against the sky line; or a little tumble-down village in France; or a woman waiting for one who will not return. But it grips the onlooker by the heart. It is the most primitive way of teaching a lesson; it is often the most effective.

We could present to you pictures which would tell their own story and cast a sidelight on the harshness of war. They would show with intense realism where war reaches past the man on the battlefield and clutches the woman, casting her forth from a sheltered existence to hard and unaccustomed toil in the fields.

They would represent France—once reported as the gay, frivolous France of butterfly women and foppish men. Now what do we call it? "Enduring" France, "gallant" France, "magnificent" France. And the women, workers and heroines, every one.

Women taking the places of horses—the dauntless women of France! With heavy chains around their bodies they are straining and pulling the harrow over rough and broken soil. Bent double, with the sun shining down on their heads, theirs is no easy task.

Did the Government force them to go out and draw the harrow and the plough? Were they even asked to do this thing?

No! It was for Jean, for Henri. Most of all—it was for France.

Mute Doggedness

THERE is something about the mute doggedness of these women that is infinitely pathetic. A nurse recently returned from France tells of village after village where the women are working away with never a smile on their faces nor a murmur on their lips. Simply dogged endurance carries them along and an infinite capacity for uncomplaining toil. They are just like the brave poilus, but a little less gay and light-hearted.

It is by such labor as this on the part of the daughters of France that there have been crops and harvests since war broke out. It has been said a hundred times, and it cannot be too often repeated, that the women, the old men and the children did it all—for there were no other men to work in the fields, with the honor and safety of their beautiful land atstake. Had it not been for these women there would be even less food than there is in Europe to-day.

Passionately fond of their country, war cemented every element of the French populace, bound up every little cleavage, made it a unit, ready to fight to the death, putting neither reserve nor limit on life and material resource.

Doesn't this picture engrave itself on the minds of Canadian women? Shouldn't it hang ever before them to remind them of how much more the women of other countries have experienced of the travail of war than they? Might it not serve as a warning against indifference and as an impetus to useful effort?

These women were perhaps no more used to manual labor than you or I before 1914. They are no stronger physically than you or I. But they have the superhuman strength born of necessity, the grit to endure, the will to do.

When the sun shines on France again and the country is cleared of its enemies and crops are growing where once there were blood-stained battlefields, the picture of those women toiling for their country will not readily fade from memory. There are hundreds of Joans of Arc in France to-day—not dying for their country, though that they would gladly do were it asked of them—but living for it and working for it and wearing their bodies out in serving it.

So much for France!

Novelist Enlists

TURNING to another picture—the work of the Englishwoman is typified. What did one girl of whom we know do before the war broke out? Well—she wrote novels. Now she is looking after cows and pigs, all the men who used to work on this particular farm in Cornwall being in the army. This is not the tale of a pretty novelist playing Phyllis for effect, with the real farm hand in hiding behind the barn. Miss Matheson gives the pigs their breakfast—not for long enough to have her picture taken, but just as she does every day. She isn't doing it for that elusive thing called "local color" either. She is simply doing it—for England.

There is nothing dilletantic about the war work the women of England and France are doing. They came to grips with realities early in the war. They have no rose-colored glasses or long-distance illusions about the food situation. They have seen things and suffered things that we, on this continent, have not dreamed of yet. They feel the dark menace that broods over them night and day, and they realize the uncertainty of the future. So it takes no law, no compulsion to get them hitched to the ploughs, to feed swill to pigs, to toil in the fields. All that they do now—they do for their country. It is a thrilling story, the history of what these women have done.

And Canada? Here women have not reached the stage of intense realism that is mirrored in these pictures. Their war work is still dilletantic to some extent—more especially the kind of work that means the production of food.

Two girls were discussing the future in a well-known tea-room in Ottawa the other day. They were obviously daughters of the rich. One had just returned from the South and her companion was telling her of her latest activities.

The Shirker

"DO you know what I am actually doing now, Mabel?" she giggled, "I'm going to business college! It's terribly funny, and I'm not a scrap of use, but I had to do something to get out of farming. This talk of registration gave me such a fright. You don't get me going on a farm whatever happens. So by the time we are all registered, I'll be safely established in an office."

She did have the grace to add that she would be sorry for her employer—and no wonder!

She did not want to do anything, but was thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of having to farm, so she was going to swell the already overflowing ranks of office girls.

That is the case of a girl of education and refinement who yet has not sufficient imagination to realize the terrible conditions in Europe, or to see that her help is needed to add to the world's rapidly diminishing food supply. There are many other girls in Canada just like her, and there is a very large proportion who have not yet taken stock of their equipment, or tried to find out where they would best fit in so that their work might be effective and genuinely helpful to the country at large.

It is not that one would cast any reflection on Canadian women in general. Thousands of them are doing most magnificent and self-sacrificing work. But there are others who are not working, or who are engaged in non-essential work. These would be a thousand times better off in the outdoors—yes, even feeding swill to pigs! After all, isn't it the kind of thing to exercise a good deal of imagination and a little humor over?

If we don't interest ourselves in those things now, we may yet reach the stage of the women who are chained to the plows.

There is an unfortunate prejudice against outdoor work, many women failing to realize that they are not only going to benefit their country, but that they will improve their own physiques by "roughing it" a little. Unless they have had a test of this already, they will be best qualified to pass judgment on whether or not they are strong enough for heavy outdoor work after they have given it a fair trial. In the meantime, they should be getting used to the idea that the "farmerette" has come to stay—even in Canada.

People of Taste

and refinement are revealed by the care with which they select their toilet requisites.

To these, Vinolia Liril Soap appeals by reason of its high quality, its purity and its soft and refreshing action upon the skin.

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LIRIL SOAP

is entirely a "different" soap. It contains no animal fats whatever, but makes use of the gentler cleansing and skin feeding qualities of the oils from certain fruits and flowers.

Liril is a splendid soap for anyone but it is a decided boon to those of "delicate" complexion. Try it to-day.

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A pleasant and effective means of keeping the teeth clean and therefore healthy. Its absolute purity and pleasant taste have made it the most popular dentifrice for children's use.

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A gentle skin healer and stimulant that quickly aids the complexion to recover from sunburn, wind, sores, unnatural dryness and harshness. Vanishes quickly when its work is done.

ROYAL VINOLIA FACE POWDER

An absolute necessity to women of daintiness and refinement—gives the skin a velvety peach-like air of health. Very pure and soothing. Beneficial to the complexion.

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—and here is another economical hot weather delicacy by Mrs. Knox

Knox Butter Scotch Rice

Wash one-third cup rice and cook until nearly tender in a double boiler with two cups of milk, scalded, and one fourth teaspoonful salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan one cup of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter until it gets very dark brown, but not burnt. Add to this the rice and milk and finish cooking until the rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water until it is softened and then dissolve it in one cup of hot milk. Strain into the cooked rice mixture and turn into a cold, wet mold.

MRS. KNOX'S Book on "Food Economy" contains many more delicious and inexpensive recipes for cool, summer dishes like the one above—most of them made from little odds and ends of meat, vegetables and fruit that are ordinarily thrown away. She has prepared this book to help the patriotic housewife keep her pledge to Mr. Hoover and at the same time to serve low-cost foods that are appetizing and nutritious. Every recipe approved by the Food Administration. Send for a copy. Free for your dealer's name and address.

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Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1-oz. jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of $1 by

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A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

Canadian Women Who Are Making Good Abroad

By MADGE MACBETH

A MERE glance at the title suggests a dozen names. There is Margaret Anglin who stands to us for the best in drama; Mme. Edwina, for Grand Opera; Mary Pickford, for the Movies; Agnes Laut, for literature; Florence Carlyle, for art; and if we attempted to make a list of the nurses, doctors and missionaries who are eligible under our heading, Everywoman's World would have to treble its size. There is an adage which complains that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, but this like everything else, has a reverse side, and "rank outsider," or "a stranger in a strange land," helps us to understand that difficulties, discouragement and heartache frequently accompany one who tries to hew a niche in a foreign hall of fame. And yet our women are constantly achieving this symbolic, sculptural feat as those whose work is shown belowprove. I wish I could stand at your elbow, good friends, and hear you say—"Ah, So-and-so is becoming famous? I thought she would!"

WHAT about Vacation time? Please write me about yourself or any one you know who is going to make their vacation pay. If your contribution is accepted, the first thing you know, a cheque will be mailed to you.

Faithfully yours,
MADGE MACBETH.

Mrs. Ainsworth

THE Voice of the East calls many of us from this western land, every year, and somehow the glamor of the Orient continues to glow for us with its infinite variety. We listen to the missionary, the lecturer, the student, the business man or the mere pleasure-seeker, with impartial interest, feeling perhaps, that no one of them with all their experience has really got under the skin of the country in such a way as to explain its mystery to us. Mrs. Frederick Ainsworth, a Hamilton girl, spent two and a half years in Japan learning the language, and has recently been given full charge of the big Orphanage at Kanazawa, a town of 60,000 inhabitants, on the western coast of Japan. She gives us a fascinating picture of the life of the country, and her intimate relations with the children give her an unusual opportunity of studying the characteristics of the Japanese people.

Among her many duties is an effort to reclaim little girls from the Red Light district into which they are frequently sold by their fathers (especially if the family is well supplied with female children) for as degrading a sum as forty yen—twenty dollars. The struggle has three very difficult aspects; one, is the owner of the house into which the child has been sold; another is the parent himself, who wishes to be relieved of the responsibility of so many daughters, and the third is the child herself! But Mrs. Ainsworth is gradually gaining ground, not as a militant, a warrior against evil, but as a helper and friend. It is by the confidence Kanazawa has in her, rather than by her official position, that she is winning, and to gain the confidence of the Oriental is not always easy.

Eva Gauthier

SHE commenced to sing in public at ten years of age; at thirteen she began a musical education in Europe, and after four years in Paris, she went to London to be engaged immediately by our songbird of Chamblay, Mme. Albani, who was starting on a tour throughout Great Britain. A little later, this talented Ottawa girl, Eva Gauthier, accompanied Mme. Albani on her farewell tour of fifty concerts in Canada. Following this trip, Mme. Gauthier was called to London to create the prima donna part in the Coronation Mass of Edward VII. She then studied in Italy, and her concert tours extended through France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Germany.

The enthusiasm with which she was everywhere received, justified her in considering a world tour, an ambition which had as its object the studying of Oriental music first-hand. The result of this tour which lengthened into a seven years' residence in Java, is now showing in New York, where Mme. Gauthier is the vogue, especially in what may be termed her Oriental interpretations. She is the first white woman to sing Malay and Javanese folk-songs, and has the distinction of introducing for the first time the art of Song Motion as performed in the East, to a western audience. The gorgeous Javanese head dress worn in the illustration was presented to her by the Sultan of Java, and is the only one of its kind in the country.

Mme. Gauthier is now singing for the Victor and Columbia records a bewilderingly wide selection of songs. All the modern composers, Japanese music of to-day and as far back as the Thirteenth Century, Chinese and Indian, Russian songs, songs from the Philippines, those mentioned above, and French-Canadian songs, and as Musical America has so well put it, she identifies herself so completely with the type of songs she is interpreting, that her audience sits charmed.

Mme. Eva Gauthier, of Ottawa, now the vogue in New York for her Javanese folk songs.

This Javanese head-dress was presented to her by the Sultan of Java.

Miss Whitehead

Miss Whitehead

THE difference between a "dressmaker" and an "establishment for gowns" is roughly speaking, about one hundred and fifty dollars per garment! The former makes clothes, the latter achieves creations, and she usually accomplishes this by a study of Psychology, Art and Anatomy. Her will is quite inflexible and she would no more create a garment unsuited to her subject's style and type, than she would make over last year's blouses. She decides what type of gown will best blend with the temperament of her patroness, what combination of colors will be most becoming and what lines will enhance those Nature has given her to work upon, or she will try to conceal such as are not pleasing to the eye. In other words, she will try to make an ugly woman pretty and a pretty woman beautiful This description pretty nearly fits Miss Madge Whitehead, formerly of Ottawa and now one of the most popular designer-creators of fashionable gowns in New York.

She started at the very beginning, entering when hardly more than a child, the dressmaking department in a large shop. Her work compelling recognition, she went to Montreal where her scope was wider, and then with erratic jump which frightened her relatives and friends, she went, without previous planning to New York. At an ultra-fashionable Fifth Avenue "establishment" she secured a position as designer, almost immediately, and one can read between the lines, when I state that upon her leaving this place and starting in for herself, the Fifth Avenue modiste failed. Miss Whitehead works about forty-eight hours a day! In the middle of the night, she is quite likely to hop out of bed and slash into a piece of material, draping it before the idea drifts away. Her ideas always seem to be worth a little loss of sleep—to her patrons, anyway!

Matron Pope

THE first Canadian woman to be decorated with the Royal Red Cross of the First Class, was Nursing Sister Pope, who received this distinction in recognition of her excellent work during the Boer War. Her military career did not end in South Africa, and two years ago she was to be found working diligently as matron of the Military Hospital, Cogswell Street, Halifax. She was ordered to England, and then almost immediately to France, with a promotion from Sister to Matron. Since then, she has had in charge No. 2 Stationary Canadian Hospital there. Matron Pope is a native of Prince Edward Island, and a sister of Sir Joseph Pope, of Ottawa. She writes with unabated enthusiasm of her happiness in her war work, in which she may be said to have graduated with honors long before August 4th, 1914.

Matron Pope

Overland

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It has big-car stylish design, is easy to operate, has narrow turning radius and performs equally well on hill, straightaway, or in congested traffic.

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You cannot get *complete* satisfaction for less than Model 90 price.

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Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself to-night.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that will be unknown to you.

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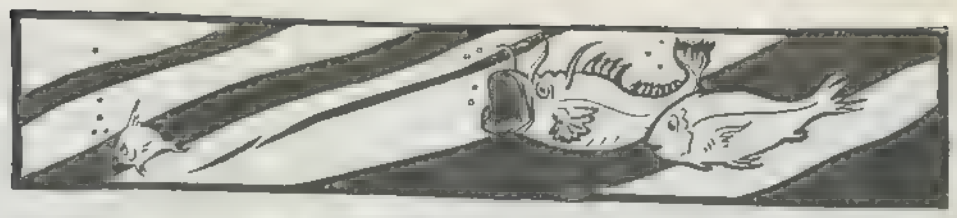

The Deader

(*Continued from page 9*)

picture was Captain P. C. St. George Brotherton. He had his arm around the waist of a woman whose head was buried in his breast. His own head was bent forward, his lips were touching her hair. Alyward's camera had been of the best. The bright sunlight had streamed full on the pair. The picture was beautifully clear and distinct. There was no mistaking the look in Brotherton's eyes.

That was the problem which Carbrey had to face. The year had brought him no hope. After allowing a decent interval to elapse, he had gone again to see Elaine Maywood, and she had received him gladly. It did not augur well for his suit that she herself made public the fact of her engagement as soon as the death of Captain Brotherton had been established. But nevertheless he had gone. To his practical mind, a live love was better than a dead memory. The black she wore might have warned him that she did not hold the same view. He went directly to the point.

"I'm very sorry for you," said he. "My heart has ached for you, but Brotherton is gone!"

"Mr. Carbrey, don't speak. It's useless."

"I must. No man has a right to accept defeat until he has made his last try. I don't think you loved him as I would have the woman I make my wife love me," he went on, "and so I have come to see if you won't let me hope. Perhaps I should have waited longer, but I couldn't."

"I didn't love him as he loved me," admitted the girl, "but since his death, somehow or other, it seems to me that my honor is involved, that if he knows of my lack of faith now I must show him by my devotion, that—oh, don't you understand?"

"I see your point of view, but it's not mine. Don't you care for me a little bit?"

"A great deal."

"And if I had been first and he had not been—"

"Yes, I might, but it's cruel of you to ask me. It's horrible of me to admit it. And I can give you no other answer. He loved me so, he was so devoted to me, he was so proud of me, he built so many plans. I see him and I hear him. As you are strong and merciful, don't ask me any more."

AND Carbrey had gone away unconvinced, dissatisfied. He had not lost hope. They were both young. It was Elaine's first season. He could wait. Meanwhile Elaine Maywood in her secret heart loved him and sometimes, indeed with growing frequency, regretted that honor, as she conceived it, and fidelity as she expressed it, kept them apart. Now fortune had played into his hands. In the last moment before he died, Brotherton was not thinking of Elaine Maywood. It was quite evident that Alyward had just time enough to take out the film and slip it into the "deader" before the ship went down. In the photograph the water was frightfully near the deck level. The last boat apparently was just about to pull away. There could not have been more than a minute between Brotherton and death and in that minute he had another woman in his arms! He was kissing her hair, he was pressing her face against his breast as if to shut from her eyes the horrible sight.

Was Brotherton a traitor to Elaine? Somehow or other Carbrey could not think so. In spite of himself, he liked and admired the laughing, gallant, dashing young Englishman. Yet that damning evidence!

The newspapers had been filled with the story of Brotherton's helpfulness, how he had encouraged the passengers, how he had provided for women and children, how he had died apparently worthy of the V.C. he had received on the bullet-swept field, evidencing another and perhaps higher quality of valor. To show this picture would be like hitting a man when his back was turned, when he was down, when he was dead even, and he could not destroy Miss Maywood's trust in her lover. He could not win her in that way.

That picture was the most vital of the whole series. Nor could the two figures in the foreground be cut out without ruining the whole. He had either to print it as it was or to destroy it. He owed a duty to his paper and to the public. He had no right to destroy that picture. He owed a duty to that dauntless young camera man, too. The picture must go in the paper. Of course he could have blurred the face of Brotherton, but again he shrank from that. If there hadn't been so many personal things involved, he would have welcomed the picture. It gave the human touch of romance, of sympathy, of love, of passion, to the tragedy. Others had seen it—the man who assisted him in developing it.

HE decided. Calling a taxi he was driven to the office of Philip Maywood. He had met Mr. Maywood, and he secured ready admittance to his private office.

"Mr. Maywood," he began, "you know I am devoted to your daughter. But she is loyal to the memory of Captain Brotherton."

"You aren't exactly the husband I should have picked out for her, Carbrey," said Maywood, frankly, "but if you can wean her away from her obsession and get her to take a cheerful view of life again, I'll be glad. It's horrible. She nurses her grief. It preys upon her. I am afraid it will kill her. She wants to go to Europe and offer herself for service."

"Mr. Maywood," said Carbrey, "look at that."

"I see," said Maywood quietly. "It's Brotherton, and with another woman. This ought to settle things."

"I can't use it."

"But I can."

"I can't let you. I couldn't win her that way."

"Where did you get the photograph?"

Rapidly Carbrey narrated the incident.

"What are you going to do—suppress it?"

"I can't do that either. I have a duty to Aylward, to the newspaper and to the public."

"But she will certainly see it. She reads your paper regularly, sometimes I think because it is yours."

"You must take her away to-night. I'll see that you are provided with an edition from which that picture is omitted.'

"Where shall I take her?"

"To Boston, or any place you like. If you can keep her away for a few days, it will all have blown over by the time she returns."

"I'll do what you ask, but I think she is bound to see it sooner or later."

"That is a risk we must take. I am only doing the best I can."

"We'll start at once," concluded Maywood. "I'll telephone that I want her to go with me to Boston. She has friends there and she has been intending to visit them for some time.'

"Don't let her buy a paper. What train will you take?"

Maywood looked at his watch.

"We ought to be able to get the Knickerbocker Limited."

"The papers will be there. I'll bring them myself."

Carbrey was at the train when Maywood, his wife and daughter came down the platform.

"Knowing your interest," began Carbrey, directly they were in the compartment Mr. Maywood had reserved, "I brought you the first edition." He handed her the story of the "deader" and its contents.

The girl studied the sheet through a half minute of tense silence.

"Is there no picture of—"

"I'm sorry to say, no," said Carbrey. "You will find them all there. If anything else comes up, I'll let you know through your father's office in Boston."

"I shall return to New York within the week," answered the girl. "If you can come up to see me then, I shall be very glad."

"I'll come," he answered.

Mr. Maywood followed Carbrey to the door.

"I'll let you know if she finds out anything," he whispered.

NO word came. Carbrey told the society editor to let him know when the Maywoods got back. He had been fighting down hopes and prayers that she might learn the truth in spite of all the efforts he had made to prevent her, fighting them down with that same feeling of shame which he had before experienced.

Five days later the society editor told him that the Maywoods had returned the night before. She had scarcely left his private office when the telephone rang. He recognized Elaine's voice.

"I'm back, Mr. Carbrey," she began. "Have you heard any more?"

"Nothing."

"You're coming to see me soon, aren't you?"

"This afternoon."

"I shall expect you. By the way, do you know a Miss Betty Walton?"

"I've never even heard the name."

"What time will you be here?"

"About two o'clock."

Yes, the Maywoods had returned the night before, and the daughter of the house had found several cards bearing the unfamiliar name of Miss Walton on her desk. Inquiry from the servants revealed the fact that a young lady in deep mourning had called a number of times and had said that she would call again. Miss Maywood dismissed the matter as of no consequence, yet she felt a certain curiosity when the same card was put in her hand the next morning. She received Miss Walton in the drawing room.

"Miss Maywood," began the young woman, "for your sake I have remained silent, but since the publication of this, I realized that further concealment was unnecessary."

"This" was a copy of the News, on the front page of which was the great picture of the wreck. In the foreground stood Captain P. V. St. George Brotherton, clasping in his arms a woman. Miss Maywood stared at it in astonishment. Her first feeling of resentment was followed by a wave of relief.

"It's Captain Brotherton!" she said inanely, at last.

"Yes."

"And the woman in his arms is—"

"It is I."

"I don't understand."

"Let me explain. I knew that he was engaged to you. He told me so. But after he met me he loved me only. Don't think him a traitor. He was ashamed. He fought against it. He would never have told me. I should never have known had it not been for the disaster. Don't you know that love is born at a meeting, by a look, a word, a gesture? Well, it was that way with us, and when we stood together on the deck before he put me in the last boat, he had not spoken of his love for me, although we had been together every minute of the voyage. Honor bound him, but now that he was about to die, he could not refrain from telling me. I don't think I should tell you any more."

"No," said the other woman, "I don't wish to hear any more."

"I should have kept silent for his sake and yours after—but when this picture came out there was no longer any reason for concealment, so I have come to you to ask you if you have a picture of him that you will give me. If you loved him as I did, you would understand and there shouldn't be any jealousy now, because he couldn't help it, and he's—gone." Miss Walton broke down. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. "You must hate me," she murmured. "You must think—"

"Hate you?" asked Miss Maywood. "I'm the happiest girl living. I respected Captain Brotherton and I honored him. He was surrounded by a halo of romance. He made such delightful love to me! You shall have pictures—anything that you like."

When Carbrey was shown into the drawing room that afternoon he found a stranger there. A woman stood by the window, with bowed head. There was something in her appearance that was vaguely familiar. Not in vain had he spent hours staring at that picture of the lovers on the deck of the sinking ship! Presently she turned, as Elaine entered. Carbrey perceived that Elaine had taken off her mourning.

"John," she said, extending a hand that trembled, "This is Miss Walton. She is the lady who was in Captain Brotherton's arms in the picture you didn't let me see!"

Carbrey stared. Love is a great illuminant. Miss Walton looked from one to the other.

"This," she said at last, "is the man you spoke about?"

"Yes," answered Miss Maywood.

"Your man?" asked Miss Walton slowly.

"Mine!" cried Elaine, nodding and smiling as her cheeks flamed.

Miss Walton turned. In a second the door closed behind her retreating figure.

Display Our Flag!

CANADIANS have been accused of a lack of patriotic display. Our American cousins have been held up to us as exponents of a proper degree of patriotic fervor. We have been exhorted to do more flag-waving, to indulge in more self-approbation. There is a whole lot of right in this suggestion and a whole lot of wrong. Certainly, more attention should be given in the Dominion to the display of our Canadian flag. Children should be taught not only to respect it but to *know* it. A great number of Canadians cannot distinguish it from the Union Jack.

There is no better way to make it known and respected than to use it. It makes an artistic decoration. Particularly attractive is the Canadian flag in the sizes manufactured for the front of automobiles and other vehicles.

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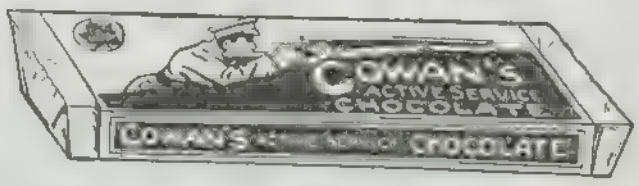

When the heat and dust has dulled your appetite and you feel the need of tempting, delicious things to eat—to sustain you—satisfy that craving with

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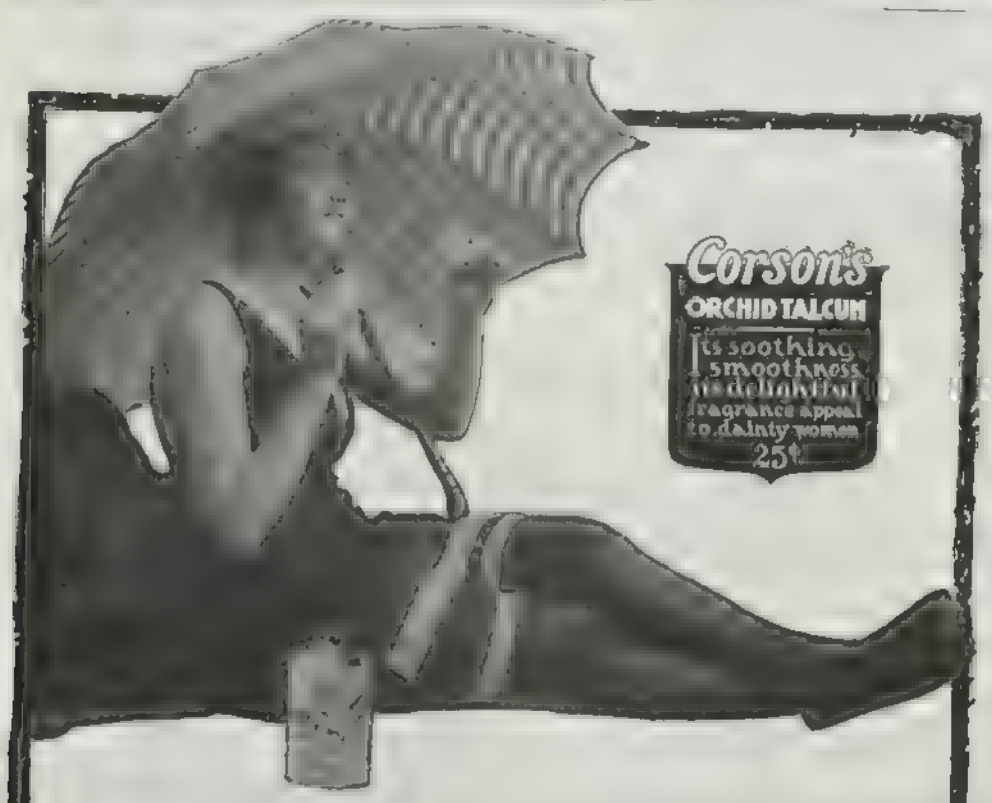

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M.B. (Tor.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.)
Physician, Dept. of Psychiatry, Toronto General Hospital; Secy. for Sex Education National Council Y.M.C.A.'s of Canada

FOR the first time it is possible to present definite findings of examinations at a Medical Board Centre somewhere in Canada.

Analysis of 883 examinations:

A2 422, B2 79, C 14, C2 8, C3 38, D3 33, E 289.

A2 402, A2 illiterate 20.

B C and D 163, B C and D illiterate 9.

E rejected as follows:

Rupture 42, underheight, underweight and undersize 38, deformities from old accident or disease 28, piles 21, mental deficiency 20, varicose veins 20, tuberculosis 18, rheumatic fever 11, chronic discharge from ears 10, valvular disease of heart 10, defective sight and hearing 9, various lamp factions 9, results of infantile spinal paralysis 5, epilepsy 5, asthma 4, Osteomyelitis, amputation of bones 4, Old Pott's fracture (ankle) 3, Graves' disease 3, knee joint affections 3, anal fistula 3, chronic eczema 2, diseases of spine 2, bad stammering 2, active syphilis primary and secondary 2, underage 2, overage 1, insanity 1, diabetes 1, wry neck 1, discharging sinus in neck 1, chronic laryngitis 1, chronic gonorrhoea recurrent 1, deformity of back bone 1 night blindness 1, tachycardia (fast heart) 1, deafmute 1, extensive callous soles of feet 1, prolapse of rectum 1.

In Class E, rejected for other disabilities, who could not read or write, 71.

Illiterates in Class A2 20, illiterates in Classes B C D 9, illiterates in Class E 21, mental defectives 20, insane 1. Total, 71.

Why Men are Rejected for Military Service

OF the 883 men examined at a Medical Board Centre in Canada, 289 were placed in Class E rejected as unfit for Military Service. There were 71 who could neither read nor write. Only 422 were classed A 2—that is to say physcally fit. Many of the physical disabilities were due directly to heredity or to neglect during infancy and childhood.

Should not these facts make us pause, and think seriously about the condition of our Canadian citizens, physically and mentally?

Questions concerning sanitation, health and sex will be answered by Dr. Withrow, only if stamped addressed envelope accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. We will publish as many questions and answers as space allows. Prescriptional advice can not be given. Address all enquiries, with return postage enclosed, to Dr. Oswald C. J. Withrow, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada.

—THE EDITORS.

An Important Question

COMMENT is surely unnecessary upon the facts presented above. My readers will instantly be impressed with the seriousness of the situation and will realize that everything possible must be done to rear a healthier people for future citizenship in Canada. The President of the Canadian Public Health Association, at the recent congress of that organization, said,—"The health of the community is something of great importance. Every effort should be made to keep the nation strong physically, else it will go down. There is too large a percentage of men being rejected for military service for comfort. I am pleased to see our association take up Child Welfare Work." There is no virtue in boasting that you are medically unfit. Rather, a man or woman should glory in the possession of a sane mind in a sound body and be ever fit and ready for service whenever and wherever Duty calls.

Antisepsis

"ANYONE whose wound suppurates has the right to demand of his surgeon the reason why." Placards announce this from the walls of every ward in a certain hospital in Europe. Startling and daring in the extreme, it is nevertheless as true as truth. Half a century ago the late Lord Lister began to teach the doctrine of antisepsis. At that time conditions in the surgical wards of any hospital were tragically awful. To-day, such has been our advance in the knowledge of germs and of methods of circumventing their ravages that a clean wound need never suppurate and a suppurating wound can be speedily brought under subjection. What a marvelious change in fifty years. Like all developments it has been of slow growth, but here and there during the years some wizard has waved his wand, and certain spectacular findings have resulted in greater perfection of technique and treatment. The patient operated on to-day, has a right to demand a clean incision and a speedy recovery. Two generations ago, the sufferer was obliged to accept a dirty, sloughing wound, with death only too often as the outcome.

Imaginary Diseases

A CORRESPONDENT is intensely interested in my paragraph in the June issue on Functional Diseases, and is inclined to enter into a lengthy argument upon the value of physicians, as opposed to certain sects and cults and orders and isms. Some day I may take up the gauntlet, but just now I want to impress upon you the necessity of regarding the modern competent physician as your best friend. If you have anything troubling you either mentally or physically, you should go to him and discuss the matter thoroughly. If you are honest with each other, much needless suffering and sorrow may be assuaged.

Our Boys

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND Soldiers of the Soil are to-day fighting on Canadian farms. These 'teen age boys are doing their bit here to help their brothers who are doing their bit over there. As these boys are aiding in production we must not forget that they are growing rapidly and their health is very important to Canada as a nation. The work will not do them any harm if graduated to the age and strength of the boy. But he will need sufficient sleep and the proper kind of food. Besides the boy will need some recreation. We must not forget the health of our Soldiers of the Soil. Work, sleep, food and play. These four ingredients in proper doses, well shaken and taken daily during this period of the earth's production will return our boys to their tasks in the autumn months better and bigger everyway.

Swat the Fly

THE fly is a dangerous animal. Harmless looking, he is capable of causing a tremendous amount of disease because of his germ-carrying propensities. So instead of crooning to the infant mind,

Baby-bye, here's a fly
Let us watch him you and I,
Sing it in this fashion.
Baby bye, here's a fly,
Let us kill him you and I.

At a very early age mankind should be taught the art of war as waged against the fly and everyone should know how dangerous is this insect. Every house that harbours flies invites disease. Every particle of uncovered and unprotected garbage is a menace to the health of a community. Every likely breeding place for the fly should be destroyed. Some person says, "Oh, the flies are much more plentiful this season. I don't know why." There's a reason. There is no need for any season to be plentiful with flies.

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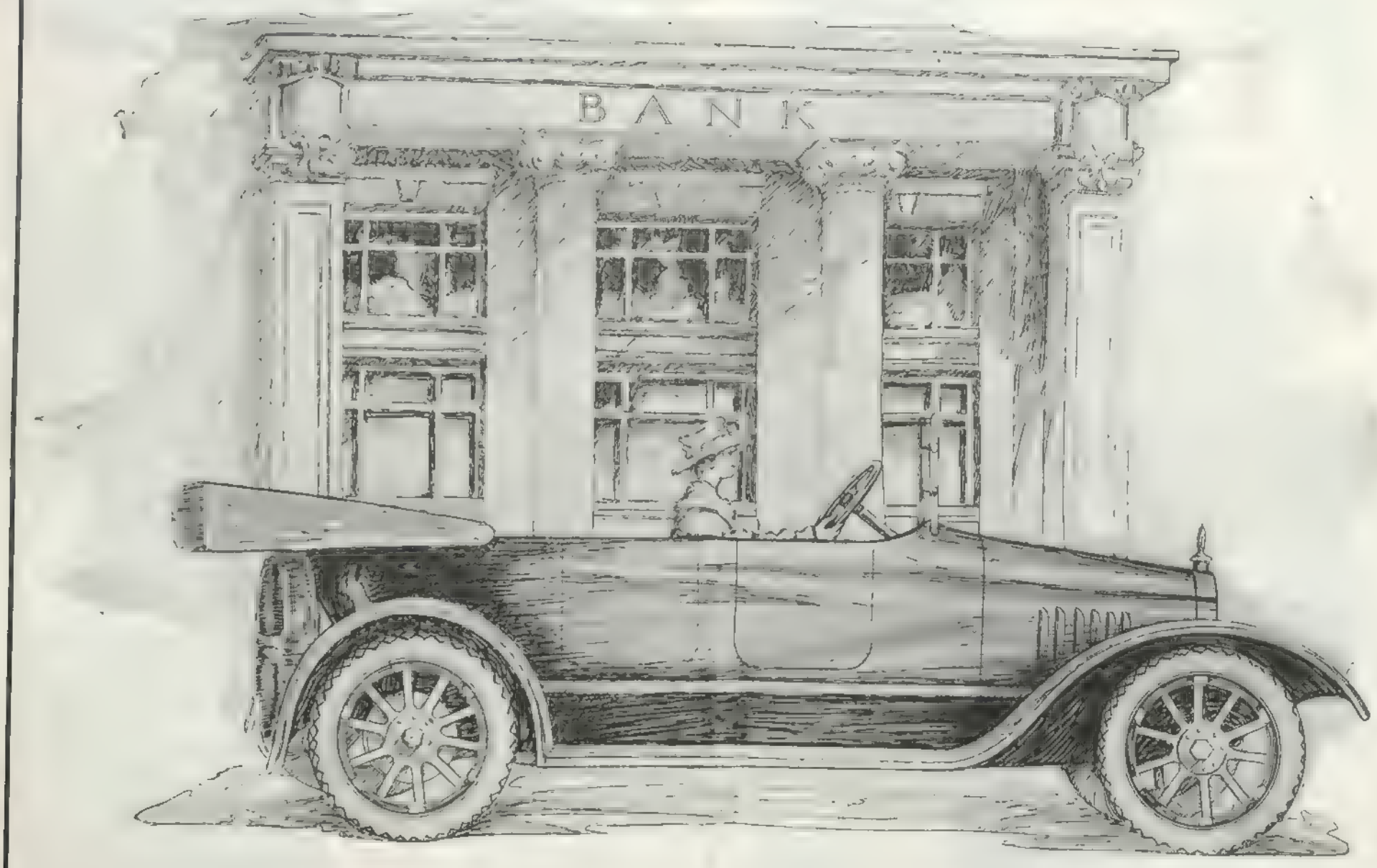
*Dr. Withrow has prepared a series of three booklets which ought to be in the hands of every young man at home and overseas. They speak very fearlessly and strongly on certain sex problems and give information very much needed. Convenient size to be mailed in envelope with letter.

FACTS FOR FIGHTERS, Price 10 cents.
IF EVERY MAN WERE STRAIGHT, Price 15 cents.
DOUBLE STANDARDS, Price 10 cents.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has arranged to supply these to our readers for ten cents each or any two sent free with one subscription, new or renewal, to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Another booklet is "No Danger to a Girl Like This!" Price 10 cents.



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Women appreciate even more than men the advice and assistance of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer. Watch for this Emblem.

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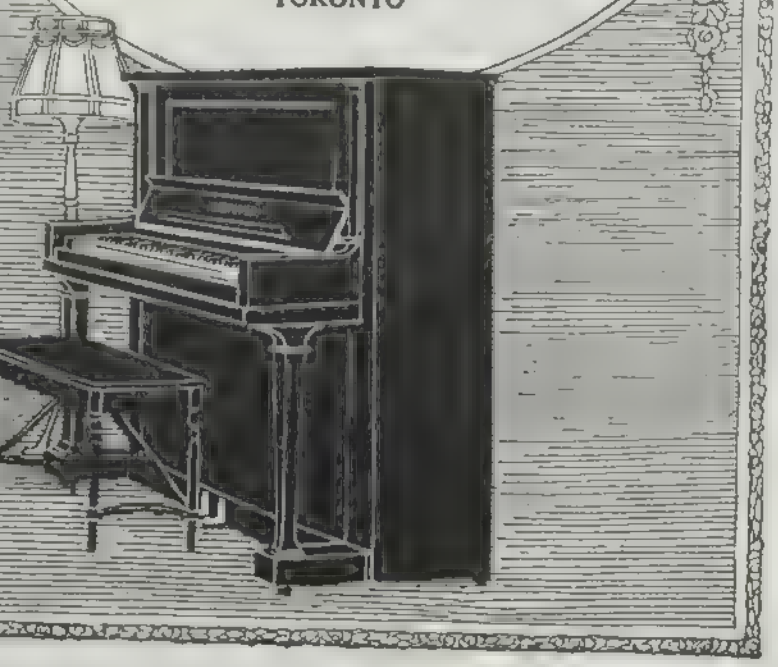

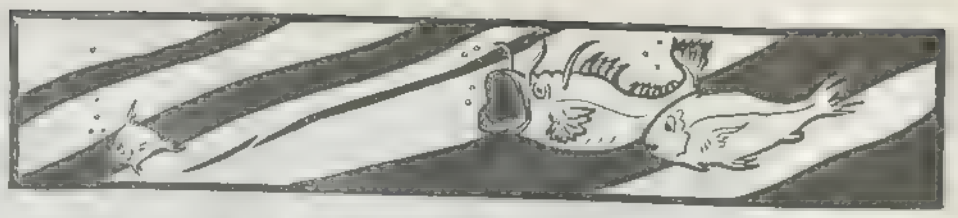

My Lady Caprice

(*Continued from page 5*

I had in some measure recovered my breath.

"Miss—Liz—beth," he panted, very hot of face and moist of brow, "must beg—the—favor—of few words with you."

"With pleasure, Mr. Selwyn," answered Lisbeth, radiant with smiles; "as many as you wish." Forthwith Mr. Selwyn panted out his indictment against the desperadoes of the Black Death, while the Imp glanced apprehensively from him to Lisbeth, and stole his hand furtively into mine.

"I should not have troubled you with this, Miss Elizabeth," Selwyn ended, "but that I would not have you think me neglectful of an appointment, especially with you."

"Indeed, Mr. Selwyn, I am very grateful for you for opening my eyes to such a—a—"

"Very deplorable accident," I put in.

"I—I was perfectly certain," she continued, without so much as glancing in my direction, "that you would never have kept me waiting without sufficient reason. And now, Mr. Brent, if you will be so obliging as to take us to the bank, Mr. Selwyn shall row us back—if he will."

"Delighted!" he murmured.

"I ordered tea served in the orchard at five o'clock," smiled Lisbeth, "and it is only just four, so—"

"Which bank would you prefer," I inquired—"the right or the left?"

"The nearest," said Lisbeth.

"Which should you think was the nearest, Mr. Selwyn?" I queried.

Disdaining any reply, Selwyn ran his skiff ashore, and I obediently followed. Without waiting for my assistance, Lisbeth deftly made the exchange from one boat to the other, followed more slowly by Dorothy.

"Come, Reginald," she said, as Selwyn made ready to push off; "we're waiting for you!" The Imp squatted closer to me.

"Reginald Augustus!" said Lisbeth. The Imp shuffled uneasily.

"Are you coming?" inquired Lisbeth.

"I—I'd rather be a pirate with Uncle Dick, please, Auntie Lisbeth," he said at last.

"Very well," nodded Lisbeth with an air of finality; "then, of course I must punish you." But her tone was strangely gentle, and as she turned away I'll swear I saw the ghost of that dimple—yes, I'll swear it.

So we sat very lonely and dejected, the Imp and I, desperadoes though we were, as we watched Selwyn's boat grow smaller and smaller until it was lost round a bend in the river.

"'Spect I shall get sent to bed for this," said the Imp after a long pause.

"I think it more than probable, my Imp."

"But then, it was a very fine race—oh, beautiful!" he sighed; an' I couldn't desert my ship an' Timothy Bone, an' leave you here all by yourself—now could I, Uncle Dick?"

"Of course not, Imp?"

"What are you thinking about, Uncle Dick?" he inquired as I stared, chin in hand, at nothing in particular.

"I was wondering, Imp, where the River of Dreams was going to lead me, after all."

"To the Land of Heart's Delight of course," he answered promptly; "you said so, you know, an' you never tell lies, Uncle Dick—never."

CHAPTER IV.

Moon Magic

THE Three Jolly Anglers is an inn of a distinctly jovial aspect, with its toppling gables, its creaking sign, and its bright lattices, which, like merry little twinkling eyes, look down upon the eternal river to-day with the same half-waggish, half-kindly air as they have done for generations.

Upon its battered sign, if you look closely enough, you may still see the Three Anglers themselves, somewhat worn and dim with time and stress of weather, yet preserving their jollity through it all with an heroic fortitude—as they doubtless will do until they fade away altogether.

It is an inn with raftered ceilings, and narrow, winding passageways; an inn, with long, low chambers full of unexpected nooks and corners, with great four-post beds built for tired giants it would seem, and wide, deep chimneys reminiscent of Gargantuan rounds of beef; an inn whose very walls seem to exude comfort, as it were—the solid comfortable comfort of a bygone age.

Of all the many rooms here to be found I love best that which is called the Sanded Parlor. Never were wainscotted walls of a mellower tone, never was pewter more gleaming, never were things more bright and speckless, from the worn, quaint andirons on the hearth to the brass-bound blunderbuss, with the two ancient fishing-rods above. At one end of the room was a long, low casement, and here I leaned, watching the river nearby, and listening to its never-ceasing murmur. I had dined an hour ago; the beef had been excellent—it always is at the Three Jolly Anglers—and the ale beyond all criticism; also my pipe seemed to have an added flavor.

Yet beyond all this I did not enjoy that supreme content—that philosophical calm which such beef and such ale surely warranted. But then, who ever heard of love and Philosophy going together?

Away over the uplands a round, harvest moon was beginning to rise, flecking the shadowy waters with patches of silver, and, borne to my ears upon the warm, still air, came the throb of distant violins. This served only to deepen my melancholy, reminding me that somebody or other was giving a ball to-night; and Lisbeth was there, and Mr. Selwyn was there, of course, and I—I was here—alone with the brass-bound blunderbuss, the ancient fishing-rods and the antique andirons on the hearth; with none to talk to save the moon, and the jasmine that had crept in at the open casement. And noting the splendor of the night, I experienced towards Lisbeth a feeling of pained surprise, that she should prefer the heat and garish glitter of a ball-room to walking beneath such a moon with me.

Indeed, it was a wondrous night! one of those warm, still nights which seem full of vague and untold possibilities! A night with magic in the air, when elves and fairies dance within their grassy rings, or hiding amid the shade of trees, peep out at one between the leaves; or again, some gallant knight on mighty steed may come pacing slowly from the forest shadows, with the moonlight bright upon his armor.

Yes, surely there was magic in the air to-night! I half wished that some enchanter might, by a stroke of his fairy wand, roll back the years and leave me in the brutal, virile, Good Old Times, when men wooed and won their loves by might and strength of arm, and not by gold, as is so often the case in these days of ours. To be mounted upon my fiery steed, lance in hand and sword on thigh, riding down the leafy alleys of the woods yonder, led by the throbbing, sighing melody. To burst upon the astonished dancers like a thunder-clap; to swing her up to my saddle-bow, and clasped in each other's arms, to plunge into the green mystery of forest.

My fancies had carried me thus far when I became aware of a small, furtive figure, dodging from one patch of shadow to another. Leaning from the window, I made out the form of a somewhat disreputable urchin, who, dropping upon hands and knees, proceeded to crawl towards me over the grass with a show of the most elaborate caution.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "halt and give the counter-sign!" The urchin sat up on his heels and stared at me with a pair of very round, bright eyes.

"Please, are you Mr. Uncle Dick?" he inquired.

"Oh," I said, "you come from the Imp, I presume." The boy nodded a round head, at the same time fumbling with something in his pocket.

"And who may you be?" I inquired, conversationally.

"I'm Ben, I am."

"The gardener's boy?" Again the round head nodded acquiescence, as with much writhing and twisting he succeeded in drawing a heterogeneous collection of articles from his pocket, when he selected a very dirty and crumpled piece of paper.

"He wants a ladder so, he can git out, but it's too big fer me to lift, so he told me to give you this here so's you would come an' rescue him—please, Mr. Uncle Dick." With which lucid explanation Ben handed me the crumpled note.

(*Continued on page 43*)

Great Britain, the U. S. A. and the Bible

By Lalome

YOU object to our calling ourselves Americans?" Naturally, as we have a larger territory in Canada than you have in the United States. However, as you have been termed a nameless people we must be generous. Then, too, some think you were lost and are being found."

He was a German professor in an American University. I was a sojourner in the city of his adoption "away down in Dixie."

The conversation took place over the tea cups on a very warm afternoon while the home folk of the North were shivering with intense cold.

A silent, interested listener was the professor's thoughtful English wife.

"But your true name is Manassah, I think."

A surprised, inquiring look flashed from the professor's deep blue eyes.

"Yes," I continued, "The United States of America are the 'Great Thirteen.'"

He looked more amazed, and a penetrating, peculiar light was bent on me as I went on to explain that the Kaiser had a very good excuse for believing in Divine Right, and that back of many matters not intelligible to those "whose eyes are holden," there was a reason for the present war, firmly impressed in the War Lord's judgment as a righteous undertaking.

I dropped this thought and returned to the "13."

Has it never occurred to you what an important factor those figures are in the United States of America? Your president spells his name Woodrow Wilson—thirteen letters. He claims thirteen as his lucky number. There were thirteen original states in the Republic, 13 stars, 13 stripes in the original flag, 13 men who signed the Declaration of Independence on the 13th. The public motto adopted, E pluribus unum, has 13 letters.

On the seal of the United States 13 arrows and 13 stars appear. The American dollar contains 13 stars—13 letters form the scroll while on the reverse side the eagle holds 13 tail feathers and 13 wing feathers, 13 horizontal stripes, 13 parallel lines, and 13 arrow heads.

"Where did you get your information?"

FROM the writings of a man who was a friend of Bradlaugh, the infidel. Bradlaugh, Tom Paine and Dariel Hume were of one mind regarding the kingdom God had promised. Rieder Harris believed as they did until he began to study the history of the Jews—two tribes, Judah and Levi, "Where are the other ten?" he asked himself. In his research he discovered that there were really eleven to be found, making thirteen in all, and that the United States was Manassah, the 13.'" Rieder Harris was a noted lawyer, a Queen's Councillor, and at one time an Agnostic. He was accustomed to hearing infidels call attention to the prophecies in the Old Testament concerning Israel which, as he said, were completely ignored by Christian teachers. He had heard Charles Bradlaugh say:

"God a God of truth! Why, he promised to Abraham in the most solemn words, He repeated His promise, and He has not kept his word. This Bible which reveals the attributes of Almighty God, tells us that God condescended to swear to a puny man that his seed should be as numerous as the sand on the sea shore. That promise was reiterated and sworn to by God and I ask, Where is the Kingdom now? Where? Do not tell me that it is meant figuratively; do not tell me that it is not literal. God swore that it should be forever. He established it and now it's a thing of the past, and you will tell me that the God of the Bible always speaks the truth. I do not believe it.'"

"Writing of this, Rieder Harris says, 'A terrible impeachment and indeed unanswerable unless you accept the truth that the birthright taken from Reuben and given to Joseph is now in the possession of his sons, Ephraim (Great Britain) and Manassah (the Great United States).'"

"But where do you get the 13?" asked the professor.

"The tribe of Joseph was divided into two. In your study of the Bible you will always find Ephraim is the leading tribe—that is why the motto of Great Britain reads "God and my right." The motto for the United States is "One of a number."

In Genesis, 48 Chapter 19th Verse, you will find it is suggested that Manassah was to have a separate destiny and become a separate people. He was to be great, but the younger brother Ephraim was to be greater, and his seed was to become "a multitude of nations." Great Britain has a company of nations. The United States is a people—a republic."

"But what about the Kaiser, where does he fit in?"

"He is the oldest son of the oldest

(Contd at bottom of second column, page 26)

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Get it to-day. You can probably count a dozen needs you have for it to-night. And nearly every day brings new ones. Have an extra spool to carry when you go away from home.

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Keep fit—be up and active. That's the slogan for men and women to-day. Most sickness and disability is finally traced to the irregular working of the bowels. Kkovah is safe, sure and simple, and it costs but very little when used regularly.

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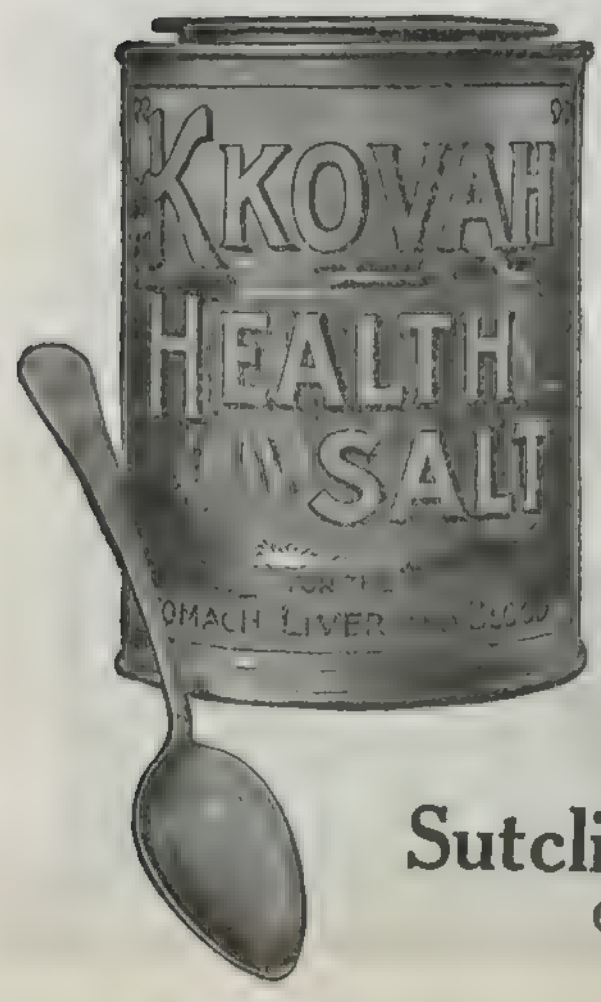

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Combatting Casualties

(*Continued from page 11*)

"But I don't want to die!"

"No, of course not, but my meaning is that you are just as safe at home as flying off to the 'tube,' perhaps to be crushed to death, and certainly to give the babies cold. Take them home, keep them warm, I will give you an order for extra milk, and see me again this day week."

So the story went on, case after case ttonled and cheered by the physician I left at the tea interval, and, passing out, spoke to a mother just putting her bairn into her carriage. She told me a cup of tea was served to all free of charge and that one and all who helped were simply made up of a considerate kindness, she had not hitherto known existed.

The formation of an Infant Welfare League in the cathedral city to which I have referred and in which my particular interest lies, was not unattended with difficulty. The prejudices of a conservative citizenship and the lethargy of a somewhat sleepy city council had to be overcome, only to face the further obstacle of a keen rivalry between two parishes for control, which resulted finally in the city passing the whole thing over to county authorities for administration. However, it is running now, thanks to the women. The first step was taken in the autumn of 1916, when a local woman induced a traveling exhibition organized by the National Association of Infant Welfare and Maternity Centres to visit the town. All local women's societies sent representatives to a publicity committee, and through them hundreds of women, visited the display of proper foods, clothing and sanitation, and heard lectures by experts on the urgent need for action. More than one of these women lecturers had personally sampled about every kind of occupation employing women, as a worker, that they might have definite personal knowledge of what their less well-to-do sisters had to combat.

Women Secured Action

THEN followed a period of inaction, until, goaded by the women's spur, the authorities supplied a clinic. It is open for one afternoon a week. Every fortnight a lady doctor from the county town comes over to inspect and prescribe for any child under the age of five. On intermediate weeks, the health nurse, who visits not only the schools, but the homes of clinic mothers and every house where a new baby arrives, "bosses the show."

On clinic afternoons all infants attending are first weighed by the nurse while a voluntary mother files the necessary records. Over one hundred mothers attend, during the three hour session, so all helpers are kept busy, and before they leave tea is served to all at the nominal charge of two cents. At a little stall in the building, a nurse exhibits baby clothing made of hygiene material in the most approved form and sells it at cost of the material alone. She also has a number of infant milk preparations, all of which are greatly reduced in price to the mothers attending. The doctor, too, writes prescriptions for necessary drugs which are made up by any local druggist at somewhat less than the usual cost.

At another booth, I preside over a somewhat heterogenous display, for I dispense "Virol" at about half the chemist's cost, and in addition have charge of woollen garments. These are all knitted and can either be purchased at the cost of the wool alone, or the mothers can buy their own yarn, which we make up free of cost. In this latter work I am aided by a mixed band of workers including children in the elementary schools, a cripple girl in the workhouse who, by the way, feels that there is some good in life left for her while she can help in this way, and a number of old ladies, some well in the eighties. Many of our spare moments are given over to the same work, together with those of our daughters, in such times as their war work will permit.

Many a pathetic case is brought out in a few words, as I deal out my sticky mixture or the garments. A sad-faced mother comes up with a pretty little maiden in her arms. As I smile at the mite, the mother remarks: "We were married five years and no baby came. He went to the war, and now he's "gone west" and will never see his baby." That girl is existing, with never a murmur, on a pension of 18s. 9d. (4.70) a week, of which 7s. 6d. ($1.88) is paid in rent. She bravely goes her way, getting thinner and thinner, until I feel we want such things as day nurseries, creches, municipal milk, communal kitchens and all the similar accessories that should attend.

The clinic is not used solely by the very poor, for many whose circumstances have been reduced through the war are glad to

(*Continued on page 26*)

Brightening Rural Life with Government Movies

(Continued from page 8)

is but one of many that will soon be in course of production. The fact that the projectors can be easily carried from place to place and readily set up anywhere where the sunlight can be shut out makes it possible for the motion picture bureau to reach almost everybody.

What Ontario has accomplished is but the beginning, yet it is indicative of what the future holds for the visual educational film. The attendance at the Agricultural Representatives' meetings and at the showings of the films of interest to women in the test made in Simcoe County circuit of the Women's Institutes, can but have one meaning—that the public appreciates and approves of this method of education. During the coming winter the Government plans to establish a much wider distribution of the films than it has been possible to arrange in the short time the Bureau has been in existence.

The Picture and the Real

MR. S. C. JOHNSON, Director of the Provincial Motion Picture Bureau tells of many incidents cropping up during the past few months which indicate the advantages of moving picture demonstrations over the lecture demonstrations. During the showing of film No. 115, "The Conformation of a Holstein Dairy Cow," a discussion arose about the comparative merits of a local Holstein cow and Mollie Rue Rattler of the O. A. C. To settle the point, the agricultural representative took his Pathescope right into the cow barn and hung his screen beside the local Holstein, enabling those present to compare the two cows.

At the Winter Fair in Guelph, during the showing of film No. 154, "Growing Mangel Seed," a farmer informed the representative that he had hesitated about growing mangel seed because he did not understand how the "young shoots" were planted, but that after seeing how this was done in the movies he was going to grow mangel seed.

Object Lesson in Marketing

"THE Marketing of Live Stock," film No. 109, is one that has been well received, for it shows what happens to the cattle after they are sold or shipped by the farmer. This reel has shown the farmer the reason why prices fluctuate, and why it is necessary to grow certain types of beeves and hogs that the best prices may be obtained in the keen competition existing in the big stock yards market. The demand for this film is growing, and it may yet out-distance the one on "Ontario Wool," which has met with such instant favor since its release.

Recently a lady lecturing on "How to Kill and Dress Poultry" was booked for a lecture in Toronto, but had the misfortune of having her crates of poultry delayed in transit. In desperation she sought the Bureau of Moving Pictures and secured the use of film No. 112, "Killing and Dressing of Poultry," which enabled her to deliver her lecture as effectively as if she had had the real birds.

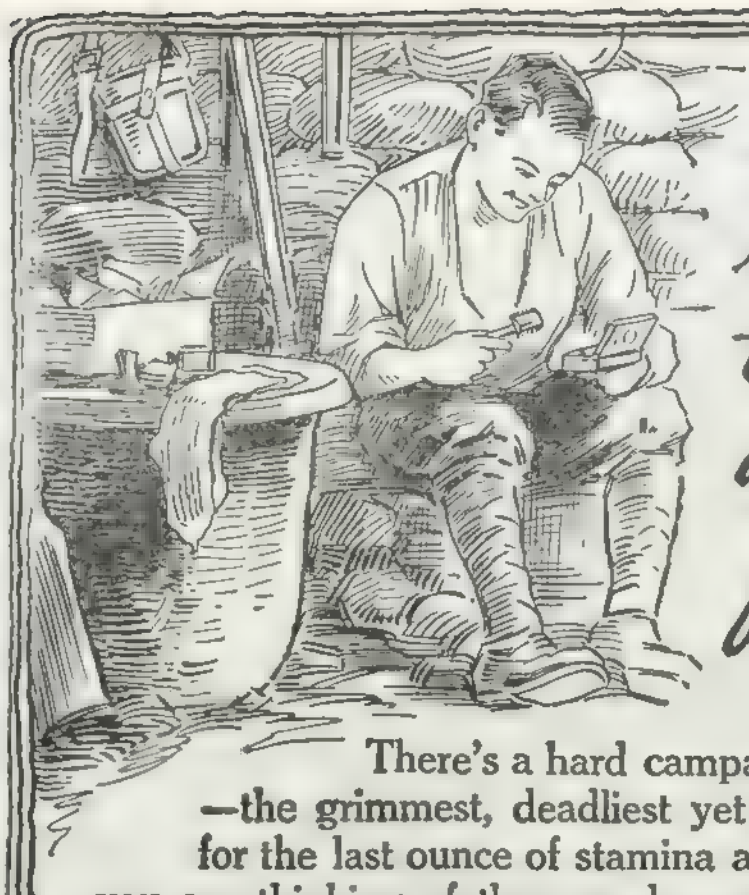
Used by Food Control Board

THE Government's use of moving pictures is not confined to agricultural propaganda, but is broadening out along many lines. For instance the Canada Food Board is now making a composite picture from the four reels on "Back Yard Gardening, Methods and Appliances," for use in encouraging greater food production in urban centres.

Five films have been made of road-building, and these are being used to encourage better road-building. The films made of "National Service on the Land," are being used in recruiting work among colleges and other places where girls foregather. Ten thousand feet of film has been made of New Ontario farms, mines, gold, silver, nickel, copper, and other attractions for settlers. Already the Whitby High School is teaching agriculture by means of the films prepared and made available by the Provincial Motion Picture Bureau.

Seven thousand feet of film have been made of the Convalescent Homes and Hospitals in Canada. This film is being sent to France and England for comparison with methods employed overseas with a view to improve methods.

Such is the result of one year's employment of moving pictures in educational work. What Charlie Chaplin's funny feet and Mary Pickford's cunning dimples will do during the next year is difficult to predict. Let's go to the country and see!



Keep in touch with the men who are fighting for you!

There's a hard campaign under way "over there" —the grimmest, deadliest yet—a campaign that will call for the last ounce of stamina and morale. Let them know you are thinking of them, and appreciate what they are doing!

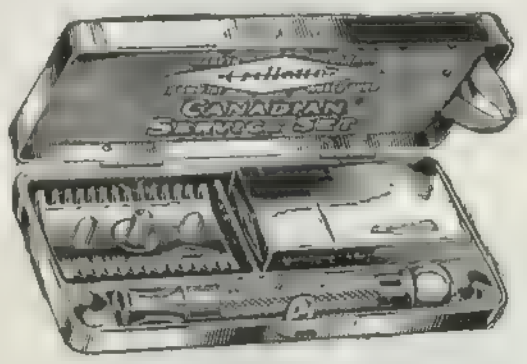
Nothing will help more than letters, cheery, hopeful and *frequent.* Reinforce them with sensible practical gifts, like the

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

and once in a while, a few packages of Gillette Blades to replace those lost or given away.

Clean shaving has from the first been a matter of pride and discipline, as well as a comfort with our boys. You can imagine how it refreshes and braces them up after a long dusty march or a day of hot and desperate fighting. Now it's a matter of life or death as well, for on none but a clean-shaven face can a gas-mask fit close enough for safety in these days of intensive gas-attacks.

And the Gillette has proved itself by all odds the best razor for the job. It's always keen and ready for action, even under the most unlikely conditions. To that man whose life means so much to you a Gillette would be a welcome daily reminder of a home worth fighting for. Don't keep him waiting for it! Ask your dealer to show you the new Military Sets in metal and khaki, to-day.



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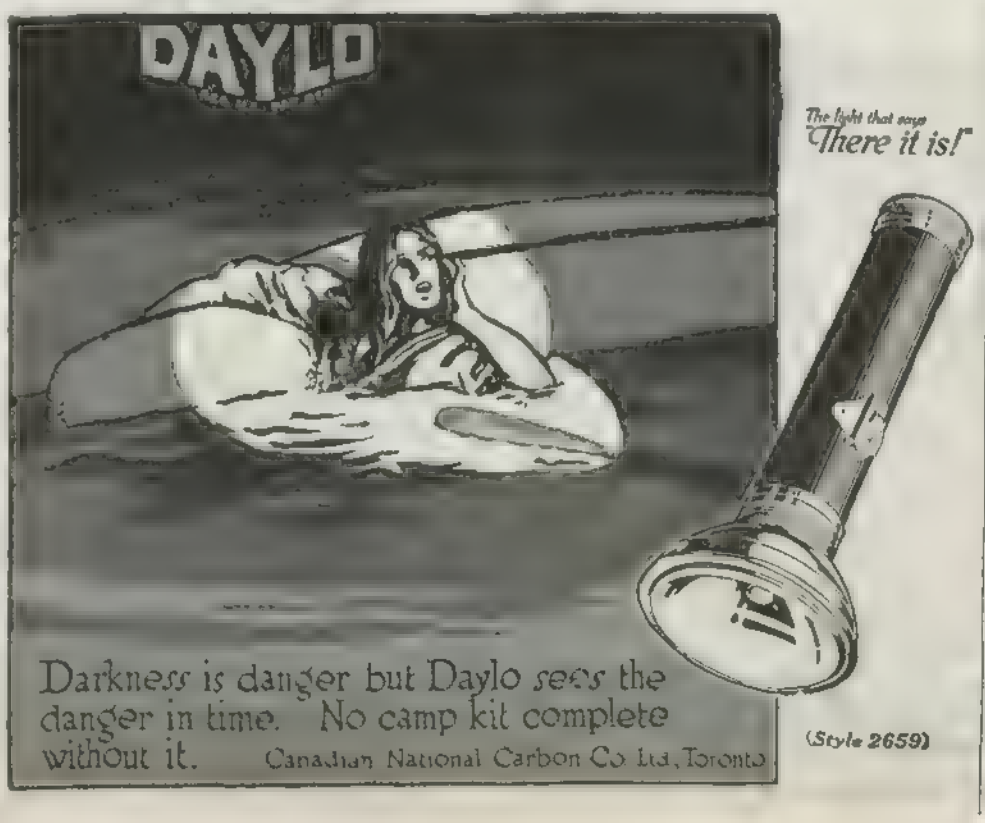

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I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

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[It is well to note that the various articles described on page 36 can be made from Monarch Floss and Monarch Down.]

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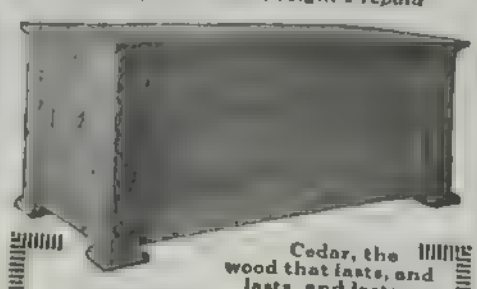

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LINDSAY CHESTS are made of beautifully figured Red Cedar bearing the pungent aroma of the Cedar Woodlands.

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Many styles to choose from. Delivered prices. Write for illustrated Catalogue "C" to

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Lindsay, Ontario

Great Britain, U.S.A. and Bible

(Continued from page 23)

daughter of Queen Victoria. He thinks that because it was promised to David that there never would be a time when a descendant of his (David's) would not be on the throne, he is the one who should be the future ruler at Jerusalem. Our present King George and Queen Mary of Great Britain are both descendants of David. Their oldest son, the Prince of Wales, among other names, has that of David. In 1924 he will be 30 years of age. At that time 100 generations of 30 years each, will be complete since David was annointed King over all Israel. The whole House of Israel is to be reunited under Ephraim (Great Britain) but the King will be of the tribe of Judah.

"Any more?" enquired the professor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh yes. The Hebrew and British emblems are significant.

The national emblems of Great Britain are the Lion and Unicorn.

The Lion was the emblem of Judah, the Unicorn was the emblem of the tribe of Ephraim. The Union Jack simply means the Union of Jacob.

There was an unbeheving look in the German professor's handsome eyes, but his wife's face was radiant.

They bade me a pleasant good-bye with an invitation to spend an evening at their beautiful home in the suburbs.

Combating Casualties

(Continued from page 24)

avail themselves of its advantages. One of our cases is that of the wife of a store keeper who had to join up. He sent his wife to London to live with relatives. As the result of fright incurred during an air raid there her baby boy came to town with both his feet turned inwards. The mother came here out of the raid district, and attended our clinic, with the result that it has been made possible for her to get expert advice and the necessary care, whereby both those little feet are slowly being brought around to their proper position, and presently the little lad will walk.

Prejudices Overcome

THE establishment of the clinic in the third instance, that of a small manufacturing city was also accompanied by much difficulty. Failing to get municipal aid, a body of women went ahead themselves and opened one at the end of 1914. For a time little headway was made, for mothers were shy of the new-fangled scheme. Undeterred however, the organizers stuck to their guns, even going out into the streets every clinic day and inviting any woman seen with a baby to come in. Once prejudice was overcome, attendance increased like wildfire, and to-day ten centres are working overtime with such success that the municipality was eager to take and was given control.

One centre there alone has now 259 babies on its records and in addition to medical care, drugs as well as garments and food are sold at prices within reach of the most modest purse.

Both these latter examples you will notice, have been established since the outbreak of war, amid surroundings of entirely different character. And this work is going on in a similar way throughout the land with an intensity and vigor which can hardly be estimated. The work being done is good, but the thinking women of England, and that includes most of us these days, believe and hope that it is but a beginning of better times to come, not only in England, but throughout the Empire and the world.

Personally, I think these schools and centres are the foundation of real education. The thoughtless mothers are being taught to think, the ignorant ones to learn by observation—and from their new experience they will be willing and eager to forward all efforts with their use of the vote, when they understand how to secure nursery schools (a part of Dr. Fisher's bill now before parliament) so that their wee mites can go as soon as they can walk, and up to the age of five, to learn, even in these tender years, organized play, and exercise their tiny brains in habits of self control, which after all is the beginning, middle and end of happy, corporate life. In these respects, Britain to-day is better than it ever has been; and yet very, very much worse than it will be in the years to come.

Prize Winners

(Continued from page 14)

in cash. 25th prize, Miss Lena Malcolm, Katchley, Ont., $1.00 in cash. 26th prize, Mrs. R. MacKercher, Montreal, Que., $1.00 in cash. 27th prize, Mr. Fred Beaver, Chester, N.S., $1.00 in cash. 28th prize, Miss Helen Pond, Ludlow, N.B., $1.00 in cash. 29th prize, Miss Ethel Morton, Providence, R.I., $1.00 in cash. 30th prize, Mr. L. E. Fenton, Winnipeg, Man., $1.00 in cash. 31st prize, Mr. I. L. Fraser, Baker Brook, N.B., $1.00 in cash. 32nd prize, Mr. Hugh Ball, Beebe, Que., $1.00 in cash. 33rd prize, Miss Florrie Lee, Harbor Grace, Nfld., $1.00 in cash. 34th prize, Miss E. S. Copeland, Dewar Lake, Sask., $1.00 in cash. 35th prize, Miss Rea Devine, Ottawa, Ont., $1.00 in cash. 36th prize, Miss Agnes McColl, St. James, Man., $1.00 in cash. 37th prize, Mrs. J. H. Bourgran, Breckenridge, Que., $1.00 in cash. 38th prize, Mr. I. B. Ashby, Monarch, Alta., $1.00 in cash. 39th prize, Mr. A. J. Robertson, Toronto, $1.00 in cash. 40th prize, Mrs. T. T. Goguen, Shippegan, N.B. $1.00 in cash. 41st prize, Mrs. J. E. C. Hunter, Albertson, P.E.I., $1.00 in cash. 42nd prize, Miss E. Yes, West Selkirk, Man., $1.00 in cash. 43rd prize, Mr. Martin Paltz, Big Stone, Alta., $1.00 in cash. 44th prize, Miss Rose Campbell, Pittsburg, Pa., $1.00 in cash. 45th prize, Miss J. LaGloche, Le Mars, Iowa, $1.00 in cash. 46th prize, Miss Eliza MacKenzie, Ellershouse, N.S., $1.00 in cash. 47th prize, Miss E. M. Shaw, Winnipeg, Man., $1.00 in cash. 48th prize, Mrs. R. W. Dunlop, Stockton P.O., Man., $1.00 in cash. 49th prize, Mr. L. M. Hart, Reaboro, Ont., $1.00 in cash.

The Friendship Circle Club

Our Girls' Club for Making Money

"It's easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the girl worth while is the girl who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

AND it's very easy for things to go dead wrong nowadays, isn't it? 'Tis only an echo of the "Blue Bird's" song we hear while the war guns thunder "over there." But we can't lose courage, you and I. Even though the husband is fighting to keep us safe, and brother John isn't helping with his bit any more, it is still up to us to "carry on." And it is just because so many of us are in the same boat that we are joining together to help one another.

A Friend Indeed

But right here I must stop and tell you about Dorothy. It was a glorious sunshiny day and the city streets were teeming with people. In front of a big store window stood Dorothy, with such a pathetic droop to her shoulders and such a wistful look in her eyes. I knew Dorothy as a girl accustomed to every luxury until two brothers, a father and a sweetheart were in khaki, and the family income was reduced to very near zero.

"My dear Dorothy," I sympathized, "it is indeed sad, but you must wear the silver lining to your cloud wrong side out." And I proceeded to tell her about our Friendship Club where all the window-wishing girls made dreams come true.

When Dreams Do Come True

"Do you mean to tell me, Jean Arthur," Dorothy exclaimed, "that I can join a club where I don't have to pay dues or spend money? Can I really help the family and get some pretty things for myself?" However, to make a short story longer, as an old lady once said, Dorothy joined our Club and is one of our happiest, most enthusiastic members. And incidentally she has made all her dreams come true. She has helped the family—bought needed things for mother, sister and herself, and, listen girls, she has a surplus in the bank. And all because she went window-wishing one sunny day and walked straight into our Friendship Circle and the place where dreams do come true.

Frocks and Flowers

That means summer to most girls—pretty frocks and summer flowers, but even though it is sunshine most of the time, there comes a blue day when we find that the golden sunshine is *outside* of our pocket instead of *inside*. Now when that blue day comes to you, little maids, just keep on dreaming about that adorable new hat or the wonderfully smart suit you've wanted so long. And when you've dreamed your dreams—and wished, oh, very hard,—sit right down and write us that you want our recipe for dreams and happiness. We'll welcome you into the most democratic club in Canada, and we'll whisper you our secret and tell you our surprises.

The Special Surprise

Do you think any of us ever grow too old to love surprises? I don't. Of course, we have many surprises, but this is a special surprise—one just for you—welcoming you as a member of our Friendship Club. I'd like to tell you what it is, but that wouldn't be fair. This much I will whisper to you—it's a surprise in a special square box, and I want you to be sure to have what is in that box. They say, very untruthfully of course, that a woman can't keep a secret, but if you drop me a note today, I promise to answer at once and tell you all about the surprise.

Help Yourself

Can you imagine any greater joy than the knowledge that you can do your bit to help the family and yourself in these war-torn days? And the attractive part of it all is there is nothing exclusive about the Friendship Club. We extend a handclasp of hearty welcome to you all. It is just a girl's club. Big girls, little girls, middle-aged or married girls, and—I was going to say old girls, but I'll change it to girls grown young again. There is no age or beauty limit. It's a club that helps *you* and we help each other.

Good Fellowship

That is the finest feature of our club, the sincere welcome we extend to you. We want every girl in all Canada to join. "The more, the merrier," is our motto. And there are thousands of girls, married and single—for a girl doesn't give up being a girl nowadays just because she's married—girls who are wishing their heart out for some magic way—some secret touch with which they may gratify their little frills and fancies.

Realities

That is why we have joined together to learn the secret of the "Golden Touch," and we are just the merriest maids you've ever known. You'll be delighted to have discovered us—you'll be charmed with our "surprise" and amazed at the ease with which the "Golden Touch" becomes yours.

Join Our Club and See

But, you know just wishing won't bring things to you—*you* must help too. You can't just wish to join our club, you must really do it, not just wish it. Wishing is an interesting game, but it doesn't get you anywhere, does it now? And so I am sending you this warning. Don't just *wish* you could earn money. Earn it. Don't delay or waver or deliberate or you are hopelessly lost. The moment you join our club you will receive some really sound money-making advice that will help you to do things and have things all your very own.

Sit down right now and write me all about yourself. I'm very human, and I know what it is to be extravagant and to want things too. Just be sure that I'll understand and that I want to help you and welcome you to our Friendship Circle Club. I'm very anxious to hear from you—so do write me today.—Cordially your friend,

Jean Arthur

Manager of the Friendship Circle Club,
Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada

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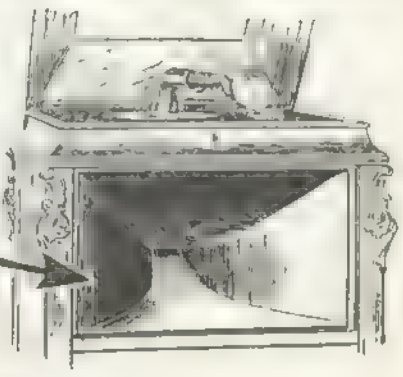

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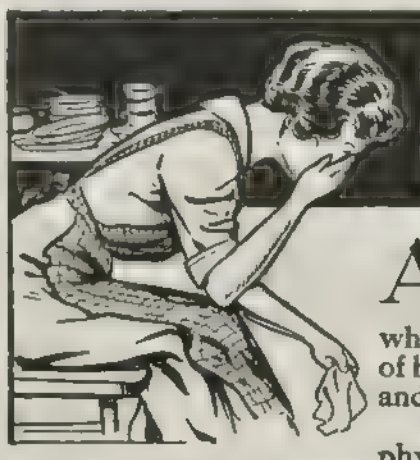

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A great many people are only half alive. Are you one of them? Exchange that down-and-out, what's-the-use feeling for the strength of better health, abundant nerve force, and keen relish for your meals.

One of Canada's most eminent physicians has expressed the opinion that the systematic keeping clear of the intestinal tract would save hundreds of thousands from that semi-insane state, melancholia.

For this purpose nothing can quite equal Chamberlain's Tablets. They also possess tonic properties which aid in establishing a natural and healthy action of the bowels.

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CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Katherine M. Caldwell, B.A.

Canning Our War Garden Products

Easier Methods Rule, and Success Depends on Attention to Simple Details

THE green, active-service uniform of the war gardens is this year a more impressive sight than ever. Row upon row they "right dress" with splendid precision.

And we get out our jars and test them, buy fresh, new rubber rings, decide on our canning and drying methods and gather our equipment. For not to be prepared when the War Garden says "Ready" were disgrace indeed!

Last year, the decision up and down the land was for the Cold Pack method of canning fruit and vegetables. It is so much simpler than the open kettle or progressive sterilization methods. The jars are filled with the prepared product, hot water or syrup is added, and the sterilization is done usually in a hot water bath or in a water-seal or compression canner. The results have been satisfactory. Failures, scientifically investigated, have been found attributable to unsound products, improper sterilization, or theuse of old rubbers or poorly fitting tops.

The ideal plan is—direct from garden to canner or drying rack; every hour of delay saved means better results. If your supply comes through your merchant, arrange with him to send your order the minute he receives a shipment.

Every detail of the canning process has been evolved by experience and the most exacting tests. Each one is so important that success may be missed through a single oversight or a careless step.

1. Select sound fruit and vegetables, as fresh as may be had. If of your own growing, pick them in the early morning.

2. Choose your method, gather all necessary equipment, test jars, supply fresh new rubbers and have plenty of boiling water for blanching, filling jars, etc.; if fruit syrup is required, make it first.

3. Wash well, and grade for size and ripeness so that each jar may be as uniform as possible. Put small fruits in a colander and run cold water over them to avoid bruising. Prepare fruit and vegetables (strawberry huller, a cherry stoner, and a vegetable slicer will be of great value). Pare and slice larger vegetables, string beans, etc.

4. Blanch in boiling water or steam as directed. Blanching is really a partial cooking in boiling water, into which the product is lowered in a wire basket or piece of cheesecloth so that it may be easily withdrawn. This cleanses, removes objectionable odors or flavors and excess acids and reduces the bulk, permitting a closer pack.

5. Cold-dip, swiftly as directed.

6. Pack in hot jars which are standing in a pan of hot water. Fill jars closely, pressing product gently into place. If one person is working alone, just sufficient should be blanched to fill one or two jars at a time, to prevent standing. Place jar in hot-water bath as soon as it is ready.

7. Add salted boiling water to vegetables, and syrup or boiling water to fruits.

8. Place new, wet rubber on jar.

9. If jar is a screw-top, screw the top on lightly with thumb and finger. If a spring or bail-top is used, adjust only the top clamp leaving the lower one free. (This allows steam in jars to escape).

10. If hot-water bath is used, keep water at least one inch above jars. *Count time only from the moment water boils.* Water must be kept really *boiling* all during sterilization period. Use a wire rack or some strips of narrow wooden laths or pieces of cloth to keep jars from touching bottom of boiler to prevent breakage. With water seal outfit, count from time thermometer reaches 214° F. With steam pressure outfit, count from time gauge reaches number of pounds called for in directions.

11. When sterilized according to time table, remove jars. Place on a rack or folded cloths. Screw tops on tightly or adjust bottom clamp, to complete sealing. An alarm clock set for time when sterilization should be complete, is a help to the busy worker.

12. Test for air-bubbles. Turn jars upside down till cool, keeping them out of a draught.

13. Wash and dry jars, label and store. If preserve cupboard is light, wrap jars of rhubarb, greens and other products liable to bleach, in paper, to prevent loss of color. Be sure store-cupboard is dry and frost-proof but not too warm.

Time Chart for Cold-Pack Method

	Blanch or Scald	Hot Water Bath Outfit 212 F.	Water Seal Outfit Above 212 F.	Pressure Cooker 5-10 lbs.	Pressure Cooker 10-15 lbs.
		TIME OF COOKING (MINUTES)			
Apples	1½	20	12	8	6
Asparagus	15	120	90	60	40
Beans (wax or string)	5–10	120	90	60	40
Beans (lima)	5–10	150	105	60	40
Beets	5–12	90	80	60	40
Beet Tops	10–15	120	90	60	40
Blackberries		16	12	10	5
Blueberries		16	12	10	5
Brussels Sprouts	5–10	120	90	60	40
Carrots	5	90	80	60	40
Corn	5–10	240	180	90	60
Cauliflower	3	60	40	30	20
Cherries		16	12	10	5
Currants		16	12	10	5
Dandelion Greens	10–15	120	90	60	40
Eggplant	3	60	45	40	30
Fruit-Juices		15	10	8	5
Gooseberries	1–2	16	12	10	5
Grapes		16	12	10	5
Huckleberries		16	12	10	5
Kale	15	120	90	60	40
Mushrooms	5	90	60	50	30
Mustard Greens	15	120	90	60	40
Milkweed	15	120	90	60	40
Okra	5–10	120	90	60	40
Peppers, green or ripe	5–10	120	90	60	40
Peas	5–10	180	120	60	40
Parsley	15	120	90	60	40
Peaches	1–2	16	12	10	5
Plums		16	12	10	5
Pears	1½	20	12	8	6
Pumpkin	3	120	90	60	40
Quinces	1½	20	12	8	6
Raspberries		16	12	10	5
Rhubarb	1½	20	12	8	6
Sauerkraut	3	120	90	60	40
Squash	3–5	120	90	60	40
Salsify	5	90	80	60	40
Spinach	15	120	90	60	40
Swiss Chard	15	120	90	60	40
Turnips	5	90	80	60	40

These figures are for quart jars. When using pint or one-half pint jars deduct three or four minutes from the time of cooking given above. When cooking in two-quart jars add three or four minutes to the time. Individual judgment should be used, however, to increase or reduce the time

Cold Pack Equipment

HOME-MADE hot-water bath outfit: An ordinary wash-boiler, or any big pot or pail, deep enough to allow water to cover jars at least an inch, will make a first-class hot-water bath. A wire rack (purchasable for from 25 cents up) or a wooden rack made from a few bits of lath fastened on two cross-pieces should be placed in the bottom of the bath, to allow water to circulate beneath jars. Jar lifters, to remove hot jars, may be bought for from 25 to 50 cents, or you can use two button hooks. Excellent wire racks, round or wash-boiler shaped, supply both false bottom and steady lifting rack, in which three to eight jars may be placed.

To buy a commercial *hot-water outfit* is a good idea if one is planning to do up large quantities of fruits and vegetables. Complete with fire-box, smoke-pipe and sterilizing vat, they may be set up out of doors.

Water seal outfit: Sterilization is much quicker with this equipment than with home-made outfit, effecting a fuel saving.

Steam Pressure Outfit: A very rapid and sure process is assured by this method, which is strongly advocated for community canning.

The time chart given covers each of theseoutfits for single period cold-pack canning.

A wire basket or two, a sieve with a top handle, or some large squares of cheesecloth, are necessary for the blanching and cold dipping. Place the product in the wire basket (or in the cheesecloth square, the four corners of which are gathered in the hand) and immerse in boiling water for time directed. *Greens are best blanched in steam*, using a tightly covered colander or steamer over a pot of boiling water. Or suspend in a wire basket or cheesecloth over boiling water for from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Cold Dip: A quick plunge into cold water—just in and out once or twice. It crisps and hardens the product after blanching and sets the color.

Salt for Vegetables: Add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart jar of vegetables, one-half teaspoonful for a pint jar, two teaspoonfuls to a two-quart jar.

Syrups: Thin syrup, one part sugar to four parts water.
Medium syrup, one part sugar to two parts water.
Thick syrup, one part sugar to one part water.

Boil sugar and water until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Use thin syrup with sweet fruits, medium syrup with sour fruits and thick syrup for candying and preserving. Fruit may be canned by simply adding boiling water and sweetened as used; sterilization period is then thirty minutes. Arrangements have been made by the Canada Food Board, however, whereby sufficient sugar for canning may be obtained from one's dealer.

Special Instructions

ASPARAGUS: Wash, scrape off scales and toughened skin. Tie in jar-sized bunches blanch tough ends 5 to 10 minutes and whole bundle 5 minutes longer. Cold-dip, remove string, pack with tips up, add one teaspoon salt, cover with boiling water, and proceed as usual.

Beets, Carrots, Parsnips: Use only small ones, (others will store successfully). Cut off all but an inch or so of stems or roots. Blanch, cold-dip and scrape. Pack sliced or whole.

Cauliflower: Wash and divide head, soak one hour in salted water to remove insects.

Corn: Remove husk and silk, blanch and cut from cob. Pack lightly, allowing one-half inch at top for kernels to swell.

Greens: Wash very carefully. Blanch in *steam* to avoid loss of valuable mineral matter.

Peas: Best if not fully grown. Don't pack jar too full or some peas will burst.

Peppers: Wash, stem and remove seeds.

Pumpkin, Squash: Peel and cut into strips, remove seeds and stringy centre.

Tomatoes: Select medium sized tomatoes, wash, blanch until skins are loose, cold-dip and peel. Pack whole, filling crevices with tomato pulp made by cooking large and broken tomatoes until done, then straining and adding one teaspoonful of salt to each quart of pulp.

Cut tomatoes for stew and soups are also desirable.

Apples, Pears, Quinces, etc: Wash, pare, quarter or slice and drop into weak salt water (to prevent discoloration). Blanch, cold-dip, pack into jar and cover with water or thin syrup. Put on rubber and top, adjusting lightly. Sterilize as directed (20 minutes in hot water bath or 8 minutes at 5 to 10 pounds steam pressure).

Space economy is effected by canning as sauce, for which sterilization period is 12 minutes in hot-water bath.

Peaches: Blanch in boiling water to loosen skins. Cold-dip, peel, halve, and stone. Pack and cover with syrup and proceed as directed in time chart.

THE August issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is to be our big Summer Fiction Number. It will contain stories by such famous authors as Katherine Tynan, Jeffery Farnol, Victor Rousseau, Norah M. Holland, Edith G. Bayne, Hector Macknight, Frances Sargent and others. It is specially designed for the holiday reader Fill in the subscription blank on the first page now so as to ensure your copy of the August and succeeding issues.

The Experiment Kitchen

Summer Should be a Time of Relaxation—of Little Housework and Much Out-door Life

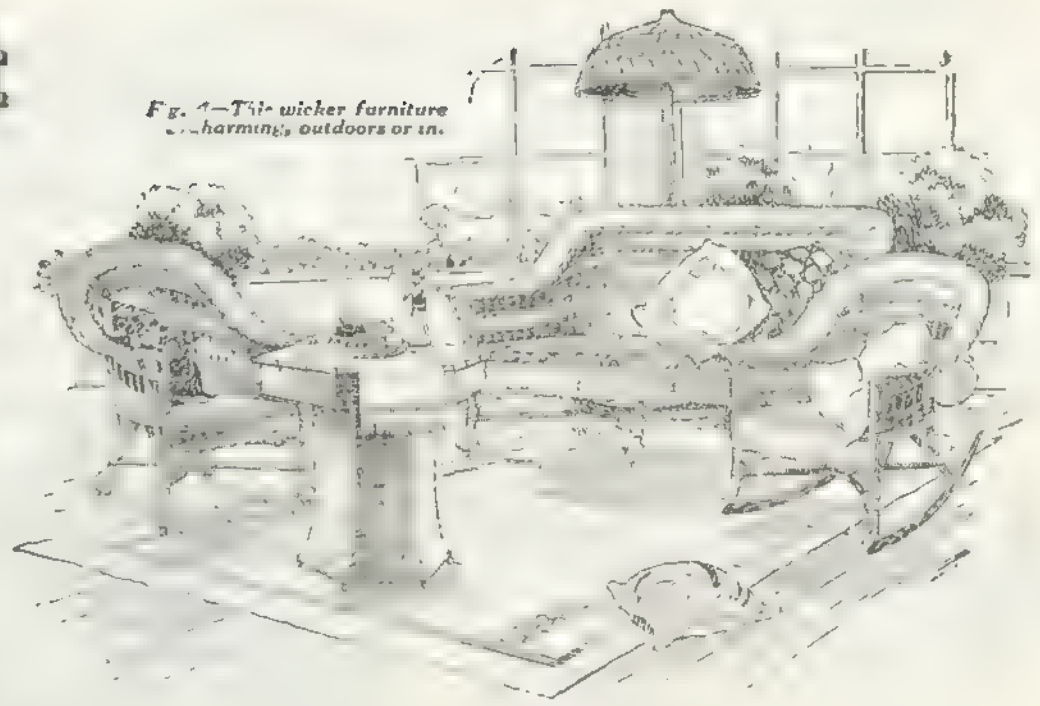


Fig. 4—This wicker furniture is charming, outdoors or in.

IF you want to purchase any of the articles on this page, write to us for the address of the manufacturer or merchant who handles it. Or if you would like us to make the purchase for you, enclose money order to cover cost and we will do your shopping without any charge to you.

Katherine M Caldwell.

Fig. 1.

SUMMER days are here—verandah days—picnic days—but above all, days of little labor! Vacation time for the many, sometimes means only more trying circumstances and a heavier burden for the housekeeper. There are a thousand ways of bettering her summer lot and gaining for her a little of the holiday leisure and the out of door enjoyment that the hot weather should bring to everyone.

There is no greater help in this direction than electricity. It spells kitchen coolness and the exit of dirt-making fires, that fairly melt one's courage in the face of meal-getting.

If electric current is available, it is high time to investigate the possibilities and the cost of electrical equipment in the home. Almost everywhere, electricity is the cheapest fuel obtainable. Certainly it is the coolest and the cleanest, and offers far and away the most complete list of practical helpers.

The initial outlay is large for an electric range and even for the washing machine, mangle and vacuum cleaner. But operating expenses are trifling and the time and labor-saving effected by any one of them, is prodigious.

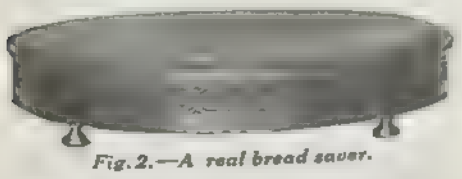


Fig. 2.—A real bread saver.

It is in the realm of small electrical appliances, however, that the most modest purse can find workers of summer magic. A toaster, that will turn out from two to four slices of even, golden crispness, costs from two dollars and a half to five dollars. And it takes out of the cook's hands altogether the really nerve-racking business of "watching the toast," while she scrambles the eggs with one hand and dishes the cereal with the other.

Cooking at the Table

FOR the electric toaster (see Fig. 1) has its place right on the breakfast table and the toast is easily watched by its ultimate consumer. Ready at the second it is wanted, it will be piping hot, and of a flavor equalled only by the toast that is made over glowing red coals.

The very nicest adjunct to the toaster is one of the silver-rimmed bread-boards (Fig. 2) that have been finding their way to every patriotic table, since the need to save bread became so pressing. If every slice is "cut to order," there will be no accumulation of stale pieces in the bread box. The detachable silver rim is of good quality silver plate; the hard-wood bread-board is nicely finished and usually of oak or mahogany. They cost three dollars and upwards, according to the width and elaborateness of the rim and the wood used.

The breakfast table that is also equipped with a coffee percolator and an electric grill, knows the pleasant graciousness of mother's uninterrupted presence, even though she be the breakfast-maker. Everything can be done right at the table, without flurry or trouble, for even an electric hot-plate, with its single cooking surface, will prepare the breakfast eggs, or fry or broil or boil at will. If one goes farther and invests in the cooker shown in Figure 5, no less than four cooking operations may be carried on at once, including the making of the toast. This particular electric stove was illustrated in an earlier issue of Everywoman's Equipment Kitchen, but was, for a time, unprocurable. It is to be had again now, however, and costs ten dollars.

Fig 5.—A whole stove on the table.

Still another valuable little device is the immersion heater, shown in Fig. 3. It can be attached to any electric outlet, and when a hot drink is required, or baby's food needs warming, the polished little heater is simply slipped into the glass or small container, immersed right in the liquid to be heated, and left for a few moments, to work its magic. Can greater comfort be imagined in case of illness, where small quantities of hot water or milk are required every few hours or when baby's meal hours arrive? Day or night, the simple, quick-working little heater will prove itself a boon, and even the Man of the House will learn to depend on it at shaving time.

The electric iron (Fig. 9) has possibly no rival for favor if one could have but a single choice. Clean, smooth, speedy and so infinitely cool by comparison, it is ready in a couple of minutes to commence to iron the whole laundry or to press a crushed blouse or limp ruffle or even to help the dressmaker, when sewing is the order of the day. It is much the most economical way to do the family ironing, for it will cost but six cents an hour on a ten cent kilowatt rate, and although there is variety in the rate in various localities, no other fuel will meet this figure Then, too, much more can be accomplished in the time—no changing of irons, no waiting for more heat or to cool off a too-hot iron; nothing to do but remove or thrust in the plug to regulate your electric iron. If you have no electric current available, a gasoline iron will prove a great help.

We are beginning to realize that the electric fan need not confine its pleasant breeziness to the public restaurant or the railroad train. There are small and medium sized fans costing as low as $4.50 that are a source of the greatest home-comfort. From room to room the fan can follow one's occupation—its gentle air blasts will keep one from feeling the warmth of the kitchen or will make dining, living-room or porch tenable in the hottest weather.

If your house was wired before the many contrivances now so general were taken into consideration and only light sockets were provided, there is no actual necessity for extra wiring. You can purchase a plug that will screw into an ordinary light socket in the dining-room which will have two or three sockets, one of which can be used for lighting purposes, using one strong lamp and leaving the other one or two plugs for the percolator and toaster. If you have a drop light over the dining table, the cords will reach easily. If your light is high, put in a double socket, using one outlet for light and into the other screw the cord of a portable lamp (a cheap one will do excellently). Put a triple socket into the lamp, and attach your appliances at will. This would probably over strain your fuse, but any electrician or a representative of your power company can put in a higher fuse for you if you explain what appliances you want to use and all danger of blowing out your fuse will be prevented.

Fig. 8. Waitress tray and table in one.

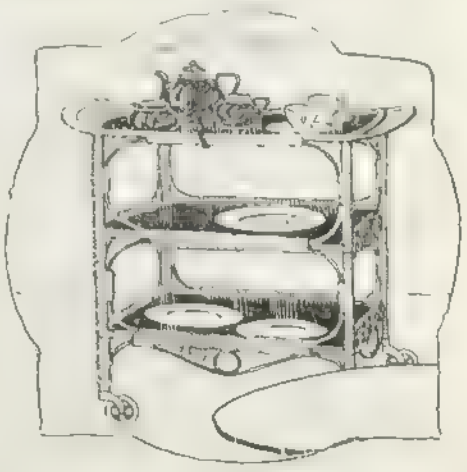
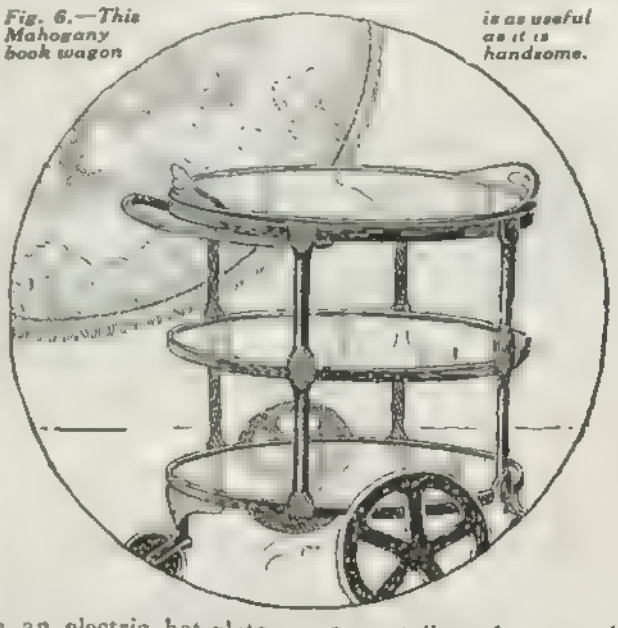


Fig. 6.—This Mahogany book wagon is as useful as it is handsome.

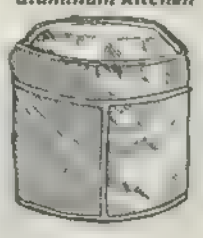


To leave the kitchen for the verandah—where every available summer minute is spent by the family—are its comforts and conveniences all they might be? Too little importance is given the part of the home which is for three months the general family haven.

Delightful furniture of wicker, Japanese grass and other light and inviting materials has caught the attention of the best designers and manufacturers. Their possibilities are legion—and their cost astonishingly low. The porch that has a long, well-shaped settee, some deep comfy chairs, and a table after the type of the group in Fig. 4, is a place in which to spend luxuriously comfortable hours and to entertain one's friends amid delightful surroundings. Additions such as a tall or low portable lamp, long flower boxes, stools and tea-wagons, tempt one still further. With light and pretty cushions of chintz or colored linens, one may work out truly delightful effects. And when fall winds drive the gay and pleasant porch-life indoors, be it whispered that this same furniture will take on an atmosphere as "cosy" as it had been light and airy—merely by a different treatment of cushions, selecting now a cretonne or denim in warm, rich colors, carrying out the living-room color scheme. Or the cheery sun-room may welcome the further bright suggestion of the summer furnishings, just as they are.

Fig. 9.—Smooths worries, too, on ironing day.

This roll holds a whole "aluminum kitchen"



To speak again of the tea-wagon—its joys will never be really understood until one has wheeled it out, daintily complete with the afternoon tea equipage to serve one's gathered guests and again, laden with the luncheon or tea for the family, prepared early, and transported so easily and expeditiously to the porch. Fig. 8 shows one of the most attractive tea wagons, at $22.50; they can be had as low as $10.00.

On the same principle is a book-wagon (Fig. 6) and its tendency to keep the books and papers and magazines gathered in one place, is one that is thoroughly appreciated. A cool evening, that causes the family to drift indoors will see the book-wagon wheeled along, in companionable fashion. A sudden storm—one minute puts the summer reading-matter out of danger. Neatness over-rules the wandering tendencies of books and papers, and does it so diplomatically that the only impression given is one of added comfort and convenience.

The aluminum camp-kit illustrated in fig 10, is a most ingenious outfit. It contains every utensil needed for the picnic meal. A neat rolled bag of canvas—inside it, a covered pot—in it another—and so on, until when they are unpacked, the whole array spreads itself, a truly complete and capable equipment. And when the meal is over and the clearing up is done, back they all fit, a nest of holiday-makers, sacred to the joys of picnics—and quite ready for the next one.

Fig. 10—Everything ready for the picnic.

Salads For Summer Days

Out of Our War Gardens

By MARJORIE DALE

THERE really is nothing like plenty of green stuff as our grandmothers used to say, to keep folks well in summer time, and salads may be so tempting that the plainest meal they accompany will be enjoyable.

When energy flags in the hot weather and the end of the day finds one "just too tired to eat," something new and cool will often tempt an appetite.

Salad vegetables should be young and as fresh as possible and these we may have from our garden. They should be thoroughly cleansed, but not left in water too long as it will harden them. After washing them, the green stuff should be shaken and left to dry, lettuce may be wiped

In salad making of first importance are good ingredients, along with the fresh green stuff, good oil and pure vinegar. Inferior oil will spoil any salad. It is not necessary to have fresh and green things for all salads; fresh, cooked or any left overs are equally good.

Rub the salad bowl well with either raw onion or a cut clove of garlic. It lends the salad a piquant taste, making it a dish fit for the Gods and more nutritious for human beings.

Summer Salad

ONE large crown squash, 1 cupful cold cooked string beans, 1 cupful dried celery, 1 minced green pepper, mayonnaise dressing, 1 cupful tuna fish, 2 tomatoes, 2 hard cooked eggs, French dressing, 1 head lettuce.

Peel squash, boil or steam gently until tender, scoop out seeds and centre, while still warm cover with French dressing and allow it to marinate until thoroughly chilled. Then lightly mix together, fish, celery, string beans and green pepper. Moisten with French dressing. Fill the squash with this mixture and place on lettuce bed. Lay slices of hard cooked egg and sliced tomato alternately overlapping around edge, garnish the whole with mayonnaise and parsley.

Stuffed Tomato Salad

TOMATOES, 1 cream cheese, 1 teaspoonful chopped onion, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, 1 can pimentos, 2 finely chopped olives, salt, paprika.

Peel tomatoes, scoop out insides, sprinkle cavity with salt, invert and chill. Mash cream cheese and pimentos and olives finely chopped—mix well then add onion and parsley, salt and paprika to taste. Stuff tomatoes with mixture and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

Jellied Chicken and Egg Salad

COOK 1½ cupfuls chicken stock or water with a finely chopped onion, 1 chopped red pepper, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Cook 3 eggs hard and cool. Soak in enough cold water to cover 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin. Add the hot stock to the gelatine and when thoroughly dissolved pour into oblong welted mould to the depth of ½ inch. Set on ice till stiffened. Then arrange slices of hard cooked egg in jelly. Then add the remainder of the egg and 2 cupfuls diced chicken to the hot stock and pour all into mould. Chill and serve in slices with salad dressing, either with or without lettuce.

Ring Around a Rose Salad

FOUR large sweet apples, 2 cupfuls diced celery, 1 quart of yellow tomatoes, lettuce, 1 large red tomato, mayonnaise, French dressing, ripe olives.

Peel the yellow tomatoes and let them stand in French dressing for 30 minutes. Chop the apple and celery together very fine; moisten well with mayonnaise and pile on lettuce leaves. Surround with yellow tomatoes and decorate with red tomato cut in sections.

Green Pea and Cheese Salad

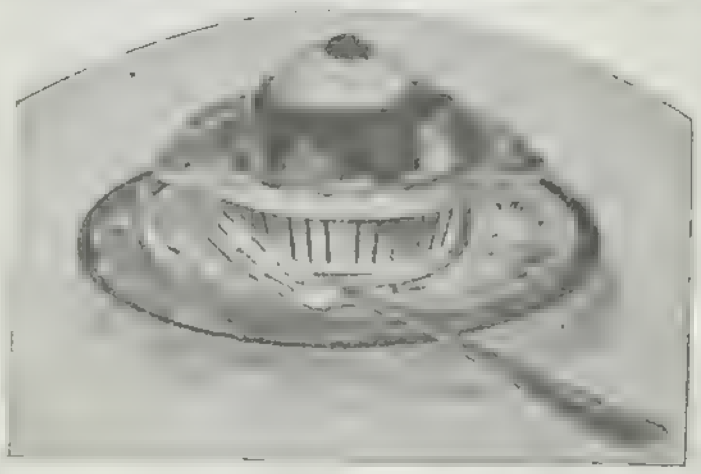
ONE-AND-A-HALF cupfuls Canadian cheese, 4 pickles, paprika, lettuce, French dressing, eight olives, salt, cream, water cress, horse radish, 1½ cupful green peas.

Dice cheese, mix with chopped olives and the pickles sliced. Add dash of salt and paprika and enough cream to moisten. Line a shallow salad bowl with lettuce and water cress, dressed with French dressing, to which a little grated horse radish has been added. Place the cheese in the centre and surround with cooked green peas.

Green Pea and Walnut Salad

ONE can or 2 cupfuls fresh green boiled peas, 1 cupful chopped walnut meats, crispy lettuce, French dressing, 1 cupful mayonnaise.

Prepare lettuce, marinate with French dressing, line salad with it, mix peas and nut meats together with mayonnaise. Pile in salad bowl. Sprinkle with nuts and garnish with cress.



Stuffed Tomato Salad

Cabbage Salad

ONE small head cabbage, 2 carrots, 1 cupful nut meats chopped, 1 tablespoonful onion juice, 1 green pepper, French dressing, lettuce leaves.

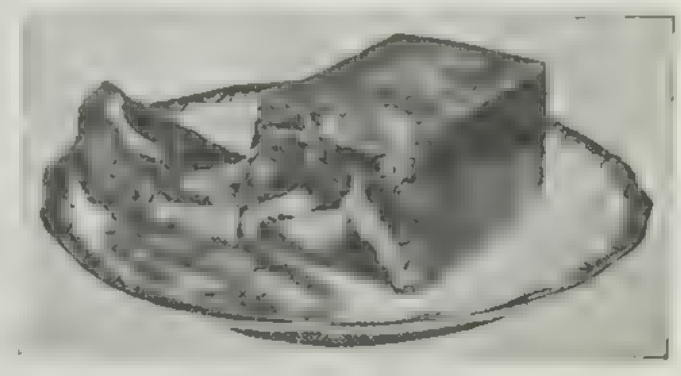
Wash and cut cabbage in thin pieces and let stand one hour in cold salt water. Remove, wash and mix with a little French dressing, chop green pepper and add. Just before serving mix in nuts and add onion juice. Serve on individual lettuce beds with grated carrot over top of each.

Celery and Cream Cheese Salad

ONE bunch celery, 2 green peppers, 1 cream cheese, 4 olives, lettuce, mayonnaise.

Prepare celery, by separating pieces from stalk. Wash. String. Fill with cream cheese and set on ice. Wash green peppers, remove seeds and chop fine, shred lettuce, mix in green peppers and add 3 tablespoonfuls French dressing. Mix well, place lettuce on individual plates. Cut celery into inch pieces. Pile on lettuce, add olives chopped. Pour mayonnaise over whole.

Jellied Chicken



Potato Salad No. 1

SIX large potatoes, ½ cupful olive oil, ½ tablespoonful salt, 1 large onion, ½ cupful vinegar, ½ cupful water, ¼ cupful sugar, pepper.

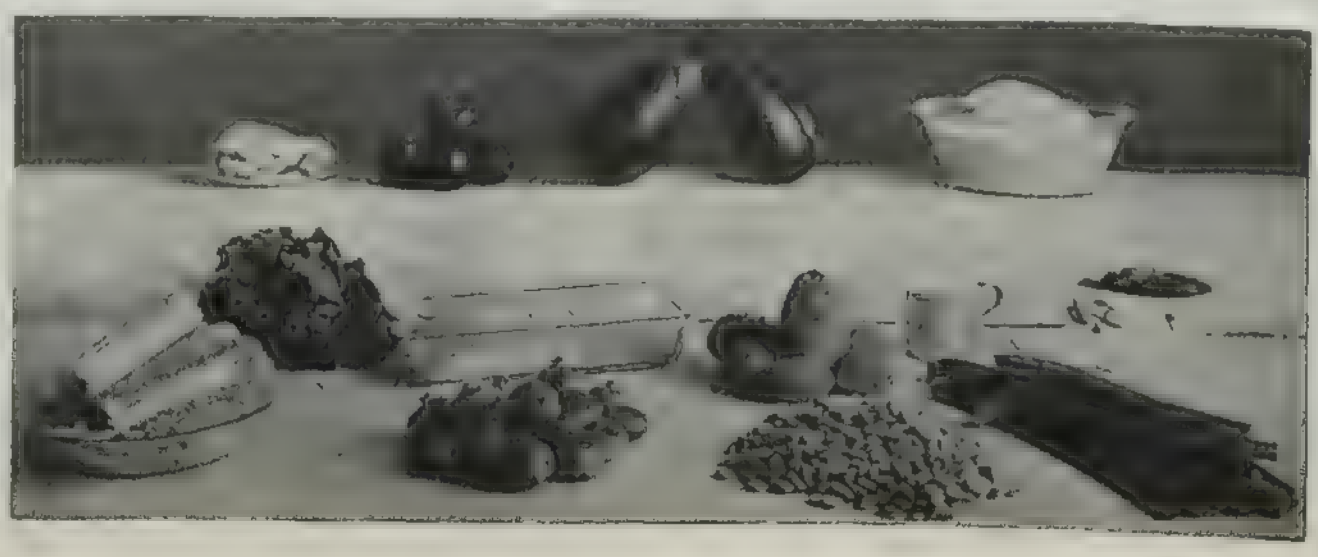
Put potatoes on to boil in jackets when cold peel and slice.

Put oil in pan and when warm add onion which has been finely chopped and cook till tender. Do not brown. When onion is tender, add vinegar, water, sugar, salt and pepper to taste. When all is mixed thoroughly and heated add potatoes. Remove from fire, cool and chill. Serve on lettuce beds.

Potato Salad No. 2

ANY cold left over potatoes, 1 onion finely chopped, lettuce, 1 green pepper, 2 hard cooked eggs, mayonnaise, chopped celery if handy.

Cube potatoes, add onion, mix well and let stand half hour on ice. Then add green pepper chopped, hard boiled eggs finely chopped. Mix well with mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaves.



Macaroni Salad

BOIL 1 package macaroni in boiling salted water till tender, then rinse it with cold water. Cut into short lengths. Place half of it in a jar in vinegar in which beets have been pickled. Let remain until colored pink. Line a salad dish with crispy lettuce leaves and arrange pink and white macaroni alternately. Garnish with parsley and serve with a boiled dressing.

Fish Salad

COLD cooked fish, left over green peas, French dressing, sliced cucumbers, beets, water cress, lettuce.

Flake fish, mix with cucumbers, beets and French dressing. Turn into salad bowl on lettuce bed. Serve decorated with water cress and lettuce hearts in the centre. Serve with mayonnaise.

Stuffed Tomato Salad

FIRM round tomatoes, pimentos, olives, ham, French dressing, whipped cream, lettuce leaves.

Select tomatoes. Cut slice from top of each, remove seeds and the pulp. Mix pulp of tomato with ham, chopped pimentos, olives and French dressing. Divide mixture into tomato shells and chill. At serving time cover tomato with whipped cream seasoned with salt and paprika to taste. Serve each in crispy lettuce bed.

Stuffed Tomatoes

FIRM tomatoes, onion juice, celery, any cold left over meat, salad dressing.

Cut slice from top of each tomato, remove seeds and the pulp. Mix pulp with cold meat which has been finely chopped. Add onion juice, chopped celery, salt and pepper to taste. Thoroughly mix with salad dressing. Fill tomatoes with the mixture. Serve each on crispy lettuce bed and pour dressing over all.

Asparagus Salad

ONE bunch asparagus, French dressing, lettuce leaves, Canadian cream cheese, walnut meats.

Cook asparagus till tender. Chill and cut off hard part of stalk. Place on individual lettuce leaves. Pour over French dressing and serve with cheese balls.

Mix cheese with a little butter, form into balls and roll in chopped walnuts.

Banana and Walnut Salad

THREE bananas, English walnuts chopped, 1 teaspoonful sugar, lettuce leaves, cream dressing, 1 tablespoon cream.

Mix cream dressing with cream and sugar. Peel and cut bananas into halves lengthwise. Place one half banana on lettuce leaf, pour over it a generous spoonful dressing, sprinkle with walnut meats or dip each half banana in mayonnaise, roll in chopped walnuts and serve on lettuce leaves.

Berkeley Salad

ONE cupful diced pineapple, 2 cupfuls diced oranges, 1 cupful diced bananas, ½ cupful sugar, 1 cupful pineapple juice, 1 cupful hot water, 3 tablespoonfuls corn starch.

Mix corn starch and sugar and pour over them, stirring constantly, the hot water. Cook directly over fire from five to ten minutes. Remove from the stove, add pineapple juice and lemon juice, cool. Prepare fruit. Pour dressing over the salad and serve upon individual plates, garnish with grape leaves.

Summer Salad

ONE cupful diced cucumbers, 1 cupful diced celery, 1 cupful diced radishes, 1 cupful cream dressing, 1 dozen good sized lettuce leaves, ¼ grated onion.

Select firm fresh vegetables, place in cold water half hour. Peel cucumbers and cut in ½ inch cubes, wash and scrape celery and free from coarse fibre, cube, wash and brush radishes, cube without peeling. Cleanse lettuce, slice very finely. Prepare grated onion. Mix with vegetables. Blend together with dressing. Serve upon lettuce leaves on individual plates.

Tomato and Cauliflower Salad

FIRM tomatoes, lettuce leaves, 1 cooked cauliflower, French dressing, cream dressing.

Scald and peel tomatoes, cut into quarters, arrange them in a circle on lettuce leaves with a floweret of cold cooked cauliflower which has been marinated for half an hour in French dressing. Serve with cream dressing.

What the Food Scarcity Means and the Reasons for New Food Regulations

Conservation Chat from Ottawa

By ISHBEL M. ROSS
Educational Division, Canada Food Board

HAVE you adopted voluntary war rations yet, or are you still philandering along, saving perhaps in a desultory fashion, with no definite scheme and without having any practical way of finding out how much you are saving?

Supposing you get down to business! It's the only satisfactory way to solve the question of food saving. It's a matter for pad and pencil. The best brand of patriot is the practical patriot. Instead of criticizing the Government, the Food Board, the grocer and everyone else you can conveniently aim a brick at, wouldn't it be wise to sweep the snow from your own doorstep and have a heart to heart talk with yourself as a housewife?

You are such an important person nowadays! This is no flattery. It is fact. Farmer and Housewife hand in hand, will be working for years to retrieve the terrible food shortage which is every day becoming more serious in Europe. The Farmer to produce; the Housewife to save. Each one supplementing the work of the other.

It's a big responsibility. The food shortage for as long as it lasts, is definitely determining woman's sphere. You must save and you must produce food. There's no shirking an issue that grips the vitals of a nation. There are starving women and children in Europe to-day. In Russia women are being sold for bags of flour. Never was human life held so cheap or food more precious.

You must know then where you stand to-day and decide whether you are doing all that you might to alleviate the situation.

The Food Board's War Budget

"I HAD no idea I was such a sinner," exclaimed one capable housewife the other day when she saw for the first time the One Week's War Budget issued by the Canada Food Board. "Really when I saw that budget and compared it with my bills I got quite a shock, for I was rather pluming myself on how much I was managing to save. I had no idea I was so wide of the mark, but I have already mended my ways and am running my house on different lines."

That is just the point! There are a number of women who are extremely anxious to do what they should in saving and who have really done away with all forms of waste, but are ignorant of the exact quantities they should use. "Give it to us in pounds and dozens," they ask in their bewilderment.

Very well! To all such we would say—just write to the Canada Food Board asking for "One Week's Budget," and you will get the whole thing in "pounds and dozens." To further guide you, a digest of the regulations issued for public eating houses is published along with this article. Cut it out and paste it up in the kitchen. Study it every day. Make it your kitchen law. Soon you will become familiar with the regulations and your household machinery will run just as smoothly as before, the only difference being that you will be saving wheat, meat, sugar and fats—the things which we are primarily asked to save. Instead of calling out for compulsory rationing, put yourself on voluntary rations, strictly observing all the regulations issued from Ottawa. Then you will be genuinely helping the cause in which you are so interested.

Canada's Foremost Women on Conservation

WHAT do Canada's best known women think about it? Listen to some of their own personal declarations:

"Where the Food Board points the way, there I am ready to go. I am sure the women of Canada are with me in this. We have but to be told what is most needed and we are ready to do it. I think if the gravity of the food situation could be brought home to the people of Canada—if they could see some of the misery in Europe—if they could but know how much help their individual sacrifice was going to be—they would do everything that lay within their power to save and economize."—Her Excellency the Duchess of Devonshire.

"If all information at hand can be relied upon, something akin to famine threatens the population of allied countries, and we should, out of our abundance, make instant response."—Lady Foster (wife of Minister of Trade and Commerce).

"If all the women of Canada realized the danger of famine, they would not waste. They must save and produce with all their might. There was never a time when they had a better chance to do great work than now, and their service lies in field and kitchen."—Mrs. Martin Burrell, wife of the Secretary of State.

"A great deal has been accomplished in food saving during the last year, but we haven't begun to feel the pinch yet. We have a long road to travel before we can begin to boast of what we have done. There is still a terrible inequality of sacrifice. Therefore, it seems that there is only one thing to do, and that is for each of us to save all we can and produce all we can, realizing humbly how little it is and how inadequate, as compared with the sacrifice of our kin in Britain and our Allies on the continent."—Lady Hearst, wife of the Premier of Ontario.

"I think the sooner people realize that we are not going to have compulsory rationing in Canada the better. We have got to feel that individual responsibility rests on each of us to put ourselves on voluntary rations. Every family should do it now."—Mrs. N. W. Rowell, wife of the President of the Privy Council.

"The war has done us good in many ways. Before it broke out women were simply straining to get ahead of each other, both in clothes and entertainment. Each one tried to outdo the other in the refreshments she served at functions. Now we are straining rather towards simplicity and it is better for us all. It will mean the building up of a new womanhood."—Mrs. Arthur Meighen, wife of the Minister of the Interior.

What the Papers Tell You

ARE you reading the papers these days? If not, you are failing in your duty for there isn't a paper of any kind you open that is not filled with the question of food conservation, food production or food something or other. If you are going to be fully alive to Europe's need and to your own responsibility in the matter it is essential that you read the papers.

"I should like to see the people of Canada so interested in the all-important question of food conservation that they will look in the daily papers this summer for crop and weather news before they think of their favorite sporting page," says Mr. Thomson, Chairman of the Canada Food Board. "The progress of the wheat crop is of far greater import to us to-day than the fluctuations of the stock market."

This to the men, but it is advice that the women may take to heart too, even if they do not gobble up the sporting pages wholesale. But to the women, Mr. Thomson adds: "Cut out the telephone and go marketing. Make every effort to produce more and you will soon see the effect on the market. We must pay the price of this war and we do not yet know what the final price will be. At any rate the public can feel that we have practically eliminated speculation in foodstuffs."

Conservation Regulations About Meat

Beef and veal may be served at evening meals only.

No beef and veal may be served on Wednesday or Friday.

Pork may be served at morning meal only on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday.

Pork may be served at noon meal only on Monday and Saturday.

Pork may not be served on Wednesday or Friday at any meal.

Wheat Food Regulations

Not more than one ounce of wheat or product of wheat shall be served at the mid-day meal.

Substitutes shall be served whenever white bread is served.

No public eating house shall serve to any person more than 1 ounce of wheat bread, or any product made wholly or in part of wheaten flour, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 11.30 a.m.; 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m.; and 9. p.m. and 5.30 a.m. except under special license.

No more than 2 ounces of standard flour bread or rolls shall be served to one person.

No more than 2 ounces of any product made from standard flour shall be served to one person.

No more than 4 ounces of bread or other product made from bran, corn, oats, barley or other flour at any one meal to one person.

Bread as a garnish except under poached eggs is prohibited.

Wheat flour dumplings in pot pies, meat stews or soups are prohibited.

Meat and Game Portions

Meat and game shall not be served in larger amounts per person than the following portions weighed after cooking, not including bone. Beef, 8 ounces; veal, 6 ounces; mutton and lamb 6 ounces; fresh pork, 6 ounces; pickled pork, 8 ounces; venison and other wild meats, 8 ounces, bacon, 4 ounces; ham, 4 ounces.

Only one serving of meat or other flesh or fowl per person shall be served at any meal.

Fats

Not more than ½ ounce of butter or oleomargarine may be served except upon special request, and then not more than ½ ounce additional may be given.

Sugar

Not more than two teaspoonsful or equal weight of cane sugar shall be served for the purpose of sweetening beverages.

Shove the Idlers Out

A FEW weeks ago the Government of Canada passed an anti-loafer law. It provided that "all persons domiciled in Canada shall, in the absence of reasonable grounds to the contrary, engage in useful occupations."

This is of the first importance to the women of Canada. It means that they have got to get busy rounding up those idlers and sending them packing where they belong—on the land. There are numerous kinds of idlers—the tramp, the professional pauper, the loafer, the "sport," the hobo, the man who is holding a woman's job.

In Europe the women have amply demonstrated that they can do practically every kind of work. They haven't been called upon to fight, although the famous Battalion of Death showed that even this was not beyond them.

The women of Canada have barely got into the swim yet. There are a few farmerettes and bee-keepers and poultry-raisers—but relatively few.

Now is the time to get into everything that means increased production or the release of men for the farms. Don't you feel a quiver of shame to be served behind a counter by a husky, able-bodied youth? Perhaps it's a bottle of perfume you are buying in a drug store or a skein of thread somewhere else. Aren't you indignant to go into a restaurant and see numbers of young waiters hanging around?

These are the men, and others of their kind, that you must rout out for the national honor and in order that Canada MAY KEEP ITS WORD in sending across the sea the wheat that was promised. At the present time we are falling behind. The exports of wheat from this continent since January 1st have been far below the 18,000,000 bushels monthly which were promised. Unless you hurry up and use your influence in sending men out on the farms, or oust them from their positions wherever necessary, then you are breaking faith with your country. Despite the operation of the Military Service Act, there are to-day thousands of men in Canada, who might be usefully employed in productive work, yet who are simply helping to eat up our food supplies without raising a finger to augment them. The responsibility to remedy this state of affairs is yours in large measure. Remember—there is a severe penalty for the man who idles and by notifying the municipal or provincial authorities you can get him promptly disposed of, if you happen to know of a likely case.

Let the Potato Help

WHAT are you doing about potatoes? Do you know that when you eat a potato you are giving a slice of bread to a hungry child overseas? It's simple enough for you who have never known what it is to want bread.

Just supposing that for six whole weeks you went without bread! You never have—but it would be an interesting experiment. At the end of that time you would begin to know the A B C of the misery of Europe to-day. Well, you are not asked to go without bread. You ARE asked to go without white bread, however. There is no excuse for you using any white bread. You have substitutes. In the name of humanity, use them! One woman wanted to know the other day why the French could not have corn bread as well as we. Did she know that practically the entire male population of France is engaged in transportation, the manufacture of munitions or actual military operations and that essential trades like agriculture have to be carried on by the women. Why should they have to leave the field or factory and go home to spend an hour a day baking bread that is good only when fresh, bread to which they are unaccustomed, and for which they have not the fuel? In France most of the bread is baked at the bakers. At present a mixed loaf is produced of seventy-five to eighty parts wheat and twenty to twenty-five parts rye-flour, barley and corn. The ration is now below sixteen ounces a day.

Then why not send to the women of France the white flour while we use potatoes, cornmeal, rye and other substitutes? There is an abundance of potatoes in Canada, They can be used in bread and in potato cakes. They rank pre-eminent among vegetables and can be prepared in a great many ways. They are nourishing, wholesome, palatable. Best of all—they are satisfactory substitutes for wheat.

As was expected, the gardening output of the country is tremendous this year. Sixty clubs, representing 10,000 workers, are co-operating with the Food Board, and a record is being kept of the amount of truck produced. This is a scheme that might be tried out in the individual war garden. It will be interesting to arrive at a definite estimate of what your garden has been worth.

Normal Wheat Production and Consumption

Country	Millions of Bushels	Country	Millions of Bushels
Russia	Produces 727	Germany	Produces 160
	Consumes 599		Consumes 228
United States	Produces 705	Argentina	Produces 156
	Consumes 589		Consumes 55
India	Produces 370	Spain	Produces 123
	Consumes 310		Consumes 127
France	Produces 324	Australia	Produces 89
	Consumes 379		Consumes 37
Austria-Hungary	Produces 247	Roumania	Produces 88
	Consumes 246		Consumes 34
Canada	Produces 229	British Isles	Produces 61
	Consumes 118		Consumes 282
Italy	Produces 191	Other Countries	Produce 353
	Consumes 250		Consume 569

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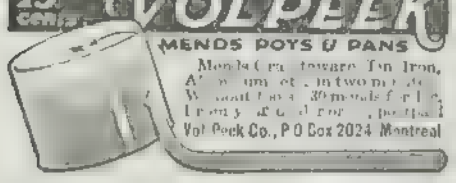

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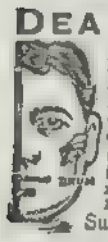

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Ask for Booklet—"Home Canning by the one Period Cold-Pack Method."

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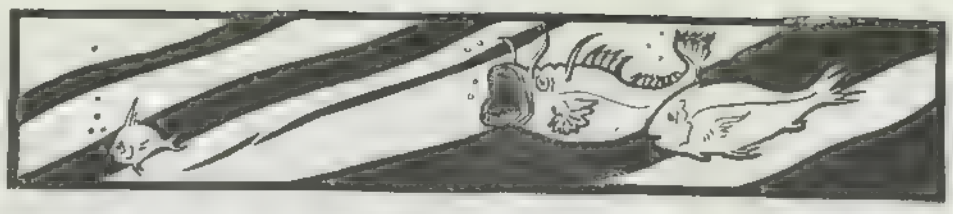


Cooling Drinks and Ices

For Hot Days In July

WITH the coming of the hot summer days, the desire for frozen desserts and cooling drinks comes also, and the housekeeper who possesses her own ice-cream freezer and a few good and varied recipes need not depend on a caterer to give her family what they most crave and at a very small expenditure, while she has the advantage of knowing that her materials are pure and wholesome.

The first essential in making good ice-cream is the freezer. First decide what sized freezer will be best adapted for household needs; naturally for a small family a large one would not be economical, but do not select one too small.

There are splendid and convenient freezers put on the market now—but it is best to study them before making a purchase. Be sure, at any rate, if you get one of the revolving kind, to purchase one of a standard make, of which the parts are interchangeable, so that in case of accident the whole machine may not be wasted but the damaged parts may be replaced. There are also freezers which require no manual labor in order to do their work, and many people will prefer one of this type.

Observe the following rules.

Have mixture to be frozen thoroughly cold before placing it in the freezer can.

Have ice and salt in proper proportions, one part salt, three parts ice and thoroughly mixed.

Do not draw off the salt water until work is completed.

If fresh fruit is to be added to the ice cream, partly freeze the cream, then add the fruit and see that it is finely crushed before adding.

Let the most scrupulous attention be given to freezer before and after use, that it may be in perfect condition next time it is needed.

For the punches and summer drinks use the freshest fruits. If desired, these drinks may also be frozen and served as an ice.

In these times syrups and honey may often be used instead of sugar and so in this way you may save and serve.

Fruit Punch

TWO cupfuls strawberry juice, 1 cupful sugar, 1 lemon, 3 oranges, 2 cupfuls cold water, 1 cupful canned cherries, 1 cupful cherry liquor, 1 cupful raspberries, ice.

Pour strawberry juice over sugar, stirring till dissolved, then add strained juice of lemon and oranges, cold water, cherries and juice. Place on ice and allow to ripen three hours, at serving time add two cupfuls chopped ice and ripe raspberries.

Peach Moonshine

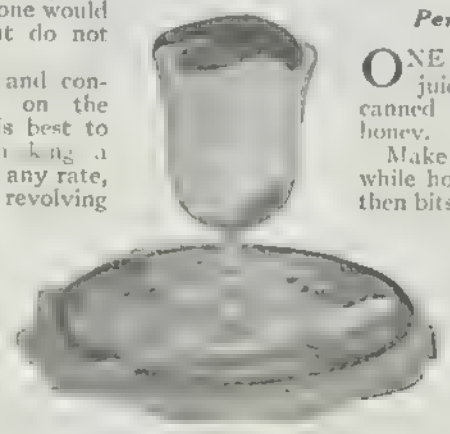
THREE egg whites, 6 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, 3 ripe peaches, ¼ teaspoonful almond extract.

Beat up the whites to a stiff froth (the yolks may be used for salad dressing). Add sugar and beat fifteen minutes, then add peaches peeled and diced, and almond extract. Fill dainty glasses ¾ full with mixture, chill, just before serving fill with sweetened whipped cream and top with a strip of peach.

Raspberry Jelly

ONE small box raspberries, 1 cupful powdered sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls gelatine, whipped cream.

Pick over raspberries, sprinkle with sugar, allow to stand till sugar is melted. Crush through colander. There should be a pint of juice; if not, add water to make a pint of liquid. Dissolve gelatine in a cupful of warm water, stir in fruit juice, put into refrigerator to harden. When serving place cubes of gelatine in a tall glass with a layer of whipped cream or beaten egg white, and on top of layers the jelly. Pour raspberry juice over whole.



Delicious Peach Moonshine

Ginger Ale Punch

THREE oranges, one lemon, one cupful tea, 1 pint ginger ale, one pint charged water.

Squeeze juice out of oranges and lemon, mix in the tea and sweeten with honey. Add ginger ale and charged water. Pour all over cracked ice.

Perfection Iced Tea

ONE quart freshly made tea, juice 2 lemons, juice of any canned fruit, sweeten with honey.

Make one quart of fresh tea, while hot add lemon juice and then bits of lemon peel. Sweeten to taste with honey. Pour over cracked ice and add any fruit or any combinations of fresh or canned fruits.

Iced Coffee

MAKE fresh strong coffee, add equal amount of scalded milk and cream mixed. Sweeten to taste, chill and serve on cracked ice with a spoonful of whipped cream.

Peach Ice Cream

TWO cupfuls milk, ½ teaspoonful almond flavoring, 1 cupful thick cream, 2 cupfuls peach pulp, 1½ cupfuls sugar or syrup, pinch salt.

Scald milk, add cream, sugar and salt, and allow mixture to cool. Flavor and half freeze, then add the peach pulp and finish freezing. Pack down closely in a can set aside before using.

Coffee Ice Cream

ONE pint milk, 2/3 cupful sugar, 2 eggs, 2 heaping tablespoonfuls ground coffee, 1 cupful cream.

Bring milk and coffee slowly to a scalding point, placing them in a double boiler. Beat the eggs. Pour scalding hot milk over them through a strainer so as to keep back coffee grounds. Return to saucepan, add sugar, cook till like custard. Cool, add cream, freeze and pack.

What is more cooling than a Good Fruit Punch?

Maple Ice Cream

ONE cupful milk, 2 eggs, ¾ cupful maple syrup, 1 cupful cream. Scald milk in double boiler, add syrup, pour over well-beaten eggs, return all to double boiler, cook until thick. Strain, cool, add cream, freeze.

Cafe Parfait

ONE cupful water, one cupful coffee, 1 cupful sugar, whites 2 eggs, 1½ cupfuls whipped cream.

Let sugar and water boil five minutes, then having beaten egg-whites till stiff, pour this boiling syrup over, beating constantly. When cold add coffee and whipped cream. Blend all thoroughly, turn into mold, cover closely and bury in ice.

Pineapple Lemonade

ONE cupful pineapple juice, 1 cupful boiling water, juice 2 lemons, 2 cupfuls iced water, 4 tablespoonfuls sugar.

Mix pineapple, lemon juice and sugar, add boiling water, cool, add ice water, strain and serve.

Grape Nectar

BOIL one small cupful syrup in half pint water until thickens. Remove from fire. When cool add juice of 4 lemons, 1 quart grape juice. Let stand several hours. Serve with ice water or plain soda.

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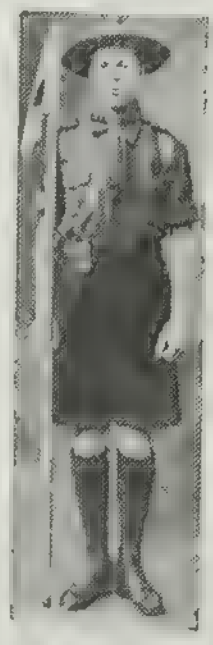

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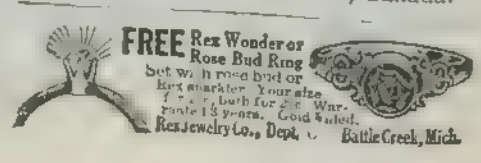

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Fashion Forecasts For July

By

HELEN CORNELIUS

WITH the same mysterious magic, that transforms the cuddled cocoon into a glorious winged, opalescent vision, summer, warm and glowing has emerged, gently but firmly, from the long, cold grip of a relentless winter and with it have come flocks of frocks amazing in their diversified charms, truly things of beauty and a joy for the fortunate wearers.

Plans for the present and approaching months may extend to giddy mountain heights, by the turbulent sea waves, or down in the valley of plain paved streets and plenty of work, but whither thou goest, will these chic, fresh frocks follow to lighten the burdens of sunburn and freckles that the summer months are heir to.

True to tradition, the fashion profs predictions of a summer of cottons, frills and French ginghams, quaint perky sashes and transparent chapeaux have all materialized, and far surpassed all preconceived notions of charm and originality, both in color and line. After six months or more in the confines of the stiff, starchy uniform of the Red Cross or munition worker or the tailored garb of the ordinary fashionable woman (not necessarily of the leisure class, for the torch of that type of woman flickered out four years ago), thoughts of fresh cool looking organdie, fine voiles, printed chiffons, dimities and erstwhile utilitarian ginghams, percale and calico, are to say the least welcome. Not that thoughts and things for soldiers' comforts are to be packed in camphor balls for the season, but the stern system of regular and certain hours work that prevailed when the temperature was low relaxes a trifle, and the nimble knitting hands fly faster when the sun beats down and becoming comfortable costumes accompany the hours of willing toil.

The distracting vision of slim lines is still discernable and shades delicate, and colors blatant, that literally shriek forth their gayety by way of breaking the monotony of olive, drab, navy blue and cold steel-gray have centred their attractions in yarn trimmed garden hats, fluted and frilled garnished dresses and daring sports coats and voluminous capes.

Wool sweaters have been segregated in army camps, rat-run trenches, and camouflaged guardians of the sea as bosom companions to the home hungry heroes of 1918, and the formerly indispensable white summer skirt plays only part time to-day with the accepted wool sweater substitute, the sleeveless jacket of jersey, velveteen, khaki-kool, satin, sports silk, trico or linen crash. For sports of general utility wear, the short jacket is demanded, but for afternoon and evening garden party wear over delicate, dreamy dresses, long sleeveless coats in serge, gabardine, or satin are being worn, and the color left to one's individual discretion with particular attention paid to the selection in order to insure harmony in color with as many summer frocks as possible. Silk sweaters in slip over or coat styles have been recalled again as another compensation for a wool-less wardrobe. As formerly, they are worn with skirts of baronette satin, vyella cloth, hair-lines, striped in black, sun pleated, oyster-white or natural pongee, khaki kool, and linen.

Although the season gives promise of keeping to the conventional in costumery, touches of originality in the tying of a sash, the combination of hitherto unmated materials, and the use of many that have long seen service in the nursery and kitchen, proclaim the spirit of the times that tends to economy, practicality and rejuvenated common sense.

Organdie, and the multitudinous modes that it has been called to serve, would fill a blue book of fashions. Hats, lovely picturesque ones, with frill after frill and layer after layer of this sheer transparent fabric, or round bowl affairs like those of a marine, almost austere in their simplicity will help to thrill the summer days. Sashes that stand out of their own accord and because of the starchy stiffness of the material, encircle one's waist and splash in a bow at one's back and then go so far as a whole dress with a hem as wide as the skirt length and finally end in slim long cuffs and very full collars, often finished with a frill, about an inch or so wide, to prove the versatility of conservative organdie.

ONE of the nicest things organdie did this year was to form a dress in pale blue, tucked at each side and corded at the bottom about sixteen rows in all, just a half inch apart, and, inserted, a gilet in pink that ran right down the front of the dress from the neck to the hips, buttoned with tiny white organdie buttons and intercepted at the waistline by a narrow white belt of deer kid that completely encircled the figure.

It also dared to start out in a pale pea green shade, as cool looking as a sea breeze or languishing pines and finish in a dress that followed the popular basque line in the waist and joined the simple shirred skirt with a narrow pleated frill of white organdie; a square neck edged with the same, as were short cap-sleeves, broad apron sash and double ruffled hem.

Voiles and marquisettes are playing second place to their crisper cousin. A delightful yellow marquisette dress, combined with white, that formed the front of the bodice, the skirt as far as the knees and two rows of tabs that continued down either side of the front panel of waist and skirt as far as the connecting point of yellow and white, allowed white organdie to appear on cuffs and collars and navy blue silk for a sash.

Newport and other fashionable summering places, put an indelible "Okeh" on gingham and percale two years ago, and its popularity has increased with association, until to-day it occupies a place in the hearts and on the backs of many, that bids fair for a position of prominence for another season at least. One smart model that met with approval when shown was made of tobacco-brown and white checked gingham, with white collars and cuffs for contrast. White batiste made the deep bertha-like collar and turn back cuffs, trimmed with hemstitching. Narrow piping of plain brown percale outlined the narrow yoke that formed the top of the skirt and ran into a panel at the front of the bodice. A narrow brown suede belt finished the waist line and tiny buttons of the same closed one side of the bodice.

Dresses of this nature, naturally demand picturesque head gear. The soft floppy brims have taken another lease on the summer. Rough straws in brilliant colors and simply trimmed with a few rows of angora wool or ribbon in contrasting shades or white are being shown in the millinery salons. Field flowers in their natural shades worked out in wool and chenille on natural colored flamboyant brims, have found a welcome place in the garden or afternoon lawn tea fete. Organdie hats in shades to match one's dress or just virginal white trimmed with girl-dream ruffles of the same, scalloped on the edges or plain and banded with serge ribbon in the shade to correspond with a filmy frock are being worn in the morning, afternoon or moonlight evenings. Their smart, neat and cool looking appearance have won for them a cosy corner in many feminine hearts. The raison d'etre of summer is obvious when one scans the shops, sometimes to invest in the glories set before one, sometimes to gaze admiringly, and sneak a loving pat on the soft silky fabrics, and sometimes just to turn and run from the temptation that besets one to fall a victim to the bargain bait. But whether the purse leans fat or thin, a little piece of lace, a patch of this, a tab of that, mixed with a little ingenuity and originality, makes the days and summer evenings, a garden of dreams on a desert of common-places.

Everywoman's Make-Over Department

Advice to Correspondents on the Re-Modelling of their Clothes

Ques.—I have a dark green fine serge dress, the skirt of which is box pleated, large pleats and nearly three yards around the bottom. The jumper waist is opened down the front and the dress is not worn in any way, but as it is quite three years old, I am tired of it. Could you suggest a way in which I could have it made over. I cannot have a tight skirt, as I am not able to walk and a tight skirt works up so. The materials one bought a few years ago are so superior to those bought to-day, that it is a shame not to make use of them.—Mrs. E. E. Cudmore, Moose Jaw.

Ans.—As sun or very small knife pleats are so much in evidence this year, permitting comfortable walking expansion and also retaining the fashionable slim silhouetee, we would suggest this style for your dress.

If, after ripping, sponging and pressing your serge, evidences of the original pleats remain, select the best pieces for plain back and front panels about 18 inches wide. The remaining gores would be pleated as suggested for side insertions connected by the back and front plain panels. If so desired, the entire skirt might be sun or knife pleated or black satin used for the pleated side panels as a substitution for the serge.

The waist adapts itself well to the bolero effect in the front, which is also popular this season. A gilet or vest of black satin, finished with little covered button molds of the same, might be introduced and black satin sleeves inserted to correspond. White organdie cuffs and collars would follow as a natural and attractive finish. If the entire skirt is made of the serge, sand colored georgette sleeves, gilet and collar would be very effective and modish.

Should the material, after cleansing, and pressing, not show the original box pleats, a two-piece skirt measuring about two to two and one half yards in width would be more simple but quite satisfactory.

In the latter case the gilet of satin might be permitted to extend down the front of the skirt about 10 inches from the waist and the front of the skirt panel either shirred or plained on to it. A tucked white organdie or cream satin vestee might be successfully substituted for this particular style.

Long tunics are voguish too and if your taste so inclined, one of the serge over a sun or knife pleated underskirt of black satin would be smart. Four or five rows of cording about a half inch apart makes a smart finish for the bottom of the tunic. Black soutache braid or satin pipings used discriminately worked out in a design on the bolero or satin pipings introduced on waist or skirt often have a tendency to improve, as well as trim.

Ques.—In my last summer's wardrobe, I had a lavender and white checked voile dress that is in perfectly good condition at present, but is in need of reconstruction to suit the new lines of the season. Will you advise me of a smart model in which this material might be utilized with a few yards of new material, lace, etc.—Mrs. Hugh Plaunt, Que.

Ans.—The material you mention combined with an extra length of plain lavender voile or organdie makes a pleasing combination for a little summer frock. The waist could be made of the check voile in a slip over, jumper effect that ends at the hip line and cords on to the plain material, or the combination just reversed. By inserting the plain material to form half of the waist or blouse from about ten inches above the belt and as far down on the hips, a smart effect might be artistically obtained. White organdie or fine white voile cuffs and collars studded with white china beads are advised.

If you happen to have an embroidered batiste dress in your wardrobe of previous summers, or any other light filmy fabric that would combine harmoniously with your lavender voile, there is little need to buy new material, for invariably the combination of two past season dresses has prove as great a fashionable triumph as as brand new one. Either a purple velvet ribbon sash, tied in little girl fashion at the back, or a white kid belt is suitable. Lace, fine and filmy could be introduced as ruffles around the collars and cuffs, or in divers ways to suit the individual taste on waist or skirt.

Diverse Styles from Which Distinction Radiates

Pattern 1530—One-Piece Kimono Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1552—Tunic Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 3⅝ yds. 36-in. material with 2⅝ yds. 16-in. flouncing, 2 yds. insertion, 1⅝ yds. 36-in. lining and 2½ yds ribbon.

Pattern 1469—Three-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 1⅞ yds. 36-in. white material with 2¼ yds. 13-in. flouncing and 3½ yds. 36-in. contrasting.

Pattern 1533—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 16, 18 yrs., 36 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 16 requires 2¾ yds. 36-in. light linen with ⅝ yd. 36-in. contrasting. 15 cents.

Pattern 9883—Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 2¼ yds. 44-in. material. 15 cents.

Pattern 1529 Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins bust. Size 36 requires 7 yds. 36-in material with ⅝ yd. 36-in. white goods, 3¼ yds. edging, ½ yd insertion and 2½ yds ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1538—Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yds. 36-in. material with 1⅝ yds. 36-in. contrasting and 1¼ yds. ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1535—Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 16 and 18 yrs., 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1585—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yds. 36-in. material with ⅝ yd. 20-in. contrasting. 15 cents Emb. No. 14347 15 cents.

Pattern 1336—Shirtwaist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yds. 36-in. material. 15 cents.

Pattern 1558—Straight Lower Edge Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist. Size 26 requires 3 yds. 38-in. bordered material. 15 cents.

Pattern 1589—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 4¾ yds. 36-in. material with 7¾ yds. pleating and 4 yds. ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1547—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 18 requires 5⅝ yds. 36-in. bordered material with 1 yd. 36-in. plain material. 15 cents.

TO supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page, we issue quarterly for the benefit of our subscribers—"Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"—a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. The four issues are available to subscribers *only*, with every new or renewal subscription—$1.50—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of the year's packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY

The price of each pattern is 15 cents, this includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you the mails are safe Home patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly and a guide chart accompanies each pattern Orders are filled the same day as they are received When ordering it is important that you write very plainly that you give your name and address the number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns and from our Pattern Department EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD 59 Spadina Ave Toronto, Ont.

Dresses that Can be Made at Home with Small Cost and Little Work

Pattern 1290—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 3¼ yds. 54-in. material with ½ yd. 27 in. contrasting, 2 3-8 yds. insertion, 3½ yds. edging and 2 3-8 yds. 36-in. lining. 15 cents.

Pattern 1541—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 3 3-8 yds. 45-in. material with 5-8 yd. 36-in. contrasting and 5½ yds. edging. 15 cents.

Pattern 1006—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 5¾ yds. 36-in. material with 7-8 yd. 36-in. contrasting and 15¼ yds. velvet ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1074—Coat. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1144—Two or Three-Piece Gathered Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist. 15 cents.

Suit in size 36 bust and 26 waist requires 4 5-8 yds. 54-in. material with ⅝ yd. 36-in. contrasting.

Pattern 1551—Dress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 yrs. Size 14 requires 3¼ yds. 44-in. material with 1 yd. 36-in. contrasting. 15 cents.

Pattern 1549—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 2 7-8 yds. 36-in. figured material with 3 1-8 yds. 36-in. plain material. 15 cents.

Pattern 1477—Coat. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yds. 36-in. material. 15 cents.

Pattern 1338—Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins. bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yds. 36-in. material. 15 cents.

Pattern 1511—Two-Gored Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28 and 30 ins. waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yds. 44-in. material. 15 cents.

Pattern 1543—Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 yrs. Size 16 requires 4 yds. 36-in. material with 7-8 yd. 36-in. contrasting and 1½ yds. ribbon. 15 cents.

Pattern 1467—Blouse. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 ins. bust. 15 cents.

Pattern 1469—Three-Gored Gathered Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 ins. waist. 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 25 waist requires 4¾ yds. 40-in. material. Emb. 14575. 15 cents.

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Can You Knit Socks Two at a Time?

The Women of Australia Do—Here's Their Secret

TWO balls of yarn and one set of needles are used. One thread is held on the right forefinger, in Colonial fashion, and the other on the left forefinger, in the Continental way, see illustration at right. The socks are made one inside the other as may be seen from the illustrations where the outer sock has been turned up to show the other. The two illustrations give the point of view of the worker and that of the pupil.

THE women of Australia have knit over one hundred and fifty thousand pairs of socks by this method. Wind the yarn in two balls. In casting on stitches, use first one thread, then the other, until all stitches are cast on. There should be 40 stitches on the first needle, 40 on the second needle, and 48 on the third.

Be sure to begin a new needle with a different thread from the one the preceding needle ended with. Hold the upper thread on the right hand, Colonial way, the lower thread on the left hand, Continental way. The right-hand thread (R H T) always purls the right-hand or upper st. The left-hand thread (L H T) always knits the lower or left-hand stitch, unless otherwise specified.

Having 128 sts on the three needles, begin the ribbing, which should be four inches in length. Holding the two threads as directed, * purl the right-hand st. Knit the left hand st, * and repeat from * to * once. ** Throw R H T back, knit right-hand st, throw R H T forward. Throw L H T forward, purl left-hand st., throw L HT back. Repeat from ** to ** once.

Repeat these two changes, * to * and ** to ** until four inches of ribbing are completed.

If purling with two threads is found difficult, it might be advisable for the amateur to do the ribbing for the two socks separately. Then join by putting one sock within the other and picking up the stitches alternately—one st from one sock and one st from the other sock until all sts are transferred to the one set of needles.

Purl the upper or R H T and knit the lower, or L H T until sock measures 11 inches.

HEEL.—Take 66 sts on one needle, knit and purl back and forth on these stitches until heel measures about 2½ inches. Always slip the first two stitches when beginning a row. Holding inner side of socks toward you, slip 2 sts knit and purl 36 sts, narrow once with each thread (to narrow, purl the two right-hand stitches together, letting the st which comes between these two slip off the needle, pick it up immediately and knit the two lower sts together), purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St,—turn.

Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 14 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and k 15 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H st, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 18 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 20 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 22 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 24 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 26 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 28 sts, narrow, purl 1 R H St, knit 1 L H St, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 30 sts, narrow, turn. Slip 2 sts, purl and knit 30 sts, narrow, turn. Repeat last two rows until all sts are narrowed off.

Pick up 12 sts, along sides of each heel, purl and knit until the 24 sts are on one needle. This is the first needle. purl and knit sts on next needle, which is the second needle. Pick up 12 sts on eacif of the heels, purl and knit until 24 sts are on one needle, this is the third needle. Divide the 34 sts remaining on upper part of heel, putting 16 sts on first needle and 18 sts on third needle.

Also take 8 sts from second needle and put on first needle and transfer 8 sts from second needle to third needle.

We should now have 50 sts on third needle, 46 sts on second needle, and 48 sts on first needle. Purl and knit one round plain. Purl and knit to within 10 sts of end of first needle, narrow,—purl and knit second needle—purl and knit 6 sts on third needle—narrow.

Continue narrowing in these same places every other round until there are 120 sts on the three needles. Put 40 sts on each needle—purl and knit until foot measures nine inches. Purl and knit 10 sts, narrow, repeat this around. Purl and knit 5 rows. Purl and knit 8 sts, narrow and repeat around. Purl and knit 4 rows. Purl and knit 6 sts, narrow and repeat around. Purl and knit 3 rows. Purl and knit 4 sts, narrow, and repeat around. Purl and knit 2 rows. Purl and knit 2 sts—narrow and repeat around. Purl and knit 1 row. Purl and knit 1 st—narrow, and repeat around. Purl and knit 1 row.

Repeat last two rows until there are 24 sts left on the needles.

Break off the yarn, leaving about seven inches of each thread.

Pull out needles, separate the socks, pick up stitches, and finish with the Kitchener toe; having the 12 sts of each sock divided evenly, 6 sts on each of two needles. Thread a blunt-pointed needle with the yarn, * put needle in first st on upper knitting-needle, as if knitting. Draw through and take off. Put needle in second st of same needle as though purling, and draw through, but do not take off. (Always keep the thread between the two needles.) Put needle in first st on opposite knitting-needle as though purling. Draw through and take off. Put needle through next st on same knitting-needle as though knitting, draw thread through but do not take off *. Repeat from * to * until all sts are taken off. Darn the thread neatly to finish.

Although the illustrations show four steel needles size No. 12, the shorter ivory needles which are now preferred by most workers can be used as well. They are well liked because they soon fit themselves to the worker's hands. They are especially recommended for one who knits too tightly.

The Canadianizing of the West

By MADAM OF ALBERTA

THE "Canadianizing" of the Western Provinces has always been a matter of much concern in the Eastern ones. This does them credit. It shows they are considering the matter from an altruistic standpoint, for when the West becomes a national unit, this unit must control the East politically, in that the East itself has never been Canadianized.

"Where are the foreigners of one hundred years ago?" asks one who has been looking for them. The answer is "In Quebec."

It is true we have a problem here too, but it is not so much a problem of the foreigner as of the undesirable foreigner—that is to say, of the ill-born, ill-bred degenerate who is deficient mentally, physically and spiritually; the foreigner who has been landed on our shores by unscrupulous agents, greedy companies and careless or criminal officials; the foreigner who is to-day filling our asylums, hospitals, prisons, or who, alas! has reproduced himself in sons or daughters who inherit the peculiarities of the parental stock.

In the West we need to discriminate against the foreigners as individuals, rather than as races.

In speaking of this influx of foreigners into America, a great writer pointed out that out of some Italian dust God made Garibaldi, Dante, Savonarola, and Mazzini; out of Polish dust he made Kossuth; from a Jew he made Saul of Tarsus, and even out of the despised Hun whom the Americans counted as the dirt and off-scouring of the earth, God made John Huss and Martin Luther.

"Afraid of new peoples?" he asks. "This is like a miner being terrified lest there be too much gold in the veins. This is like a cotton manufacturer being afraid of the news that cotton bales are coming in so fast as to overwhelm his factory."

Yes, it is true that we have our problem here in the West, that we have a comparatively large number of people speaking foreign tongues; but, as we have bridged chasms in our mountains connecting peak with peak, we are able to do the same in the State. We feel that we have the will and the power to make these divers peoples into an homogeneous whole, with a general pride in the country and a general hope. We feel we have the will and the power to give to Greek, Hebrew, Scandinavian and the other outland races, a capacity for co-operation that shall weld them into a splendid cosmos, and that it is our firm rooted intention so to do.

If the East wishes the West to be Canadianized, they have only to see to it that the Department of Immigration does not send us the undesirables as above enumerated. And if the East doesn't do this—well, there is nothing for us but to see to the thing ourselves.

It is true that in this process of assimilation, there will be complicated and vexatious problems to be solved, problems which will tax to the extreme limit the patience and stability of our people; far reaching issues which will require for their settlement the broad learning and sympathetic attention of men and women who have a genius for statecraft and who dare to do the right when they know it.

It is undeniable that we have been slack about these things in pre-bellum days, and prone to take too much for granted; it is undeniable that we have lacked in data, and that what data we had we failed to study, much less to comprehend, but now that the whole nation has been thrown into the crucible, now that our souls have been touched to the quick with new aims and new issues, it will be passing strange if we fail to meet and conquer them. In the West, where the naturalized aliens were disfranchised, an open sore has been left—one which will

(*Continued on page 40*)

Dominion Day

ON July 1st, in the year 1869, the various Canadian provinces federated, and the Dominion of Canada was born.

. . . "And the Old Man proffered a twig, and bade the Young Man break it. When he had done this, the Old Man made a bundle of similar twigs and bade the Young Man break them also. This the Young Man could not do, and the Old Man exhorted him to observe how in union lieth strength.

—*Aesop.*

Strength to endure—and Wisdom hand in hand
With strength—and honor—these three be the things
Which may be prophesied for that same land
United in itself—Unity brings
Content—as when the raging storm is calmed.
Assurance, more than many men, well armed.

That friendly striving, as 'twixt brothers, who
In serious rivalries of trade and mart
Strive with ambition—that but knits anew
Each brother's heart closer to brother's heart,
Rendering them sterner, binding with closer tether,
The tie that holds them all in all together.

Bear well in mind the fable of the twigs—
It is the symbol of that Federation
Which made from scattered, newly-budded sprigs
Of MAPLE—one Great Tree, that Tree a Nation;
And think, when you with problems big are grappling,
Of that old Mother Tree, from which you sprang—a Sapling.

—P.L.B.

Getting Together

Though the tongues of men be different, the heart is essentially the same. In a world torn with war and economic strife, what need is greater than that of "getting together"?

Today women are working as never before. Eager for political, economic and social reform, they are mobilizing the forces of good. Cognizant of her own potentiality, woman desires to use her capacities intelligently and well, wishes to learn of the achievements of others, and of the gradual leveling of national barriers before a growing universal fellowship.

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Soixante-Quinze

(Continued from page 6)

wiped out in that great engagement, which had been it's as well as his last.

"But, Mademoiselle, I was there; I was in that engagement," the soldier cried excitedly. "That was my regiment, and I was one of the few who lived to fight and avenge our comrades in other battles. How we escaped I know not. It was a miracle. My clothes were riddled with bullets, my eyebrows singed, my accoutrements lost, but I had scarcely a scratch. And your cousin—I may have known him; who was he?"

He did know him, as it chanced, and not many days after the meeting in the churchyard I entered Soixante-Quinze to find the limping hero drinking tea with Madame and Mademoiselle and telling of the prowess of their kinsman while the tears made rivulets down Madame's furrowed cheeks.

"Ah, but you must tell Mademoiselle," she murmured, as a chair was brought for me. "Mademoiselle, will you not have dinner with us to-morrow, and you shall hear it all and we shall hear it again. Monsieur, you will tell it again, will you not?"

SUCH a dinner as it was! Perfection of cookery told of what Monsieur Soixante-Quinze must have enjoyed in the home made for him by his humble wife. Clearest of soups, most succulent of salads, artichokes with a sauce fit for an epicure and things equally tempting were served from the rarest of old china, while, from a cellar probably never so rifled since the death of Monsieur, there were golden and rosy and sparkling liquids to fill the crystal goblets and ancient liqueur glasses taken from the mahogany shelves beyond the shelter of the big dresser.

"But such a feast," I murmured. trying with soft words to console Madame for the empty glasses at my place. "Really, Madame, you are a marvel.—"

"Ah, but that poor boy, Mademoiselle," she replied, apologetically, and looking tenderly upon the bronzed and middle-aged veteran who was absorbed in conversation with a stout and blushing mademoiselle. "When has he had a dinner fit to eat? And has he not brought us news of our dead kinsman? We are indebted to him, and ah, it is good to have a man about the place again."

Turning to the "poor boy" she asked,

"Are you interested in antiques, Monsieur? The glass from which you drink came from the Palace of the Tuileries. It has not been used since my husband died. Ah, Monsieur, I only this moment said to Mademoiselle that it is good to have a man about the place again."

"If only one were not so helpless, so useless, Madame," responded the soldier, with a look made up half of boldness, half humility, directed towards the downcast eyes of Mademoiselle Soixante-Quinze, "One would wish ardently to be the man about your place. But, alas, of what use can I now be to anyone?"

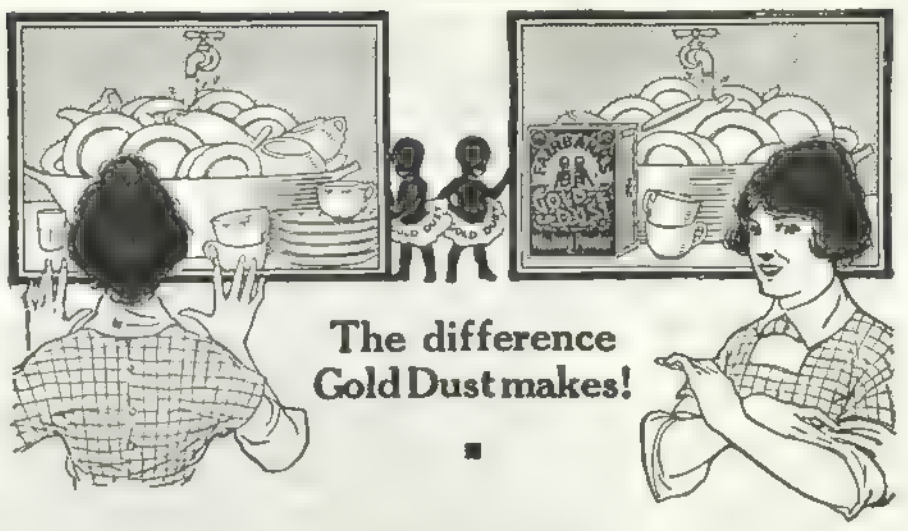
"It would be an honor, Monsieur," declared Madame, "to make a home for a hero who has sacrificed himself for France."

Mademoiselle's becoming blush grew deeper, and very attractive she looked in her kindly, beaming, modest way. I began to feel *de trop* so, after protestations from Madame at my early departure, and from me at the disturbance of our hero of battle and romance, the Sergeant limped to the corner and called a taxi.

BEFORE I left Paris, I saw Soixante-Quinze again blooming under the happy influence of masculinity. There was now no Mademoiselle Soixante-Quinze, but two Madames and a new Monsieur Soixante-Quinze. Monsieur proved very useful in spite of his lameness, and he whistled joyously as he fitted pieces into broken corners of old mahogany or vigorously polished the ancient silver. Sometimes he stopped to steal a kiss from the erstwhile Mademoiselle as she passed, a procedure which, to his delight, never failed to fill her with fresh surprise and rosy consternation.

Under the spell of the new Monsieur the old Madame, too, beamed happily. Over the dinner-table behind the dresser, or in the corner where she mended lace and her daughter now darned socks, the hero would exhibit his medals and tell of his adventures while the ready tears flowed down the cheeks of the old woman and the eyes of the younger one grew round with wonder and pride. I was frequently privileged to make a fourth in such a group and when the shop-bell would tinkle and Monsieur would hobble out to see what was wanted, the old Madame would wipe away her tears and say,

"It is good to have a man about the place again."



One picture:
A big stack of dishes to wash. A long face and a sigh of resignation. "Oh dear!—I wish these dishes were all washed and put away in the pantry!"

Another picture:
A stack of dishes—*and* a package of Gold Dust. A smile on her face, now, as she says: "It will take only a few minutes to get these dishes out of the way—with Gold Dust to help me."

HOW does Gold Dust "help"? By dissolving the grease.

Try a spoonful of Gold Dust in your very next dishpan of water. See what a difference it makes! See how easily the grease slips off the dishes!

Gold Dust is a wonderful help in housecleaning, too. A good rule is this: Use Gold Dust for all dirt that you can't sweep up or brush off.

Ask your grocer for Gold Dust—and make sure it really *is* Gold Dust he sends you. Large and small packages.

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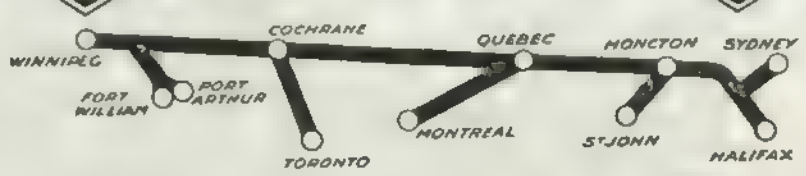

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Can You Solve This Great War Puzzle?

Four Things That Will Win The War

WHAT ARE THEY?

THE 16 Circles above can be made to spell out the names of the four chief things that are going to win the war. Our bright loyal Canadian boys and girls can help provide at least one of these things. Every boy and girl should know all of them. Can you tell what words the four magic circles represent?

How to solve it.—Each circle represents a letter of the word called for. The number of dots in the circle represents the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by a circle with one dot because it is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" would be represented by a circle with two dots because it is the second letter. "C" would be represented by three dots, "D" by four dots and so on. You must correcty count the dots in each circle, figure out the letter represented by its position in the alphabet and when you have them all figured out put them into proper rotation to spell the name wanted. It's not an easy puzzle but if you can solve it correctly you may win this lovely shetland pony or one of the grand Cash prizes above.

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1st Prize	Beautiful Shetland Pony or $100.00 Cash						
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6th	"	5.00	"	7th	"	3.00	"
8th	"	2.00	"	9th	"	2.00	"
10th	"	2.00	"				

25 Extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each

GET your pencil and paper right now. Try to figure out the words and when you think you have them, write them out as neatly as you can and send them to us. We will reply right away telling you if your solutions are correct and sending you the complete illustrated list of grand prizes that you can win.

Use one side of the paper only, putting your name and address in the upper right hand corner. If you want to write anything besides your answer to the puzzle use a separate sheet of paper. Be neat and careful because in case of ties the prizes will go to the boys and girls whose answers are neatest and best written. Proper spelling and punctuation will also count.

What Others Have Done You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes.

Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith Edmonton
Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
$50.00 " Helen Beneach, Junkins, Alta.
$25.00 " Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too.

Send Your Answers This Very Evening!

As gentle and playful as a dog, providing healthful fun for the whole family.

Only boys and girls under 16 years of age may send answers and each boy or girl desiring his entry to stand for the awarding of the grand prizes will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The Contest will close on September 30th and the prizes will be awarded immediately after. Send your entry today.

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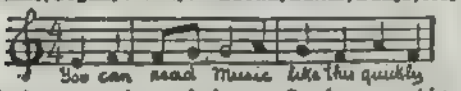

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Dear Anne Page—

I'M a minister's wife, but I'll not mention the denomination for fear some of the rest of your company might pick holes in my creed. We get to be wise and wary, we poor working partners of preachers, popular and otherwise. I heard my little boy years ago ask his twin sister what all the women did when they came to make their first call on us. "Oh, they tell us something they know and ask us something we know, that's all," was her childish but perfectly true answer.

Well, this is my first call on you, Mistress Page, and I'm going to do precisely what daughter said the women who called on me did: to wit, tell you something and ask you something. This is what I am going to tell you: I think this page is exactly what we Canadian women need. On two occasions I've addressed enquiries to American magazine pages and though always welcomed courteously, found little help, their viewpoint being purely American—which as you know, on matters of education, training and ideals of life is different to what prevails in Canada. So I (and many, many more) are glad to come in here and say our say without fear or favor, get your opinion and give you ours. I think we should become a society of good "Ladies Aiders" as the Glad Girl calls them. We might have a badge or a pin, "Women Workers," Anne's page the gathering place, and EVERYWOMAN'S the open sesame. What does everyone think of the idea?

Now to ask you the something: Our little town has a good reading and debating circle, and some of our one-idead people think we should drop it until the war is over. They say it does no patriotic work, but surely to give our young people wholesome mutual interests, keep them in tune with the thoughts of great men and stimulate their desire for good literature, is patriotism. Most of us are busy at all sorts of war work in other societies, and our Reading Circle meets but twice a month. We've been three years building it up and hate to see it go back. Shall we hang on or shall we humor folks and drop it?

My! what a lengthy first call—By-by.

MINISTER'S WIFE.

Hang on, of course. Don't let anybody's prejudices push over your Circle. To humor unreasonable people only makes them more unreasonable and more of a nuisance. As for the things you've told us, we love you for catching on to our idea of a woman's page. And, as you say, it is in a publication broad in its outlook, fearless in its utterances, and Canadian first, last, always, that our women ought to feel at home. And EVERYWOMAN'S is the open sesame all right. Ladies Aiders is good. I'll wager you make your preacher an interesting working partner. Come early and often.—A. P.

***

Dear Anne Page—

I'M green as grass about social matters. Being the eldest of seven children and brought up on a farm with lots of work, it couldn't be otherwise. In April I got married and came to live in town. I want to know a few things, and there's not a blessed person in the place I'd ask, so I came to you. There are ten people we want to invite to dinner, as we've been to their places to teas and things. Tell me what's nice to have and how to carry the thing through and I'll love you. I'm scared stiff about it. However, my dining room is nice and we got some swell silver and china wedding presents, so maybe it won't be so bad. Does a wife walk ahead of her husband on entering a room? Is it proper, when paying a call, to remove gloves while partaking of cake and tea? In paying a week-end visit should one carry brush, comb, etc.? The visit is to a relative. I hope you won't laugh at me for not knowing more, I can learn, and will learn. I like the way you talk to women.

SUSIE.

If there is anyone I like more than another, it is a bride intent on showing off the new house, new dishes, new napery and all the rest of it. A dinner for twelve (counting you and hubby) is quite an undertaking. Make it simple. Have few courses, but have them good. The host serves lady guests first, then the hostess, then the gentlemen. He serves himself last of all. Yes, a lady always enters the room before the gentleman accompanying her. If the call is formal, keep your gloves on. At an evening affair, say good-bye before leaving the room for wraps. As to the week-end visit, carry your toilet articles with you. Learn! Of course you can and will. Only don't set too much store on conventionalities, and more, never fuss over mistakes.

ANNE PAGE.

Touchy Folk

DELIVER me from a pouting person. We are never going to amount to anything if we do not cure ourselves of the touchiness which takes offence at a word, a look, or some careless but innocent act. A husband of four years standing was telling his old friend of his worries. "It seems impossible to live on what I earn," he said. "My wife is a dear woman, but she likes things nice in the home, nicer than we can afford."

"Why not have a heart to heart talk with her, and explain in full?"

"Explain in full," broke in the husband, with a hopeless shake of the head. "I've never in the whole four years been able to explain at all. She thinks I'm fault-finding and goes off in a pout."

What a woman like that needs is a cave man who will shake the pout out of her. What people, male or female, need who sulk without cause, ay, or with cause, is for fate to give them a few real troubles of their own to take up their attention, come behind them, so to speak, and push them into waters so deep they'll be too busy climbing out to remember the chip on their shoulder.

ANNE PAGE.

Dear Anne Page—

MY home is in a town of two thousand inhabitants, and my friends belong in families of widely differing tastes, and religious beliefs, which fact does not trouble me except when I give a party, which I do each summer when the stove is no longer needed in the big parlor, and can be moved out. It is this annual affair I am bothered about now. You see, our young people are backward, and, till the ice is broken in some way, conversation is almost at a standstill. The twenty friends I invite are nice as they can be, but my last party was dull. We didn't dance or play cards, as these amusements are against the principles of some. Can you tell me some way to "lead off"? If I get them started they will be all right. Do you know a game that will help out? I'm a young hostess and when silence settles like a pall it scares me stiff.

SOBER SUSANNAH.

That "silence" scares any hostess, I don't care how old she is. But drop your worries right now, Sober Susannah, for we've the very game needed to waken up your girls and boys. It is brand new, having been designed and carried out by a clever hostess of my acquaintance, a hostess laboring under the same difficulties as yourself. The invitations read:

CATCHING SUNFISH UNDER THE ICE

Mrs. —— requests the pleasure of your company at a Fishing Party on —— (here followed date and place of gathering). Kindly wear something representing some specimen of the finny tribe.

Take twenty or more of these invitations, scatter them in the several homes, and there is going to be some excitement in the village—and much studying up of fishology. I remember the stir there was at our house. "Wear something representing a specimen of the finny tribe"—what could it be?

"It's an original request," we said, "but one needs an original idea or two to go with it." But not an original idea came within grasping distance. It was the boy of the house who solved the problem with: "I have it, cut a fin out of gilt cardboard, fasten it to a rubber doll and go as a dolphin." Whereat he was treated to a grateful hug, which he openly resented.

The earth hadn't greened up a bit, and the woods were still bare, but in the home of our hostess everything had been arranged to suggest summer winds and summer waters. There was much sea-green drapery (tissue paper) on walls, windows, lights. Shells and seaweed were the decorations, along with rushes and tall pale water-lilies—also tissue paper. Two big jars of goldfish stood on the mantel.

Every guest was given a number, a card and small pencil. The gentleman sought out the lady bearing a card with the same number as his, and with much laughter the two went fishing after the names of their neighbors—represented by many (and strange) devices. All was jollity in no time—one can't catch sunfish without the ice breaking up.

Now, while a good part of the fun consists in thinking up things to wear, all by your lonesome, I am going to tell you some of said devices. The schoolma'am wore on the back of her white silk blouse a slender cane held in place by a capital L outlined in red velvet and only the minister and the superintendent of our

Everywoman's Forum

public library were well enough up in fish lore to know that she represented that peculiar fish which is called a stickleback—"stick-L-back." A benedict wore on his ample expanse of white vest the plain gold band with which he had married his wife, and posed as a herring—"her ring." A string of tiny fish cut from silver paper marked one girl as "minnows," a nail polisher from another's girdle a "shiner," and a conspicuous B flat on the belle of the ball marked her a "flounder." It was a most amusing to note the grave professor inflating a toy balloon on which was inscribed the word "Yarmouth," that the world and his wife might realize that he was a "bloater."

The refreshments carried out the idea, salmon and lobster salads, shrimps and biscuits, hot green pickles, sea-foam, a delicious water ice, eaten with Scotch bread cut in the shape of a fish, almonds, nuts—known on the menu card as "shell-fish"—and last of all the shells of English walnuts quite empty of meat which drew a laugh from all but Miss Prim, under the name of "Cod."

Here are some of the conundrums which we were supposed to answer: "A fish beloved of children"—"the all day sucker."

What fish is indispensable to a ship?" "A Pilot."

"What fish is used in a duel?"—"Sword fish."

"What fish was born without a soul, lived and contained a soul, died without a soul?"—"The whale that swallowed Jonah."

Let us know how the party comes off, Sober Susannah.

Dear Everywoman's,—

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has been a source of great pleasure to me during the past year, and I have found so much in the different departments which have proved interesting and helpful. Possibly one reason why the magazine appeals so strongly to so many is because it is essentially Canadian and touches upon so many matters of vital interest to us all.

I am rejoiced indeed to see that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is putting forth every endeavor to combat the growth and spread of the social evil which has indeed become such a terrible menace to the home and country.

With kindest regards and best wishes for the continued success of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, believe me, yours sincerely,

"SCHOOLMA'AM."

Dear Everywoman,—

IS there a pattern department in your magazine? What would be a nice way to make a white lawn dress for a girl of ten. She would like to be thin, but has grown too fat to look well. Also, I got a remnant when in Toronto, two yards double fold, gold brown color, not enough for a dress for my oldest girl and too good to make up for the other. Would it be a good plan to color it navy, as I can get at our general store a piece of navy to go with it? She is fourteen and begins to primp too much. She is too brown skinned and brown headed to wear brown, I'm afraid. I get ideas from EVERYWOMAN'S. They help a lot.

"A MOTHER."

We have a fashion page and a pattern department. Why not make that lawn dress a voile one or a dimity? Lawn wrinkles so easily it looks mussed an hour after a child puts it on. Other white materials are becoming. One's sympathies always go out to the fat little girls who long to be slim. This is why we make a plea for the softer materials for the dress. Make it a one-piece dress with little or no trimming beside the collar of finest embroidery and belt of the same. Don't economize on the buttons—no dress can look dainty bedecked with coarse buttons. Fasten the little dress with those of the shiniest pearl. Will you mind if I break in on this fashion talk right here to tell you to keep starchy foods and sweets away from her as much as possible?

Now, as to the remnant. Don't color it navy. For one thing, you can't depend on the dyes, these days, and even a good dye is apt to run off on the underwear in summer. Keep the color as it is, nothing is prettier on brunettes than gold brown. Mix with it, say two yards of double width goods of the same quality in a darker brown. Make the skirt of the latter with enough pleats to give a girlish and becoming effect and a row of brown buttons from the hem to the collar of the gold brown waist, which should be made surplice, with the ends crossing over, forming a jacket effect in front and continuing in belt to back where they can be fastened with a metal buckle. Line the collar and cuffs, which should be of the darker brown, with scarlet. You will have a costume that the daughter who is at the primping age will delight in.

These are Anxious Days

NEVER in the history of this old world have the people lived under such tremendous nervous strain as to-day. Millions awake each morning in fearful dread of what the day may bring forth, and live each hour with nerves at highest tension.

While many are falling under the strain, others have found one means or another of fortifying the nervous system so as to maintain health and vigor.

The treatment most widely used is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, popularly known as the food cure, because it feeds the exhausted nerves and stores up nerve force and nervous energy.

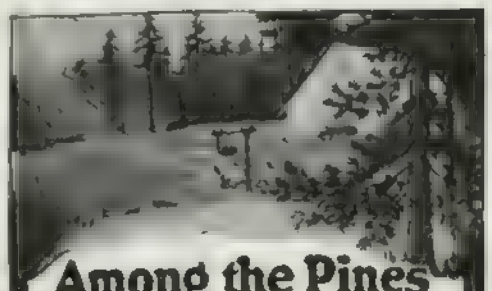
Nothing breaks down the nervous system so quickly as worry and anxiety, and this is why so many people are suffering from nervous headaches, sciatic and neuralgic pains, nervous indigestion and general failure of the vital organs to properly perform their functions.

When you get so nervous that you do not rest and sleep well nights it is time to be alarmed, for it is very much easier to prevent nervous prostration, paralysis and locomotor ataxia than it is to cure these dreaded diseases.

After years of testing under the most severe circumstances Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stands in a class by itself as the most successful nerve restorative to be had. This is being proven every day by new evidence. Ask your neighbors and friends about it and read the reports in this paper, from time to time, from persons who have been cured.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box—do not pay more—at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author. 5



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in tent, log cabin or modern hotel in a country of scenic beauty where fishing, hunting, kodaking, canoeing are at their best.

Highlands of Ontario

offers you and all the family the outing of your life. **The Grand Trunk Railway** will help you plan your stay at Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays or Timagami. Write or call for literature.

C. E. HORNING,
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

FREE

FAIRY PALACE DOLL HOUSE, 5 BEAUTIFUL DOLL TOYS AND "PRINCESS PAT" DOLL

Just think girls we will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so big and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls; then a real Wash Set of 14 pieces, consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, iron and stand, big clothes basket, clothes line and a little case full of dolly clothes pegs, then you get a five-piece baking set, and the cute little French bisque baby doll that you'll just love. Next comes a baby doll's lovely enamelled bed with its canopy and the beautiful baby doll carriage you see above, handsome as can be with its fine parasol and bright metal finish. Last but not least, every girl can get the lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 18 inches high. It's a "made-in-Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, stockings, underwear, etc., and she has many different styles of dresses.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you Free a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 30 handsome big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10 cents each. That is easy. Open your sample package and ask everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Everyone just loves them—they perfume the breath, purify the mouth and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. Everyone takes a package or two at once, so you will sell them all very quickly. Then return our money only, $3.00, and we will promply send you the big Doll House, complete wash set, baking set, baby doll, doll bed, doll carriage, just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you will also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

Write to-day girls—We arrange to stand payment of all delivery charges on your presents and if you can't sell all the breathlets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

Address THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. B. 4 TORONTO, ONT., 15a

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MRS. COPE, MACGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Macgrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

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EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

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WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

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$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 24, Chicago.

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PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Entertainments. Make up goods. Large catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 82, Chicago.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 247, Chicago.

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BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c.; five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. People's Specialties Co., Box 1836, Winnipeg, Man.

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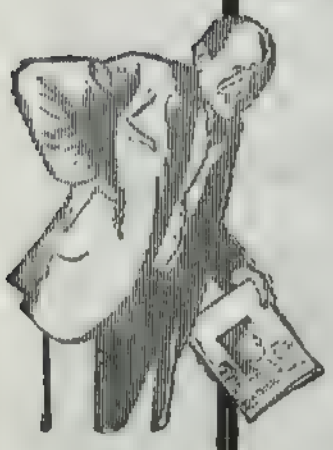
AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

Stops that Pain in the Back



Pain in the back is one of the most common symptoms of Kidney trouble. Every movement becomes a torture, and if neglected, the disorder finally confines the sufferer to bed.

This is exactly what happened in the case of Mr. Arnold McAskell, of Hants County, Nova Scotia. He sought in vain for relief until he decided to try

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Before he had used one box he began to feel better. Two boxes entirely relieved him. And best of all, up to the time he wrote us, he had had no further sign of the trouble. Mr. McAskell concludes his letter of gratitude by saying, "I cannot say too much in favor of these great pills and would recommend them to anyone suffering from Kidney trouble."

Kidney or Bladder trouble may also take the form of swollen joints, rheumatism, Lumbago, gravel, irregularity of urinary system or constant headaches. Don't neglect these symptoms. Take Gin Pills in time and escape worse ills.

All dealers sell Gin Pills at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. Or sample will be sent free upon request to

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
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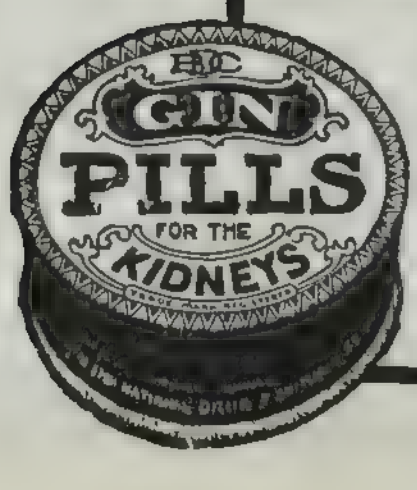
U. S. Address—Na-Dru-Co. Inc.
202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 46



Canadianizing the West

(*Continued from page 36*)

require the patient application of myrrh and balm for many years to come, but maybe, after all, the sharp cutting that opened the wound, may not be without its benefits. This may show that we expect and intend that the folk who come into and occupy our acres shall be Canadians in spirit as well as in letter, and that no shortcoming in this respect will be tolerated either in East or West.

"The West's Awake"

YES, the Canadian West has become alert and watchful as never before, and it was an observation of this fact that led Mary Synon, a journalist from the United States, to write an article recently for *Scribner's* and to give it the caption: "The West's Awake."

In the concluding paragraph, the journalist says of this land: "She has given her youth, her strength, her chivalry. She is earning her reward in the awakened pride of her people. Already she is binding her nationality with clamps of steel courage. She knows that her returning soldiers will come back to fling themselves out once more over the land. She is 'staying with the stuff' against their return. The great winds of war have torn the dead leaves from the branches of her soul. With the new spring, the sap is rising. The West's awake to the call of battle. The West's awake to the understanding of the great truths of the world, the truth that nations, like men, may not grow strong without trouble."

So far as we can see, what is known among us in the West as "the menace of non-assimilation" is not a menace at all—or very slightly so. Indeed, it is astonishing with what rapidity, and to what a degree, the newly come foreigners assimilate our styles, our drinks, our songs—even those called *O Canada* and *The land of the Maple*—our political and religious ideas and our language. Their every impulse seems to be to identify themselves with the interests of Canada. We too frequently assume that foreigners are unassimilable, whereas the only people in this Dominion who have proven to be so are the French.

It is our pernicious and unthinking habit to consider the last immigrants as the worst ones. It was so with the Mennonites, and so with the Doukhobors, and so with the other people as they came; whereas we ought to remember that these have become nationalized to such a degree that they are almost indistinguishable from the Canadian born and bred.

To this felicitous end the great solvent has been the English language. Once we let go of this the situation becomes hopeless, for what we call "race-unity" is really "language-unity." It is for this reason that the public schools must be kept English, and that no other language should be tolerated under any pretext whatsoever. With diversity of tongues there can be no practical unity of life or ideals in this or any country. We cannot put a common roof over a Chinese pagoda, a French salon, a German beergarden and a Dutch kitchen. If the people from these come into our house, like Mary's little lamb, they must leave some things behind them. That is to say, they may bring their catechisms, cookbooks, fashion-plates and manuals on etiquette; they may bring their saltcellars, fiddles, amulets, paint-pots or any old thing that may suit their convenience, or please their fancy, only and except their school primers. These we hold to be our own particular prerogative, upon which we have written the words: "Private property. Keep off. Trespassers will be prosecuted. This means you."

At least, we are trying to do this in the West, with the idea of nationalizing our people, and to some extent we have succeeded but not wholly. A Westerner has been defined as a man who never gives away the negative side of a situation, but this, like other sweeping generalizations, is only partially true. We acknowledge that here and there, because presumptuous and much-daring politicians have sacrificed their principles to their opportunities, the situation has gotten out of hand, but having recognized this fact, its cure is almost certain to be sudden and swift. Public opinion, both inside our legislatures and outside them, has become sufficiently organized to brush away the linguistic chaos which threatened our nationality, and again to write under the school flag, "Only English spoken here."

It is true that those Eastern papers which were not subsidized have helped us to a clearer realization of what was happening in our midst and how this evil, if unchecked, was likely to raise among us a class of irreconcilables who would presently be wanting to send members to Parliament who would speak in their own language, and have our postal cards printed in the same. You see, the East is the burnt child who dreads the fire, for not being able to nationalize her own part of Canada she wants us to do better things for ourselves in the West.

In 1763, when the English conquered Canada, unfortunately they contented themselves with the casket and threw away the gem. At that time sixty thousand people spoke the French language; to-day after nearly one hundred and fifty years, over two million people speak it. As a result of the lingual bifurcation in Canada we have what practically amounts to a dual nationality. Never, since Quebec received self-government, have the English speakers been in power and in Ontario exactly the reverse prevails.

"But the use of the French language is one of our inalienable rights," argues the habitant. "Take this from us if you dare."

My dear Monsieur, I urge you to be calm. We do not dare, but, nevertheless, we have a hardy hope that while preserving your laws and your religion, you may see how it must work to your advantage to speak the English language. Apart from national considerations, English is the general business language in all the ports of the world, and is spoken by one hundred and fifty millions of people. It has likewise several centres fromwhich to spread—England, the United States, Australia and Africa. The same does not apply to the French language. A French-speaking Canadian, a Russian-speaking Canadian, or any other hyphenated Canadian is, therefore, at an enormous disadvantage from the standpoints of business and politics, to say nothing of his being a stumbling block and stone of offence in the nationalizing of Canada.

It is not well that any class or race of people in Canada should consider themselves an isolated race whose "rights" are immune from amendment or even from obliteration. More than anything else, the war is teaching us that there must be no super-Canadians; no titled Canadians; no specially privileged Canadians. We are learning that the safety of our Dominion rests not only on its material potentialities but on its spirit. Canada is a song—if I may put it so—and it must be sung in unison.

"If this be so," you ask, "then why do you speak of East and West?"

I only do so, Monsieur, because it was the theme allotted to me—"The Canadianizing of the West."

As a matter of fact, longitude in this country has become almost an obsolete calculation and what I said about the West controlling the East politically was only said with my tongue in my cheek, and to show that we were really much more Canadianized than the East itself. At any rate, we would not exchange our prospects of nationalization with the East—not for a very great deal.

The Kiddies' Kut-Out Competition

Names of Prize Winners

Muriel Viola Barker, Carvel P. O., Alberta, Canada.

Master Whitney Fletcher, c-o Joshua F. Fletcher, Grrnd Prairie City, Alta.

Edna Walter, Ethelton, Sask.

Dorothy Henson, 87 Bristol Street, Toronto.

Jennie Wright, Rossland, B.C.

Arthur Douglas, 539 Home Street, Wnnipeg, Man.

Marian Turton, Courthouse, Vancouver, B.C.

Margaret Peers, Acadico Valley, Alta.

Muriel Wainwright, 695 Talbot St., London, Ont.

Anna Plunkett, Arborfield, Sask.

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John Bunny Talks to the Children

ONE summer day, John Bunny took
His way beside the woodland brook,
The sun shone bright, a gentle breeze
Rustled the leaves upon the trees,
Said John, "Today, it seems to me
That everyone should happy be."

(And yet the world is full of strife,
And men take little heed of life;
The air, smoke-filled by battle fierce
E'en God's own sunshine fails to pierce,
And brave men find an early grave
Their homes and families to save.)

As through the wood John Bunny walked
He met a boy and girl, who talked
In tones of sadness by the way
And heeded not the pleasant day.
John Bunny paused, that he might hear
What troubled these two children dear.

They both were young and bright, their eyes
Sparkled with youthful enterprise.
Brother and sister, one could tell,
Their names were Paul and Isabel.
Such boys and girls will welcome be
To woodland folk, as you shall see.

"I wish," said Paul, "that I were old,
That I a full-sized gun could hold,—
That I might go to France and fight
To help the cause of truth and right—
I'll be a soldier when I can,
I only wish I were a man!"

Said Isabel, "If I were grown
I'd never let you go alone,
I'd be a nurse and do my share
To help the sick their burdens bear,
I am too young, and so are you,
There's very little WE can do."

Now suddenly, to their surprise,
John Bunny stood before their eyes.
"Good-day," said John, "my children dear
Please tell me what is this I hear,—
It seems to me you both are sad
When really you should both be glad!"

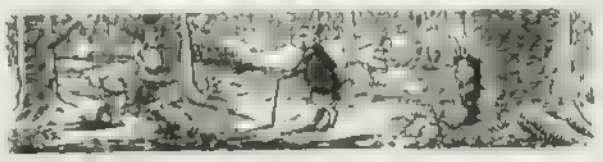
Paul and his sister stopped their walk
Surprised to hear a Bunny talk,
Said John, "Sit down and talk to me,
There's room upon this fallen tree;
Now listen, Bunnies, while I tell
Some things you ought to know quite well."

"What is it cheers each soldier's heart,
And helps him bear his dangerous part?
What is it gives him courage in
The midst of all the battle's din?
It is the picture in his mind
Of dear ones whom he left behind!"

"It may be that a mother's smile
Cheers him through many a weary mile,—
The farewell clasp of father's hand—
A sweetheart in the old home land—
These are the visions in his mind,
The thoughts of those he left behind."

"Believe me, dears, the men who go
To fight your battles with the foe,
Would never keep their spirits bright
If for themselves they went to fight,
Their comfort and their joy they find,
In thoughts of those they leave behind."

"Please don't forget, my Bunnies two,
This war is fought for such as you,
And though you're young and small
and weak
It is *for you* the big guns speak,
It is for you that brave men fight
To keep you safe from morn till night."



Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

My Dear Bunnies,

All I can say to you this month is that the advice which John Bunny gave to the children is very good. He certainly is a wise old Bunny and I don't think any of you will go far wrong if you follow his advice.

I really agree with John Bunny that the kiddies don't write half enough letters to France and England, or wherever their soldier friends are. Never mind if the writing is not so very good sometimes, you may be sure that little letters like yours will be very welcome when they get there.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle.

Uncle Peter.

LOOK on the world with cheerful face
For in this war you have your place,
It is your privilege to cheer
The mother whom you both hold dear,
And thus you may from day to day
Help in your own most special way."

"Our country calls for extra work
And neither boy nor girl should shirk
The tasks that in another day
Were done by those who've gone away.
Each little pair of willing hands
Can help our men in far-off lands."

"Our gallant soldiers must be fed,
Wheat must be saved, for wheat makes bread,
And we must, with the best of grace,
Find other things to take its place,
Meat we must save, for they need meat,
We've lots of other things to eat!"

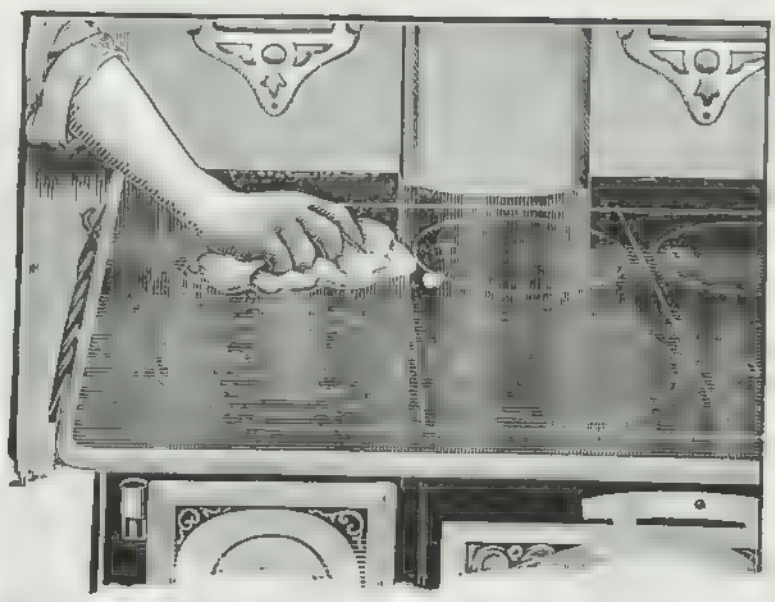
"In camp and trench our soldiers find
Papers and books console the mind,
And we can all some comforts spare
That with our brave friends we may share,
Thus each will add, as each sees best,
Some pleasure to their hours of rest."

"Letters from home by frequent post
Are what our soldiers value most,
Children, you miss a splendid chance
Of sending happiness to France,
They'll get your letters with delight.
Write to the soldiers, Bunnies, WRITE!"

"Goodbye, my dears, resume your walk,
And don't forget this little talk,
Remember all the time that you
Must to your absent friends be true,
Each doing good from day to day
To all who chance to come his way."

"Be cheerful, kind, and good to all,
Do all things well, both great and small,
Save for our soldiers brave and true,
Rememb'ring what they've done for you,
Do these things and you'll never fret,
Because you both are children yet."

The children sat, amazed to hear
A Bunny speak such words of cheer.
John Bunny bade them both farewell,—
They hurried home their news to tell
That children all the country through
Might know what children *ought* to do!



Two Minutes to Clean

The burnished steel-like surface of the top of the Kootenay Range needs no polishing. The dusting off or wiping with the stove cloth which always follows the dishwashing, and is done in a minute, will keep the Kootenay Range bright and shiny all the time. That is the only "polishing" it will ever need.

No dirty blacking—no cooling down of the range—no back breaking toil—no soiling of the hands.

And the Kootenay nickel-plated oven is just as easy to clean as the outside of the range. On its smooth, bright surfaces unbroken by rivets or bolts—sanitary as the inside of your bake pans—there is no hiding place for dirt or grease.

Just wipe it down occasionally with a cloth, less than a minute, and it will be always sweet and clean.

"Service in the Kitchen," Booklet Free

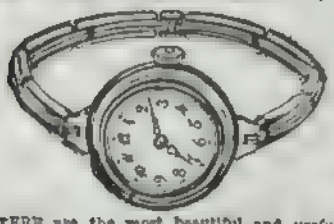
This is only one of many features of the Kootenay Range described in a beautiful little booklet, "Service in the Kitchen," which will be mailed free on request. It tells all a woman wants to know about a range before she buys it.

McClary's Kootenay Range

London, St. John, N.B. — Toronto, Hamilton — Montreal, Calgary — Winnipeg, Edmonton — Vancouver, Saskatoon

73

FREE! Princess Mary Toilet Set and Exquisite Bracelet Watch



You'll be delighted with these exquisite gifts.

HERE are the most beautiful and useful presents ever offered to ladies and girls, and you can get them without a single cent of cost. The beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set is just what you need. It contains a large beautifully shaped mirror, a good sturdy bristle hair brush, and a neat strong dressing comb. All are in rich, ebony finish and the brush and mirror have lovely Nickel Silver monogram mounts. The set fits in a nice box and will give you a lifetime of good service.

The exquisite gold finished watch is a beauty, stem wind and set and has a genuine expansion bracelet which fits snugly on any wrist. Bracelet watches are now worn by everybody, to the entire exclusion of every other style of watch and this lovely watch is as beautiful as any you could buy.

Send your name and address to-day, and we will send you all postage paid, just 3 of our famous Royal Princess Sanitary Soaps to introduce among your friends at only 10c. each. They sell like hot cakes. Everybody uses soap and everybody wants two or three of the wonderful new Royal Princess Soaps the minute you show them. You only have to hand them out and take in the money. It's easy.

Return our $3.00 when the soaps are sold and we will promptly send you this beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set complete, just as represented, and the lovely bracelet watch you can also receive without selling any more goods, by simply showing your beautiful present to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Write to-day. Be first to sell this new line in your district. No expense attached. We prepay all charges on your presents right to your door. 128

Address: GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. T, 4 TORONTO, ONT.

Meet me at the TULLER for value, service, home comforts

New Hotel Tuller

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Center of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Avenue.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath, $1.50 Single, $3.00 Up Double.
200 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.00 Single, $4.00 Up Double.
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $2.50 Single, $4.50 Up Double.
100 Rooms, Private Bath, $3.50 to $5.00 Single, $5.00 Up Double.

TOTAL 600 OUTSIDE ROOMS

All Absolutely Quiet

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms. New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellente

RESURGAM

(I Shall Rise Again)

By JANEY CANUCK

THERE are many reasons which mitigate against the reformation of women; I shall mention one—that of making their offence public through the newspapers. Sweeping generalizations are misleading and should always be avoided, but I can think of no instance in which a woman is not injured by having her name publicly attached to a crime or misdemeanor.

When a woman pays a fine, or serves a term in jail, she has cancelled her indebtedness to the Law and should not be earmarked for all time. It was an old-time offender who cried in the agony of his heart, "My sin is ever before me," and this is a cry that has since been re-echoed by millions of hearts. Surely, when a woman has paid the penalty of her sin, this sin should be "cast into the depths of the sea," and be removed from her even "as far as the east is from the west."

It is true that the State should keep a book of remembrance, the more minutely the better, just as a physician may keep the history of a case and his treatment thereof, but the State's record should be no more open to public inspection than the physician's.

When a woman has once been known to have "fallen," she is supposed to have a liability to sin, and is ever thereafter known as "fair game" by those hard-faced, hard-fisted, predatory young males variously known as "cadets" or "pimps," who belong to that swinish, dastardly company where a man is honored in proportion as he evades the law with impunity.

For this reason, experienced workers who have to do with unwedded mothers, find it infinitely wiser to separate the mother and child as soon as possible, in order that the mother may be saved from further lewd attack. There are, of course, many good but, alas! heavy-thumbed persons, who think the girl-mother should be made to keep her illegitimate child with her always, but such persons have in mind the punishment of the girl rather than her reformation, or than the welfare of her child. By keeping her baby, the young mother's chances of succeeding in life are, at once, enormously handicapped.

Under these circumstances, her chances of becoming happily married are also very scant indeed, and to enter the business world under the status of a married woman with only the title of "Miss," is to pay a staggering and well-nigh unbearable penalty.

It is here, by making the illegitimate child a government ward, and by allowing it to be adopted into a carefully-selected foster-home, that the Juvenile Court, gives the girl a fair chance to rehabilitate herself in the eyes of the world, and to regain her own sorely damaged self respect.

A Premium on Vice

THERE is no doubt that at this juncture some ferocious readers will arise and accuse me of "putting a premium on vice," or of "making things too easy" for the girl. Such persons—when the girl is not their own—have an idea that she should be tied to her wrong-doing, just as a canary is tied to the neck of the miscreant terrier, and while I agree with them that it is well to shame both the terrier and the girl, I declare that it is not well to perpetually shame them.

Besides, now that we have come to advocate an equal moral standard for the sexes, it devolves equally on the father to carry the shame and burden.

But the ferocious readers would not be so ferocious if, for a few days, they could watch the long and never-ending line of profoundly unhappy mothers, aged from fourteen years upward, who carrying their hapless infants, come shrinkingly into court, there to disclose in sobs and dry-throated whispers their pitiful story. And further, as they kept listening to these tales that sometimes sicken one like the smell of blood, it is altogether likely the readers would say, "This court of yours is positively no good. You are much too hard on this girl. Why don't you apprehend her betrayer? Where is the father of this child? Why has she had to bear this sorrow singly and unsupported for all these months? What can I do to help her? You won't put her name in the paper, will you? You'll try and give her a fresh start? She's only just a little kid herself, you know, and the whole thing is a burning shame."

Yes, the girl who has been through such an experience as this, has been adequately punished for her frivolity, her sensuality, or her waywardness, without being perpetually tied to her wrong-doing. Besides, once punishment has passed a certain point, for either man or woman, it becomes retroactive, in its effects and, as a result, we get what is known as "the law of diminishing returns." That is a fortunate country whose judges, in awarding their sentences, know how to properly apply this law to the criminal or misdemeanant.

And at this point, it must be remembered that many of these girl-mothers have not been wayward or frivolous, but are the innocent victims of some super-brute, in comparison with whom, a wolf would be a safe and amiable animal.

A question sometimes put to me by girls who have "made good," and who have become engaged to be married, relates to their past history. Are they in duty bound to tell their future husband what is only known to the court, or to their relatives and trusted friends? Are they deceitful in hiding this thing in their hearts?

Hitherto, I have left the question unanswered, not wishing to take upon myself so heavy a responsibility where another woman's conscience is concerned; but personally, I think that neither the man or woman, in entering the state of matrimony, is called upon to uncover buried offences, unless by those offences they have incurred a financial responsibility which must, of necessity, involve the other party to the wedlock. I hold to this opinion because marriage is based, not upon a confession, but upon a contract. It has to do with the future and not with the past.

Where, however, the question is directly put by one or other of the contracting parties, the man or woman is bound to tell the whole truth, and to suffer the consequences, however painful these may prove to be.

Publicity Prevents Reformation

ANOTHER reason why newspaper publicity prevents the reformation of girls, lies in the fact that her erstwhile acquaintances are made aware of the exact length of the sentence which has been awarded her, and the place of her incarceration. On her release, they are accordingly waiting and ready to draw her back to the old haunts and to push her further down into the wicked welter of sad and horrible things known to the underworld.

In this way, any reformative influences which have been brought to bear upon her during the period of restraint are very apt to fade away and to become of non-effect.

Contrariwise, if only the officials and interested workers know the terms of her sentence, and these have taken time and trouble, at the expiration thereof, to find her a suitable position, the chances of her reformation are very good. In spite of the fact that she may have been morally tarred and feathered by her associates, it is truly a matter for amazement how quickly the average girl responds to a treatment that is kindly and individual. I would emphasize this word "individual," because, however difficult of adoption this treatment may be, individualization is the sole method for the future. It takes time, and it takes money, and it doesn't always succeed; neither does it always fail.

Having said this, I would also beg to emphasize the word "kindly" as applied to their treatment. "We constantly think," says Leo Tolstoy, "that there are circumstances in which a human being can be treated without affection, and there are no such circumstances."

Also give me leave to add for your consideration, the shining words of Dostoyevsky, the Slavonic novelist: "Only active love can bring out faith. Love men and do not be afraid of their sins: love man in his sins: love all creatures of God, and pray God to make you cheerful. Be cheerful as children and the birds."

Yes! given loving and individual treatment, the chances of reform are greater than are generally supposed. No matter how dour and doltish you may be, you are not long working on this plastic human material until it becomes plainly evident that "the hopeless criminal" is a wholly mythical being and, as Betsy Prigg said of Mrs. Gamp's friend, "there ain't no sich person."

It was only Lucifer, the angel of the pit, called by some Apollyon, and by other Belial, who fell to perdition never to rise again.

My Lady Caprice

(Continued from page 22)

Spreading it out upon the window-sill, I managed to make out as follows: –

"Dear Unkel Dick: I'm riting this with my hart's blood bekos I'm a prisner in a gloomie dungun. It isn't really my hart's blood it's only red ink, so don't worry. Aunty Lisbeth cent me to bed just after tea bekors she said im norty, and when she'd gone Nurse locked me in so i can't get out and i'm tired of being a prisner, so please i want you to get the ladda and let me eskape, please unkel dick, will you.

yours till deth,
REGINALD AUGUSTUS.

AUNTIE was reading Ivanhoe to us and I've been the Black Knight and you can be Gurth the swine-herd if you like."

"So that's the way of it?" I said. "Well! well! such an appeal shall not go unanswered, at least. Wait there, my trusty Benjamin, and I'll be with you anon." Pausing only to refill my tobacco-pouch and get my cap, I sallied out into the fragrant night, and set off along the river, the faithful Benjamin trotting at my heels.

Very soon we were skirting blooming flower-beds, and crossing trim lawns, until at length we reached a certain wing of the house from a window of which a pillow-case was dangling by means of a string.

"That's for provisions!" volunteered Ben; "we pretended he was starving, so he lets it down an' I fill it with onions out of the vegetable garden." At this moment the curly head of the Imp appeared at the window, followed by the major portion of his person.

"Oh, Uncle Dick!" he cried in a loud stage-whisper, "I think you had better be the Black Knight, 'cause you're so big, you know."

"Imp," I said, "get in at once, do you want to break your neck?" The Imp obediently wriggled into safety.

"The ladder's in the tool-house, Uncle Dick –Ben ll show you. Will you get it, please?" he pleaded in a wheedling tone.

"First of all, my Imp, why did your Auntie Lisbeth send you to bed—had you been a very naughty boy?"

"No-o'" he answered, after a moment's pause, "I don't think I was so very naughty—I only painted Dorothy like an Indian chief—green, with red spots, an' she looked fine, you know."

"Green, with red spots!" I repeated.

"Yes; only auntie didn't seem to like it."

"I fear your Auntie Lisbeth lacks an eye for color."

"Yes, 'fraid so; she sent me to bed for it, you know."

"Still, Imp, under the circumstances, I think it would be best if you got undressed and went to sleep."

"Oh, but I can't, Uncle Dick!"

"Why not, my Imp?"

"'Cause the moon's so very bright, an' everything looks so fine down there, an' I'm sure there's fairies about—Moon-fairies, you know, and I'm miserable."

"Yes, Auntie Lisbeth never came to kiss me good-night, an' so I can't go to sleep, Uncle Dick!"

"Why that alters the case, certainly."

"Yes, an' the ladder's in the tool-house."

"Imp," I said, as I turned to follow Benjamin, "oh, you Imp!" There are few things in this world more difficult to manage than a common or garden ladder; among other peculiarities it has a most unpleasant knack of kicking out suddenly just as everything appears to be going smoothly, which is apt to prove disconcerting to the novice. However, after sundry mishaps of the kind, I eventually got it reared to the window, and a moment afterwards the Imp had climbed down and stood beside me, drawing the breath of freedom.

As a precautionary measure we proceeded to hide the ladder in a clump of rhododendrons hard by, and had but just done so when Benjamin uttered a cry of warning and took to his heels, while the Imp and I sought shelter behind a friendly tree. And not a whit too soon, for, scarcely had we done so, when two figures came round a corner of the house—two figures who walked very slowly and very close together.

'Why, it's Betty—the cook, you know—an' Peter!" whispered the Imp.

Almost opposite our hiding-place Betty paused to sigh heavily and stare up at the moon.

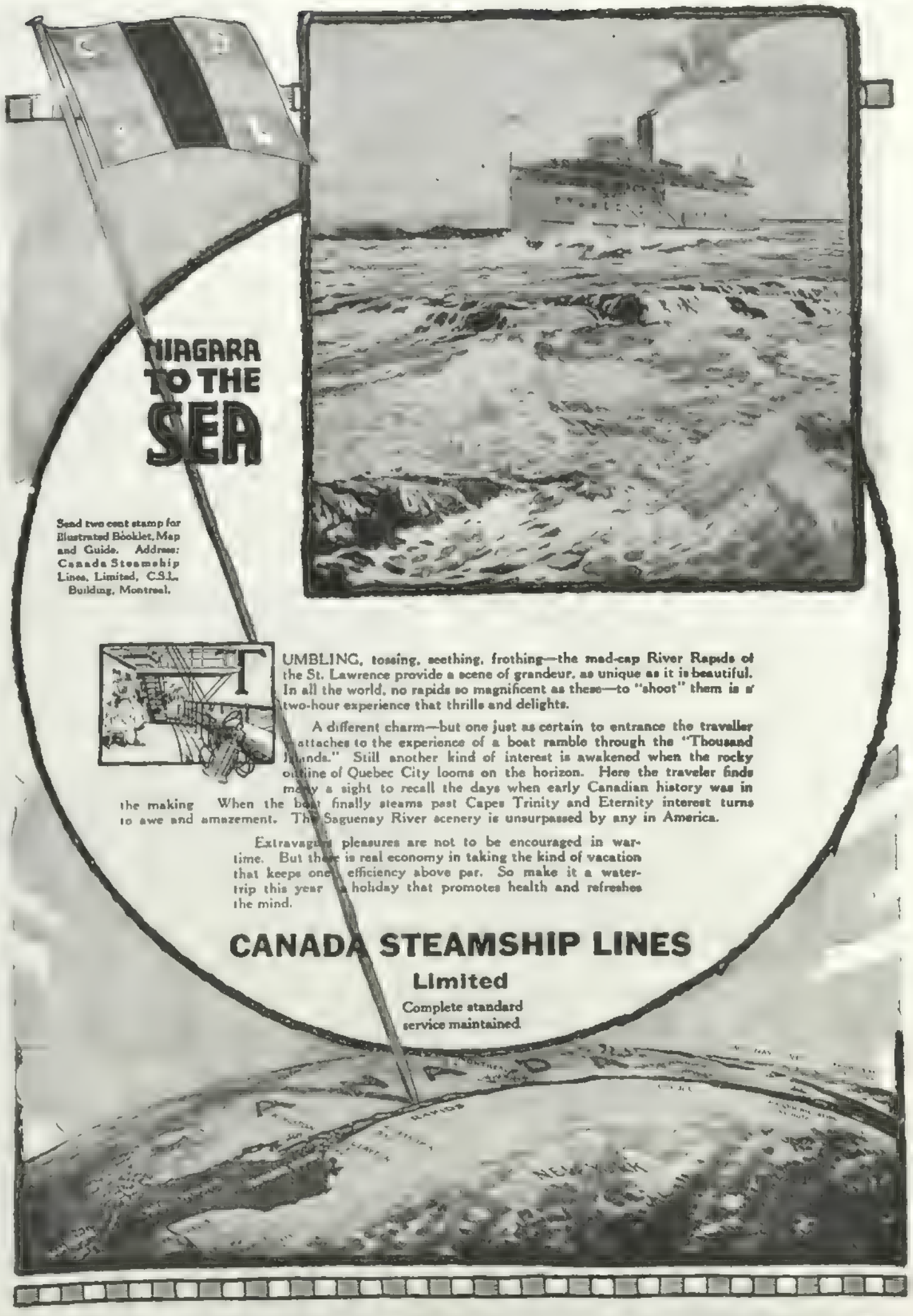
"Oh, Peter!" she murmured, "look at that there orb!"

"Ar!" said Peter, gazing obediently upward.

"Peter, aint it 'eavenly; don't it stir your very soul?"

"Ar!" said Peter.

(To be continued)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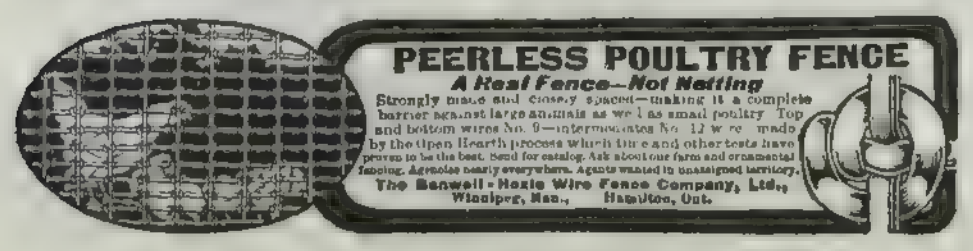

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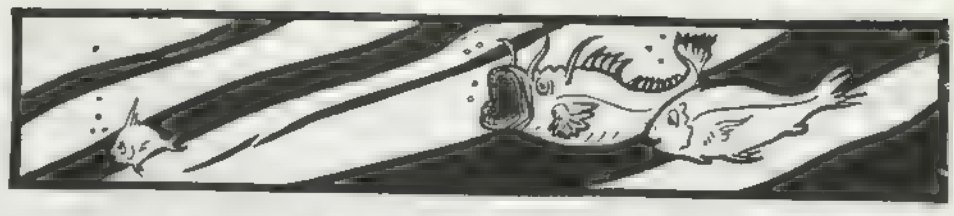


The Hostess House

A Movement in the United States which Canada is Following

By MABEL CREWS RINGLAND

ASK any United States soldier, or better still, his mother, sister, sweetheart or wife, and see if they don't pronounce it the most wonderful place in the whole camp. A Canadian Tommy might not be able to enlighten you on the subject just yet, but let us hope that before long he will be singing the praises of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Hostess Houses which the National Service Department is planning to establish in Canadian camps, just as lustily as his American cousin in khaki is now doing over the border. In view of this possibility, a glimpse into one of these hospitality centres may prove interesting.

Practically every camp in the United States has its Hostess House, built and run by the Y.W.C.A., at the request of the military authorities, who realize that a place where the men in uniform can meet their women friends in a wholesome environment is an absolute necessity.

But how is this place used? Suppose you are the mother of a soldier, or sister or sweetheart wishing to spend a few hours in camp. The first place you look for is the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House, where you may rest comfortably, read or write until your boy is free, and then enjoy his company in the most attractive and homelike surroundings. There are open fireplaces, comfortable chairs, writing tables, cloak rooms, rest rooms, and even a dainty nursery where children and babies are cared for. When mealtime comes, you do not have to go back to town, which in some cases is quite a trip, or subsist on a meagre lunch, for a cafeteria dispenses good things to eat which soldier and civilian alike enjoy.

If, however, you do not know in what part of the huge cantonment to locate your particular soldier, many tiresome hours of search may be avoided by a visit to the Hostess House, which is either just outside the camp, or inside near the main entrance. Every possible assistance will be given you by the experienced secretaries and volunteer workers in charge, whose business is to be hostesses to all women visiting the camp. An emergency secretary is responsible for any emergencies that may occur, such as illness, accident and the like.

A typical Hostess House across the border

Boon to Soldiers' Wives

WHEN suppose you are a soldier's wife, seeking some suitable place to live, so that you may be near your husband during his training, or possibly some employment that will help to fill the lonely hours as well as the family exchequer, your case will receive careful attention.

What this Hostess House and the hours spent there together when the men are not free to leave the camp, mean to these wives and husbands, no one but they themselves can realize. One never knows when a meeting may be the last, for changes come quickly and without warning in the army.

There is always a piano at hand, and while you sit there, some former grand opera star or some virtuoso now in khaki may touch the keys and fill the room with melody. Within the same hour a timid youth may pick out very hesitatingly some simple air learned long ago, or strum ever so softly, "Home Sweet Home," which may not, for obvious reasons, be played or sung in camp, according to army regulations. To this accompaniment, or possibly a piece of lively rag-time, a shy couple over in one corner may be plighting their faith, or a father and child trying to say good-bye. It is all one big drama of love and life, which goes to prove what a Major-General said at the formal opening of one of the Hostess Houses: "No matter how a soldier may be changed by his military life and training, he is still a man, with the same crying need for the wholesome companionship and influence of women."

This is exactly what the Hostess House aims to provide, and a visit to one, especially on Sunday, would convince even the most sanguine that it is succeeding. At odd times during the week the boys drop in, alone very often, "just to look at the white curtains and all the womanly touches that remind a fellow of home," as one lad in khaki put it. Another lonely-looking chap asked me politely one day if I would please just talk to him. "I haven't heard a woman's voice for over two weeks now, and I'm homesick for it," he said. The soldier boys are made just as welcome when they come in alone as when they have guests, so it is little wonder that the Hostess House has won for itself a place in every boy's heart, and the title "A bit of home within the camp." Can there be any doubt as to the need of such an institution in Canadian Camps?

International League of Hostesses

HERE is the invitation the women of England have issued to the boys on leave. They have worded it very quaintly.

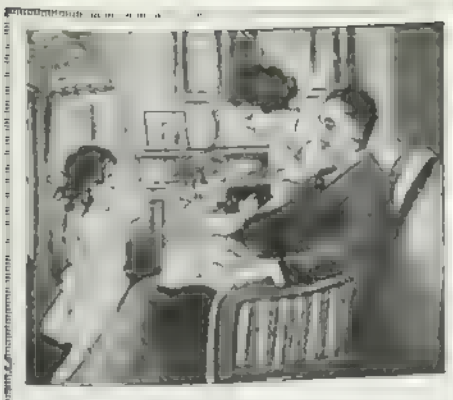
"Just listen a minute to me. I want to tell you something. Think you're back at school or home with mother.

"I hear you've got leave, fourteen days of it, and not before it was due or wanted. You'll be coming over to England, most likely to London, and a little change looks pretty good to you. There's a few of us here that want it to look as good after it's over as it does now. This is simply a letter of introduction to put the matter straight.

"We are just a few women-folk with more or less empty homes, but we've all got a spare room, and we want you to come and use it. We want to act with method, so we have lined up behind the Y.M.C.A., because it has the enterprise and the organization to help us. They call us the International League of Hostesses. It's a big name, but we are quite ordinary-sized people. We are just all sorts of English women.

"We don't want to coddle you, or to interfere with your amusement plans. We want you to use your leave just as you have been planning to use it, though if you need any sort of help we will endeavor to be on the job.

"You can't possibly know what it is to be disqualified by Anno Domini and such reasons for almost all forms of war activity except a little bronchitis in the winter. But though our nerves may be out of repair for nursing, and our feet for canteen work, our hearts still function, boys, and our hands are very ready to welcome you. So don't forget to let us know before you start that you accept our invitation to spend a few days of your leave in our homes, for by so doing you will give us great pleasure."



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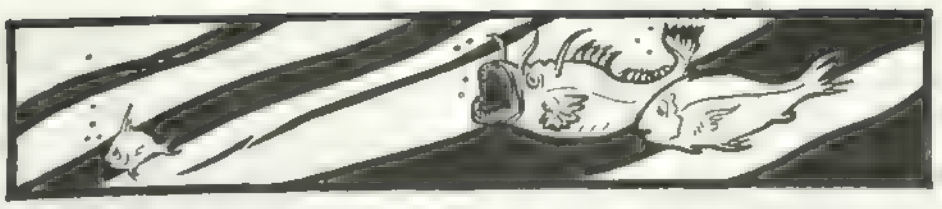

The Gateway to the Silent World

Lip Reading: Whereby the Deaf May Hear Again

By MADGE MACBETH

ONE of the most interesting and illuminating experiences I have ever enjoyed, took place a few weeks ago, when at the invitation of Miss Jane B. Walker, I made a short address to a large gathering of deaf persons. I spoke to them without effort, in my ordinary voice, and my pleasure in being understood was perhaps exceeded only by their pleasure in understanding. That audience was composed of expert lip-readers!

The psychology of the deaf is a study which is now creating quite as much interest among physicians as the study of deafness itself. Comparing the mental condition of those who cannot see with those who cannot hear, it has been proven that the loss of sight has a less depressing effect on the mind, than the loss of hearing.

A reason is not far to seek. Companionship without communication is impossible. Life without companionship is unbearable. It would almost seem that the eye is a less efficient channel to the mind — the imagination, than the ear, for while, as is natural, the blinded person feels despondency at first, the deaf person becomes not only despondent but morbid and suspicious. Often his whole character changes while physically, he is a wreck, his nervous system shattered by the constant strain of listening and trying to catch a sound. Sometimes a heavy lethargy relieves the strain, but it is doubtful whether this state is any improvement. The blind person becomes, as a rule, increasingly apt and sensitive, making his fingers and his ears do the work of his lost eyes, but the reverse is the case of the deaf, who sinks further and further into that great cavern of silence and becomes less and less a part of the world.

Miss Jane Walker, Lecturer to the Deaf from the Platform of the Metropolitan Museum, New York

Deafness is a physical bar to employment second only to blindness and it bears especially heavily on the man, who dependent upon others for his salary, becomes deaf in adult life. Through deafness, too, family relations are often chilled and there is no comfort to be had, for the afflicted, in the society of those similarly cut off from the world. It is a case where "company" no matter how miserable, is not an alleviation, for communication is too difficult.

The obvious remedy, therefore, is some substitute for hearing that will put the deaf into communication with the world again, and lip-reading is the most successful, so far attempted. The eyes are used as a gateway to speech and as pupils progress to a fair understanding of the system, and as they see the possibilities opening up before them, the effect on mind and spirit is too great to be set forth in mere words.

Personally, I believe that I can pick out advanced lip-readers from those who are but beginners, by the light which shines from behind the eyes of the former!

As an illustration of the state of mind to which persons suddenly deafened, arrive, let me tell the case of a young soldier recently returned from the Front. Although otherwise wounded, it was his deafness from concussion which troubled him most. In the convalescent home he was a difficult patient, being morose, despondent, suspicious and finally perfectly incorrigible. Indeed, his character had so changed that it was as a last resort, that he was sent to the Belleville School for the Deaf. An improvement was noticed almost at once, and as the young fellow progressed in his lip-reading studies he became his old self, attuned to life and his companions. Further, he became a happy and normal citizen and an economical factor in the community, holding now a very good and lucrative position.

Used in 1648

THE art of substituting the eye for the ear is not as recent as the average person thinks. In 1648 John Bulwer published "The Deaf and Dumbe Man's Friend," in which he described "that subtile art which would make an Observant Eie to Heare what any Man speaks by the Moving of his Lips." It is only within the last few years, however, that the teaching has been systematized and made practical, under the patronage of Dr. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, of the City of Belleville. Dr. Bell's wife is deaf and is one of the most expert lip-readers of the time. Her writings are full of sympathy and understanding and she has done much to encourage those whose world is soundless. The wife of another man widely loved in Canada because of his beautiful French-Canadian stories, is also deaf and an earnest student of lip-reading. I refer to Mrs. Van Dyke.

There are several schools of lip-reading, by which one is supposed to gather that there are several methods by which the art is taught. As my experience occurred in the Nitchie School for the Hard of Hearing, I can speak best of that one. It was founded by Edward Nitchie, himself totally deaf, in 1903. Mr. Nitchie's method is designed particularly for the English language, and his idea that the mind as well as the eye needs instruction is corroroborated by Mrs. Bell from her personal experience. She says,

"My own practice shows that the eye alone is quite incapable of interpreting correctly, all the movements of the lips." In other words, the mind must grasp the context of the sentence and the trend of thought, and the greater the rapidity of grasp, the more expert the reader. Such words as "money" and "putty" bear as strong a resemblance to the lip-reader, as "faint" and "feint" to the person who hears.

Several graduates from this school have come to Canada and are now doing interesting work, the more because it is pioneer work with us. And at the school at present is another pioneer, in the person of Miss Jane B. Walker.

Three years ago the Metropolitan Museum in New York opened its doors in an educational way, to the deaf. It was the first institution to lead the way and great is the hope that many more will follow. To Miss Walker was given the distinction of being the first and only lecturer. She gives four talks to the deaf during the year, the last one being given to deaf children. Her subject throughout is Art, as that makes a wider appeal than Music or Drama. In speaking of her absorbing work, she lays particular emphasis upon the prevention of morbidity, uselessness, helplessness in those who have partially or totally lost their hearing.

"Our immediate concern," she says, "should be for our soldiers. We must make them realize that contact with the world is still possible and that financial independence is still within their reach. Indeed, in many ways their loss can be transformed into their gain. The concentration of a deaf person is something to be envied, and is quite an asset. In a crowded, noisy, busy office, a man who has lost his hearing is able to do twice the amount of work with half the nervous tension of a normal clerk. He is not distracted by the thousand interruptions that the other has to bear."

And lip-reading is the magic key which opens the doors of that Silent Room—just how magic it is difficult to believe until one has associated for days with experts before learning that they were totally deaf!

MADGE Macbeth will be glad to assist any who desire more information than is given in this article. A self-addressed stamped envelope sent to her at Everywoman's World, will ensure a prompt reply.

"Oh! Doctor! Baby Simply Won't Stop Crying."

"His little legs are just raw. There's an angry rash on his back and stomach. Please do something!"

Of course the doctor knew nothing serious was the matter. Baby was living through his first hot Summer and was suffering from teething rash and diaper rash. But doctor knew that only a happy baby grows and thrives. So he did something.

Baby was dusted with Kora-Konia. Quickly the rash disappeared. The hot little body became cool. The raw spots were soothed and soon healed. In a mighty short time baby was cooing and gurgling for his dinner.

Kora-Konia should not be confused with Mennen's Talcum Powder, which has made babies sweet and comfortable for nearly forty years. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture resisting, cooling, soothing and healing.

MENNEN'S
KORA-KONIA

G. Mennen Chemical Company
Factory - Montreal

Sales Office:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited
Toronto

FIVE LUCKY BOYS!

Each Get a Free Suit of the Famous

Wearbetter

Guaranteed Clothes for Boys

We received many thousand replies from all over Canada, but only five of their birthdays fell upon July 16th, the date selected. The following are the lucky fellows:—

Arthur Winterburn,
188 Notre Dame St.,
Lachine, Que.

Willie Kirkpatrick,
Uffington P.O., Ont.

Roy G. Volden,
Mossbank, Sask.

Lawrence R. French,
Blenheim, Ont.

Stewart Ritchie,
Kenilworth,
R.R. No. 4, Ont.

We know these boys will get such good wear and satisfaction out of the "Wearbetter" suits they have received that they will always demand the "Wearbetter" brand and we strongly advise those thousands of other boys who competed and their parents to buy "Wearbetter" in future, because they are guaranteed and the best made. If your local dealer does not keep them, write us and we will see that you are supplied. In these thrifty days it always pays to get the best.

The Wearbetter Shop for Little Men

Walter Blue & Co.
LIMITED
Makers of "Wearbetter Boys Clothes"
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For Ideal Lingerie
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HORROCKSES'

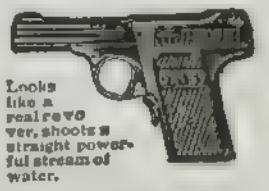
sheer NAINSOOKS, dainty embroidery CAMBRICS, fine MADAPOLAMS, reliable LONGCLOTHS, or durable FLANNELETTES

In each class "HORROCKSES" are known as the standard of excellence. See "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge.

For information as to the nearest store where procurable, apply to agent:
John E. Ritchie, 591 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

FREE DANDY BICYCLE AND GREAT WATER PISTOL

Boys send us your name and address to-day and you can get a Real Daisy Water Pistol and our great Flying Champion Bicycle in return for a little easy pleasant work. This is the finest bicycle any boy could own. It has a 22 inch frame, coaster brake, non-skid tires, roller chain, and all the most up-to-date improvements—just the slickest, spickest bicycle you've ever seen. And the Daisy Water Pistol beats all. Just what you've always wanted. It looks like a real automatic revolver, but shoots a straight, powerful stream of water that will chase dogs or cats, & provide a barrel of fun.



Looks like a real revolver, shoots a straight powerful stream of water.

Here's Our Proposition for Live Boys

No Money in Advance.—Just send your name and address to-day and get a free sample package of "Daintees", our delicious new whipped cream candy coated breath perfume that we want everybody in the land to try. With the free sample we send you just **30** handsome packages that we want you to introduce among your friends at only **10c.** a package. The sample package will make it easy for you. Just open it and ask your friends to try a couple of "Daintees". They will like them so much that everyone will buy a package or two at once. A couple of little "Daintees" will purify the mouth and perfume the breath. Everybody just loves them. No trouble at all to sell.

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Address—THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. N 4 TORONTO, ONT.

Toys!—Made in Canada!

By QUEENIE FAIRCHILD

THE "Industry" does not mean a humming factory turning out thousands of commonplace toys, but the banding together of a few quick-witted, clever-fingered women workers, and the "Patriotic" stands for "No Canadian children will play with German-made toys if *we* can prevent it." The setting of this industry is as historical as everything else in Quebec, and it is by climbing two or three flights of stairs of old Morrin College that the big work room is gained. Cheery voices of the workers greeted Mrs. Lorenzo Evans, who had invited me to accompany her on a working day, so that I could get a good view of the toys before the hurried time of the Christmas sales.

Quebec has always been noted for its handicrafts, its wood sculptors, and bookbinders whose exhibits of hand-tooled volumes gained prizes from even European exhibitions, and the *habitants* have always made nearly everything the house contained; Jean Baptist, with his axe or clasp knife and Madame by spinning the wool for clothes and socks. In the City of Quebec the ladies have been just as skilled with needle and silks, while young French-Canadian "sewing girls" for a pittance a day made dresses which their real French sisters would not be ashamed to wear.

The First Contingent had not left Valcartier Camp, and few of us realized what the War was to mean, when Mrs. Evans was inspired with the idea of making toys for the first Christmas Quebec children would have to do without imported playthings. To think was to act, and everyone was begged to at least *attempt* something. The results were surprisingly happy. Boys who had only played at carpentering made splendid articles, the model of Valcartier Camp attracting a great deal of attention. The same French-Canadian seamstresses I have just mentioned sent in wonderful animals of cloth and cotton such as mothers of their own thrifty race would make for little Maries and Jean Baptists.

The first sale was such a success, and all forms of war work having to be taken more and more seriously, the original toy-makers found themselves the centre of a thriving little trade, if others could be induced to take up the idea. Talent seemed to crop out in persons who had never done anything but a little conventional needlework or painting. They have now abandoned doilies for church bazaars, and enveloped in big aprons, are cutting out, hammering together and coloring nursery furniture. There is something quite different about articles made by these bright Quebec girls that children should be made to appreciate, and the great *why for* of such work now being done in Canada.

A mere list of all to be seen on the big tables would quite fail to convey the interest one felt as each thing was discovered. The little models of old looms, spinning wheels, *habitant* flax breakers, if arranged with samples of catalogue, and other homespun materials would make an instructive exhibit of French Canadian industries for museums all over Canada. Near by was a quaint little *caleche* of an older date than the ones visitors to Quebec delight in hiring for a wild swaying drive down the narrow streets. *Caleches* and little winter *carioles* should also be preserved as examples of old Quebec vehicles. I happened to mention all these interesting models when writing to the Hon. A. G. Doughty, who is doing such wonderful work for our Dominion Archives, and he immediately gave me an order to forward to the Quebec Toy Workers.

Illustrations from books beloved by children (or for that matter all their lives) have been drawn on wood, cut out and exquisitely painted. I know I should have liked a gift of all the quaint people of "Alice in Wonderland." Such figures set up upon a narrow ledge around nursery walls must be an education in themselves, and also permit of children grouping the little wooden characters into all sorts of imaginary plays—that seem so "real" to small folk.

Descriptive literature is sent out to country parishes where a great deal of skill is known to exist if the people could be encouraged to spend the long winter evenings in copying the models the "Quebec Toy Industry" will send from their own stock. At Murray Bay, the resort of the Lower St. Lawrence, the village carpenter makes articles that are selling well.

Wherever Mrs. Evans goes her first thought is to visit toy shops for new ideas if in a big city, or to spread her gospel of "Made in Canada" toys if travelling about the country. From Prince Edward Island down to the smallest island of the West Indies, there has been a splendid response to her appeals. Lady Alladyce, wife of one of the Island Governors, was so interested in Mrs. Evans' account of the Quebec work that she immediately started a basket-weaving industry by using the sisal fibre. The native women have taken up the work with enthusiasm, proud as British subjects, to do their share. Lovely articles of their handiwork have been sent to Quebec and sold at once. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught took a great interest in the Quebec toy work, and the toy workers chose a beautifully painted set of the characters of "The House That Jack Built" to send as a present to Queen Mary. Miss Francis Graddon greatly prizes the letter of acknowledgement she received from Her Majesty.

How I Saved To Buy My Victory Bond

"DEAR!"

Engrossed in moving the red, blue, yellow, and green pins that dotted the war map on the table, he merely grunted, and continued in the occupation.

Jack's terribly impolite at times.

I persisted.

"Dear, I've an idea."

"Uh-huh," he perfunctorily remarked, without the least display of enthusiasm.

"If we paper the dining room with anything like as good a paper as there's on it, it will cost us—oh, about $30. And——"

Jack assumed a resigned expression.

"And I think I know how we can get out of it."

He began to display a more active interest.

"Bet it means some work for me," he observed.

"Yes, but I'll help."

Then I explained it to him.

But before proceeding further, I'll outline the circumstances to you:

When we moved into our present home, the house—which we bought—was in good condition, except where the previous occupant had damaged the walls in moving out. Pieces of the paper, which was really beautiful, had been torn out, and the entire effect spoiled by bare spots where the plaster showed through. We had them all done over, except the dining room, on which there was an especially pretty paper—brown, with a bold design, and effective shadings, presenting a very rich wall. The outlay incidental to moving into the place was heavy, and we decided to let it go until this summer, especially as the flaws were not very noticeable. However, they had been a source of annoyance to us.

To resume:

"I discovered a roll of paper to match the dining room, in one of those cupboards of the summer kitchen, to-day."

"Yes."

"And I think that if we are careful about it, we can match pieces to cover the bare spots so they won't be noticeable, even on the closest inspection. And, if we do that, the paper is good for this year and next."

Jack acquiesced. Then: "Well, we might as well do it now, and have it over with." He's like that. When there's anything to be done, he wants to get right at it, and "get it off his chest."

I GOT the paper, and Jack proceeded to do a more artistic job than I had even thought possible. Instead of pasting a full width of paper across the damaged parts, he just cut out patches a little more than large enough to cover them, following the outline of the design affected. When they were on, it was impossible to tell, a few minutes later, where the patch had been placed, so well did they blend in. Had a full strip been put on, the stronger color in the unused paper would have shown up against that which had been exposed to the light for a year—for the best of papers will fade a little.

It was a dandy job. I defy any one to detect the patching—without a microscope, almost.

When Jack was finished, I said:

"Now, we saved thirty dollars."

Jack had again resumed his operations with the pins. He just grunted.

"And we'll be able to put that towards another baby bond. It'll just need twenty dollars more."

Jack stopped moving the pins around.

"I knew there was a string in it somewhere," he said. "But it's a bargain. Now get another one worth twenty."

And he kissed me.

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Honor to Our Mothers of Confederation

HALF THE HOMES of this country boast a picture entitled "The Fathers of Confederation." The older generation swore by that picture, and as the children and the children's children came to years of discretion, a part of the home training was the inculcating in their young minds of a sincere and wholesome respect for every "Father" of the group. It stays right with most of us to this day, though a few of us still cherish the curiosity which prompted us to demand, on our attention being first called to this splendid aggregation of men, each wearing his noblest expression: "Where are their wives? Hasn't Confederation got a mother to bless itself with?"

Most history is made by men, chronicled by men. It tells us of brave deeds done and brave words spoken by these men of an earlier day and proud enough we are of it. But mark you, if some one had deemed it worth while to chronicle along with all the heroic deeds men did, and words they said, some of the things that the women of that day *thought*, we would have not only a history of absorbing interest, but the keystone to the loyalty and love of country that form the very foundation of Confederation. We have had a little too much about the Fathers, and not quite enough about the mothers.

You will remember the remark made by little Mary to the school teacher who was dilating to the class in the grandeur and patience and courage of the Pilgrim Fathers. "Is there in all the world a record of people who bore so much and bore it without falter-ing?" she demanded. Up went little Mary's hand. "Very well, name them," said the teacher with much wonder and more sternness. "Please ma'am," said little Mary eagerly, "the Pilgrim Mothers, for they had to put up with all the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers, and put up with the Pilgrim Fathers too."

I, for one, refuse to believe that Confederation had not a mother to bless itself with. The mothers were in the background of that historic event, their fortitude and their faith inspired it, helped bring it to pass. On this anniversary of what was in a way the birth and beginning of a greater Canada, let us give them their mead of recognition. What is it Bliss Carman says:

"Our fathers fought for England at the outposts of the world,
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers smoke up-curled,
By portage, trete, and trail,
By packet, steam and rail,
They kept a thing called honor with hearts that did not fail."

Britain's First Woman Candidate

MISS BOYLE, whose militant activities in the vote seeking days were so numerous and spectacular that immediately on her appearance at any public meeting the street bands would break into "He's a devil in his own home town," and who was the heroine of the coup which scored one for the suffragettes, that of stealing a launch past the river police, anchoring it by a chain to the historic terrace of the House of Commons and from its deck telling the M.P.'s who thronged the said terrace her opinion of them individually and collectively, is the first woman in Britain to be nominated for Parliament. She will stand for the old borough of Keighley. Her platform is defined as follows: "Conquering the Kaiser, representation of women in both war and peace councils, recognition of the interests of women as apart from those of men in all settlements with countries whose integrity is guaranteed by British pluck and the sacrifice of British men, restoration and compensation for wronged and deported women, an equal moral standard for the sexes," and other inspiring reforms.

Miss Boyle is said to be a clever speaker, learned, cultured, and with a daring originality of thought apt to take the breath of her audience.

The Temptation to "Show Off"

"DEAR MOTHER MINE, we're rich enough now to leave the shack, the wee house of beginning—and build a regular show place," ran a portion of the letter sent from a thriving Manitoba homestead to an Ontario village. "'Plan it big, bigger, biggest,' said Dave to the architect, 'we've been in cramped quarters long enough and to spare; give us space, something that'll show folks we've made a success of the life out here.' Our plan calls for size and show, I tell you, all the up-to-date improvements, and conveniences. We haven't forgotten a single solitary thing."

"Except to kneel together and pray for common-sense, my Mary," wrote back the mother. "It is a dangerous time in the life of you and Dave, or in the life of any couple, this one of building a new home. The temptation to 'show off' is so strong. And in showing off you make trouble for the future. Enough space is good, too much is burdensome. Take care the fine house doesn't stoop your shoulders with its weight and wrinkle your cheeks with its worry. The content that thrives in the wee house is sometimes crowded to the wall in the big one. It is not the size, the style, or the cost that makes the home worth while, but the love, the comradeship and the common interests which fill it. Tell son David from me that brick and mortar are at best a poor monument to a man's success."

The "Bigger Fools" Who Live in Them

BUT ISN'T IT STRANGE the lure a large house has for us women? We are much more ambitious than men along this line. Why? Perhaps because most of us, either as little girls or as grown ups, have lived like Mary in "the wee house of beginning" and learned to long for space, perhaps to show off is a natural instinct for us. Anyway, we seem willing sacrifices on this particular altar of worldliness. Yet we know that the housewife with more rooms than she needs is not a whit happier than the one who needs more room than she has. All this dwelling on contentment, mansions, what does or does not make for real happiness calls to mind a remark made by a well known M.P. of this province. He had, a few years previously, bought at a great bargain a house, an immense stone structure, the building of which had financially ruined one man—and moved in. A friend visiting him said: "I suppose you feel quite at home by this time?"

"I will never feel at home here," he returned, "there's too much of it."

"You know the old maxim," laughed his friend, "fools build houses and wise men live in them."

"I've changed that to read, 'Fools build big houses and bigger fools live in them,'" exploded the disillusioned politician.

Should Stand by Our Soldiers

HARPING ON THE SINS of our soldiers is poor business. When Rosedale residents, or rather some of them, wailed a protest against St. Andrews College being turned into a hospital where the wounded men in khaki might win their way back to a certain degree of health amid the quiet and beauty of the surrounding landscape, they showed themselves unpatriotic and ridiculous. The talk of "moral lepers" was in wretched taste. The men who have fought so well in our defense may not be "plaster saints," to quote Kipling, but when their shortcomings are the theme we may well be loyal enough to lay our hand upon our lips remembering that courage, like virtue, covers a multitude of sins. Cowardice and its twin, ingratitude, are the only unforgivable vices.

The soldiers are going to have St. Andrews after all, which makes one feel like cheering the Rosedale women who stood up at the protest meeting and voiced their faith in our fighters with no uncertain sound. Sometimes it would seem that women have a corner on the wisdom that is first pure then peaceable. It was the glow in her soul, the desire to help, that made Mrs. Harry Ryrie, whose home is in the shadow of St. Andrews, stand and voice her full faith in our defenders, affirming that she stood behind them in this matter of the hospital and that her home stood ready to serve them. It was an inspiration. There were many more whose words spelled welcome to the maimed, the halt, the blind. The public press ought to mention this fact when, as an Edmonton daily does, it refers to North Rosedale as "a plutocratic Potsdam," and declares the inhabitants will ask Peter for a little corner of their own in Heaven that they may not be forced to associate with "outsiders." The times are too full of great issues to waste even words over individual foolishness and, yes, snobbish local pride. Soldiers are not sinners above other men—and if they were the North Rosedale protestors took a very poor way of helping them do better.

Our Men More Moral Than Our Laws

I AM CONFIDENT the Minister of Justice was not proud of this law when our delegation of women asked him if he saw anything approaching justice in the fact that the law, while not recognizing the right of a girl to dispose of property by sale or gift until she is eighteen years old, holds her fully competent to sell, or give away, or allow herself to be wheedled or swindled out of that greatest possession of all, her virtue, at the tender, thoughtless age of fifteen? A man seduces a chaste girl and the maximum punishment is two years; he steals a cow and the maximum punishment is fourteen years. Is it not strange that in a country like ours, woman's innocence and honor should be lightly held? A famous Englishwoman, lecturing in Massey Hall a few years ago, said-"Women of Canada, you may thank Heaven on your bended knees that your men are more moral than your laws." It would seem that she knew whereof she spoke. Our men are the best in the world, a Canadian product, while our laws relating to women belong in the back ages. They were made by man, chiefly for the protection of man. Someone—our women legislators maybe—must wipe them off the slate. Canadian citizenship demands it, and what it demands it gets, in God's good time. If you don't believe it, read up the old histories you studied at school. To-morrow is going to be better than to-day.

Team Work is What Tells

"I SAVED BEFORE ANY Food Controller came round to tell me how," is the protest which reaches us from many sources. "I didn't need a war to shake me free of wasteful ways." Never mind, fall into line. It is not so much the old individual effort that counts to-day as the new concerted one—the drive made up of both veterans and recruits. One of the lessons we as Canadian women needed to learn was how to do team work. And we are learning it. We have passed that old Slough of Despond which threatened to end Pilgrim's immortal progress—distrust of ourselves and others—and are up and away towards heights of practical endeavor, aye, and achievement undreamed of before we united our forces.

To be sure, there are many among us who know all that experience can teach about saving—wheatless and meatless menus mean nothing to them. They have saved of necessity or from the sheer joy of showing a working balance out of each month's housekeeping allowance, saved gladly because they wanted to, or rebelliously because they had to. Also there are many (more than there will ever be again) who have scattered abroad and are now learning the A B C of economy. Now comes into working order for the first time the utility of team work. No more of the conceit which laughs our amateur efforts to scorn, but a whole-souled sympathetic merging of seasoned veteran and raw recruit for the accomplishment of a duty lying near the heart of everyone of us. The more team work we do the closer we will come to that unity which spells strength and confidence and faith in each other. So no more balking among you veterans; the beginners need your co-operation, not your criticism.

You know what the Berlin war report said of our men after a battle: "There was no keeping them (Canadians) back, they came onrushing, shoulder to shoulder." Shall their example be wasted upon us who love them?

Team work is what tells. No more misunderstandings, no more feuds between the country women and the city women, the home woman and society one, but shoulder to shoulder, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

The New Minister of Education

TO KNOW CANON CODY is to esteem him highly. As Rector of St. Paul's, Toronto, he leaves nothing to be desired. As Minister of Education, one of the most important posts in this or any other young country, he would, we believe, make a shining success. But he has no right to attempt to fill the two positions at one and the same time. No man, were he wise as Solomon, virtuous as Joseph, patient as Job, could do it and do it well.

There are constitutional reasons against it in this case. We are of our own free will and accord a democratic people. How is the Government, how is Sir Robert Borden going to square it with us, this return to Church and State union, seeing that a leading principle of democracy is the absolute separation of the two? Hon. H. J. Cody as a Minister of the Crown, will be warmly welcomed. Should he elect rather to remain a minister of the cloth, preacher and spiritual leader of the church he has served faithfully throughout a lengthy pastorate, the old-time respect and affection will remain right with him. But if he essays to fill both offices he will need more logical arguments to back him up than he has as yet produced. It is not that Canadians do not desire Mr. Cody as Minister of Education. It is that first and foremost they feel that the office ought to have and to hold the undivided energies, activities and ideals of the man who fills it, be something more, infinitely more, than a "pulpit and parish side line," an additional burden borne by one already overworn with going full steam ahead with the affairs of one of our most successful churches. Commonsense says it should not be, democracy says it must not.

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What Do You Know About a Family Budget?

By ELIZABETH CLARE

"I AM out two cents in my accounts this month—my bank book and my personal account book disagree and only my awe of the haughty young ledger-keeper at the bank, keeps me from asking if she can trace it. (You notice, I say 'she'—they are nearly all she's' nowadays)."

This from the Rich Member of the Faulty Four (as we had been called at school and still admitted ourselves to be in our most intimate circle and when our husbands were not present). Phyllis had been the first one of us to systematize her household spending, to meet war-time demands on her income.

"By the way, Joan, aren't you ready to tell us yet how your system came out?" she asked the Impulsive Member. We had heard practically nothing since the day Joan had told us that her thoughtless and indefinite spending had shocked her into her money-senses and she was bent on sweeping reforms.

"Yes, I'll tell you now," Joan put the pins in her mouth into the Red Cross pyjamas she was working on. "Chiefly it has taught me one invaluable thing: that nine cases out of ten, a thing is not a necessity if one cannot afford it!

"And I've decided, too, that extravagance—often just another name for Bad Management—is stupid and worrisome, is—worst of all—just plain unintelligent."

"Fred's salary, you know, was just twelve hundred dollars when we were married. That looked like a princely income, to begin with, when we regarded it as a lump sum; but when we came to divide it in twelve, and each month's salary into four again, it just seemed to work like the opposite of compound interest—it shrank until you'd think it had been drinking from the little bottle Alice found in Wonderland!

"We didn't think we were extravagant, but, somehow, before the new salary cheque came at the end of the month, Fred often had to draw a little from his savings' account. Just a few dollars, of course—but the few should have been going in, not coming out.

"However, we were very happy those first few years—you all know that! Fred got a hundred increase each year—and our babies added a lot more to our fun than they did to our expense accounts. Just the same—we did have a lot of worry over bills, and suddenly, I found out that we had spent a whole thousand dollars of Fred's 'Nest Egg.' The day I learned that, I decided there had to be a change. It was an awful shock!

Black Facts on White Paper

"SO I made out a lot of lists—oh, dear, there were so many of them, and each one was so long! But finally I had about every single item we ever spent money on written down.

"You know, girls, it's an awfully good thing to do—just to write down facts—black facts—on a sheet of white paper and give them a chance to look you in the eye! I kept on doing that for a whole month before I told Fred. Every car fare, every tiny pair of stockings, every package of hairpins went down on a sheet of paper. I did have a pile of them finally—but I had something to go by with my first long general lists.

"So I got Fred on Saturday afternoon, and instead of playing our usual game of tennis, we tackled those lists of mine.

"Sixteen hundred dollars to spend—and sixteen million things to buy with 'em! That's the way it looked—pretty hopeless, and poor old Fred began to hate himself for not making more. But the war had hit his house pretty hard, and they had really done very well by him under the circumstances.

"'Four people must live within that sum, Frederick Somers—and must live without worrying for one week in every four, too! Four real people, Fred, for Tiny Tim and wee Elsie are big folk in the money world—naturally; one must expect to pay for so much wonderfulness.

"'Now I've often read that the ideal way to distribute one's income is some thing ike this:

Food—25 per cent. (I'm sure it would—eats are so high). Rent—20 per cent., operation costs (fuel, light, help, etc.) 15 per cent.; clothes, 15 per cent.; general advancement, 25 per cent."

"'Hm! What's General Advancement mean? asked Fred—interested far more than he'd let me see just then, for this was something like the way men did things in the business world, and I could see that he was really keen on the possibilities, only—

"'That means Education (remember—Tim is three—he'll soon be needing lessons and school-books and—)'

"'And foils and a baseball bat,' grins Fred.

"'Of course he will; right now he needs extras though—change of air in summer (that comes under General Advancement, all vacations and travel and so on); and we need some books and papers and music and a good play occasionally—that's our part of Education; and Health—although we don't need much doctoring—and Church and charity and our Red Cross fees, and all the war funds we want to give to so often—oh, you'll see, 25 per cent. isn't too much for General Advancement!'

"'Guess not—it looks like a very comprehensive department, says Fred. "And do we—er—most ideal living schedules usually say something about saving—er—'

The Tale Figures Tell

"I WAS very annoyed that I had seemed to have left this out—it made me look so unthrifty after all; but my pride came back when I found one of my sheets of paper, all covered with figures, and I cried: 'There you are, at least a hundred dollars a year for one of those endowment policies you like so much, and an educational policy due in fifteen years—just when Tim's and Elsie's college expenses will be wanted.'

"You don't know how tickled I was at Fred's enthusiasm for this idea—so much better than just a sum for 'savings'—we had proved how easy it was to draw from those savings.

"'Great!' He thumped the desk so hard that Elsie woke right up and crowed her baby version of a college yell—'but—but you see, Joan, it's this way; I hate you to have to figure and fuss about every penny you spend—and I like you to get things when you want 'em.'

"'So that's it'—I was really relieved, though it made me feel rather choky, because I really hadn't helped much about money—I never felt extravagant, but you know how many things come along that it just seems must have money spent on them—perhaps unexpectedly.

"So I had that point out with Fred, and he couldn't help showing how glad he'd be to have things on what he called a business basis. Men do so love things like that to be tangible, sort of understandable, don't they?

"So all this last year we have been 'licking our system into shape,' as Fred puts it, and although we have had lots of adjustments to make, it is working beautifully.

"Our figures gave us $400 for food—just $8 a week without the two weeks' holiday in the summer; that keeps my best housekeeping brains busy—$320 for our house (we put $2,000 of the nest-egg in it last year, you know) and this sum a little more than made the payments and paid taxes and insurance; $320 for operating expenses covered our coal, $78; light, $13.60; gas for cooking, $23; the laundress who comes one day a week to wash and clean, $75, and Sadie, who comes every day to wheel the kiddies out, help with the dishes, and so on costs me $120 for the year. The few extra dollars went for an occasional extra day from my laundress, for special cleaning.

"Three hundred and twenty dollars for clothes makes one thankful that there are fewer demands on a wardrobe these days! A good suit is my one expensive item—and we all enjoy the services of Miss Moffatt—don't you like the new foulard she made me last? It will be a boon in summer—cool and dark.

"As for $400 for the Elastic Department as Fred calls my General Advancement—that's where we have most of our planning and fun. His insurance policies cost $127—our pet expenditure—life insurance and the educational insurance——we have chosen their colleges—but you all know that!

"The rest covers our little theatre jaunts, an occasional concert, our vacation, our giving and our odds and ends. After a Red Cross or a Y.M.C.A. canvass, well, we spend thirty cents on an evening with Marguerite Clark or Anita Stewart, or watching Douglas Fairbanks do the nearly impossible and flash that smile while he does it—and we don't miss the dollar and a half seat show a bit! The big point is—we can always give when the call comes—thanks to the Elastic Department.

"And by the way, Phyllis—I'm such an expert accountant that I'll bet I can tell you where to find that two cents—do you always remember the war tax stamp on your cheques?"

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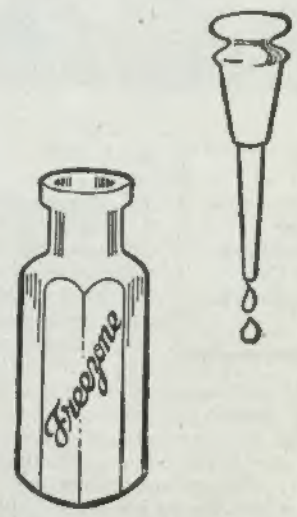

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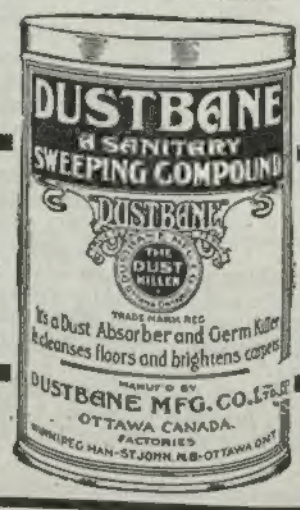

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